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हिन्दी पंच १८९५

हिंदी पंच.

HINDI PUNCH

Feb. 1895. ફેબ્રુઆરી ૧૮૯૫.

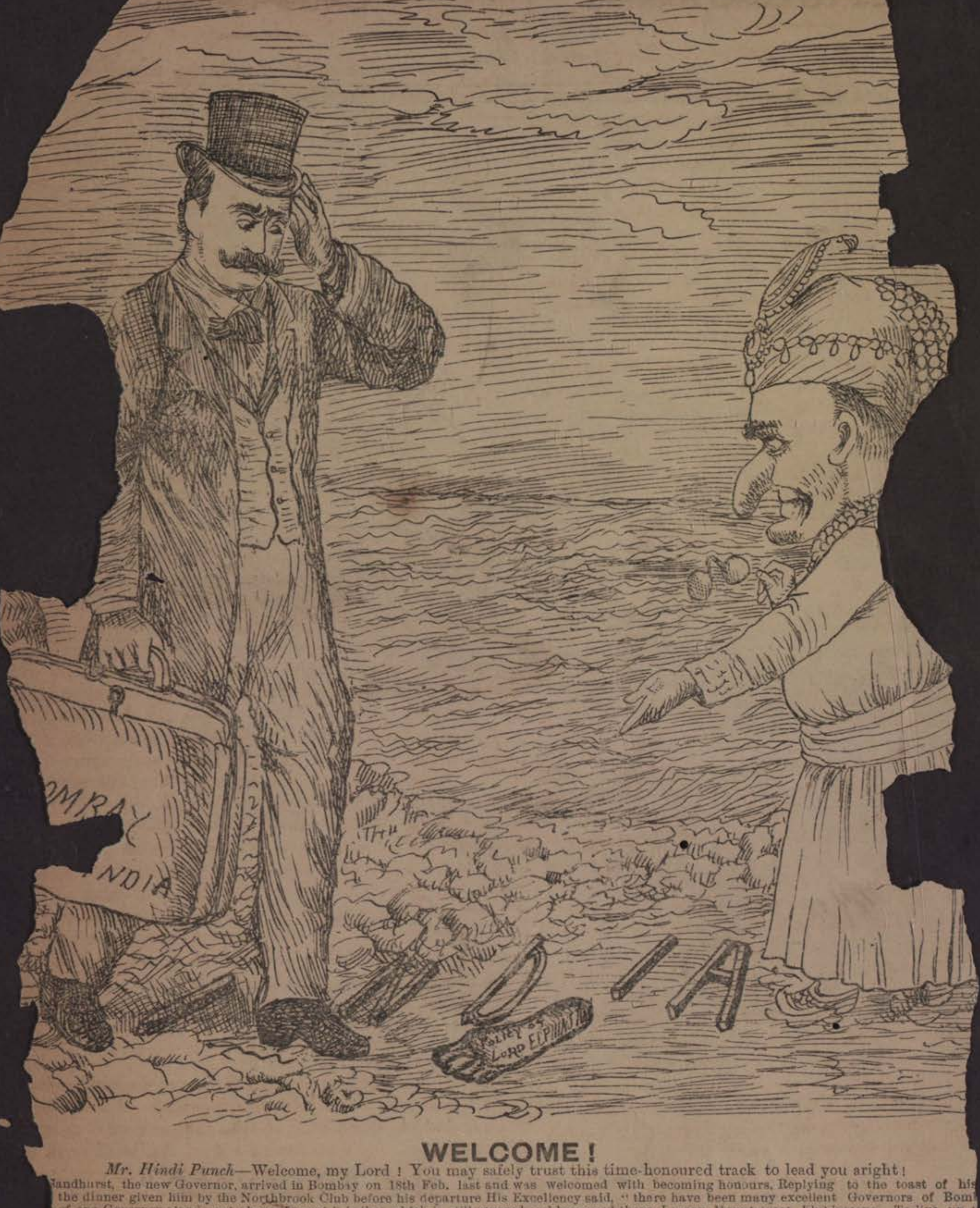


PICKINGS
FROM
...HE HINDI PUNCH.

...] FEBRUARY, 1895. [NO. 8

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WELCOME!

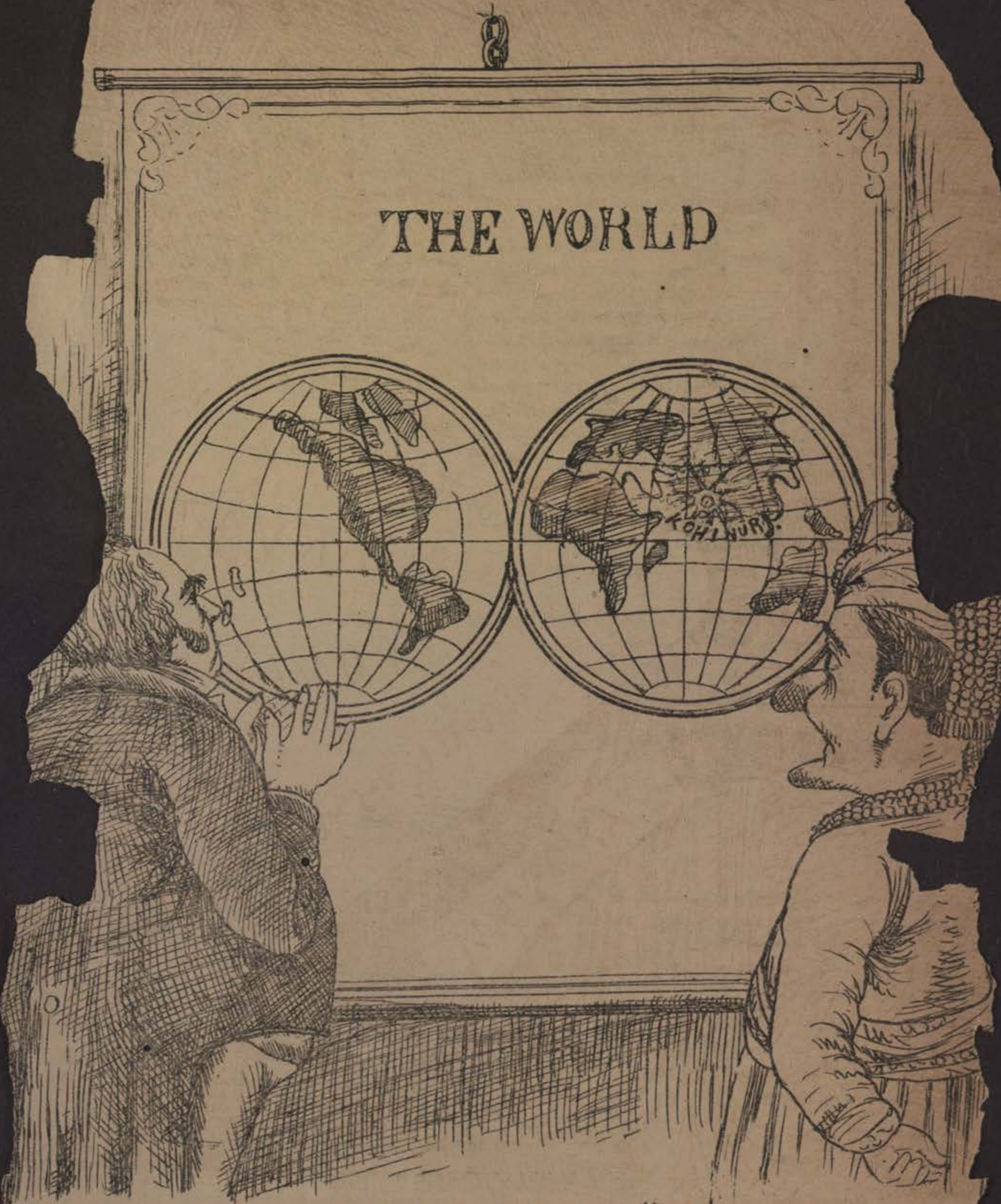
Mr. Hindi Punch—Welcome, my Lord! You may safely trust this time-honoured track to lead you aright!

andhurst, the new Governor, arrived in Bombay on 18th Feb. last and was welcomed with becoming honours. Replying to the toast of his
the dinner given him by the Northbrook Club before his departure His Excellency said, " there have been many excellent Governors of Bom
of one Governor stands out above the rest it is that which is still revered and honoured there, I mean Mountstuart Elphinstone. To live up t
as that would be too high an ambition, but still it is a bright and noble example and while thanking you, my lords and gentlemen, one and al
ave done me and the cordiality of your welcome and God-speed, I will simply reply to Mr. Fowler's speech, that in Bombay I will try to do m

ભલે પધારયા!

હીંદી પંચ—ભલે પધાર્યા મુંબઈ, મારા લાર્ડ! આ માનવંતા પગલાં ઉપર ચાલયા જાઓ અને સહીસલામત ખરે ઠેકાણે ત
જશો.

વરનર લારડ સંડહરસ્ટ ગઈ તા૦ ૧૮મી ફેબરવારીએ અતરે આવી પુગો છે. અને તેને ઘટતા માન સાથ આવકાર આપવામાં આવ્યો છે. તે નામદાર મું
ાગમજ નારથબરૂક કલબે તેને એક ખાનું આપયું હતું, જે વેળા પોતાની સલામતીનો ઉતર વાળતાં તે બોલયો હતો કે, "મુંબઇમાં ઘણા ઉતમ ગવ
જો કોઈનું પણ નામ અહડયાતું ગણાતું હોય તો તે માઉંટ સ્ટુઅરટ એલફીનસ્ટનનું છે, અને તે નામ હજી સુધી માન સાથે ત્યાં યાદ કરવામાં
ાની કોશેશ કરવી તે હદબાહારનો મોટો લાભ કરવા બરાબર છે, પણ તે છતાં તે એક પરકાશીત અને ઉમદા દાખલો છે. શેવટે હું જણાવું છું કે
કોશેશ કરીશ."]



THE BLINDING BLAZE OF THE "KOHINOOR."

Hindi Punch—So Mr. Bull, you cannot see India on that map, can you ?
n *Bull*—No, dear, no ! Strain my eyes as I may, I can't see it. It is doubtless the dazzling brilliancy of the Kohinoor that sh
planet Mercury is lost to view by its nearness to the Sun !
considered to be the brightest jewel in the British Crown, once more finds no place in the Queen's speech of the 4th Feb. last on the opening of

કોહીનુર હીરાનેા આંખ આંધળી કરી નાખે તેવેા ચળકાટ.

ο હીંદી પંચ—ત્યારે મી૦ બુલ, આ નકશા ઉપર તમને હીંદુસ્તાન તેા જડતુંજ નથી કે? તે તમને દેખાતુંજ નહી કે?
ο જાન બુલ—નહી રે યાર, નહી. કાહારની આંખ તાણી તાણીને જોઉંચ પણ તે દેખાતાં દેખાતું નથી. મને તેા લાગેચ
રજની ઘણેા નજદીક હેાવાથી તે નજરે પડતેા નથી, તેમ કેાહીનુર હીરાના તેજસવી ચળકાટથી હીંદુસ્તાનબી ધંકાઇ ગીયું
ટીશ તાજમાંના બેમુલા ઝવેર તરીકે હીંદુસ્તાનને જો કે ગણવામાં આવે છે, તેાપણ ગઈ તા૦ ૪ થી ફેબ્રુવારીએ પારલામેંટ ઉઘડી તે વેળા વંચાય
ડીથી એકવાર નામ પણ લે[illegible]માં આવ્યું નથી.]



Jarbanoo
drawing and h
away a lot of p
Art Exhibition
See I am getting

Meherbanoo—
daub. But if you
prize, why not sen
your name a drawing
by your master !

જરબાનુ—હું તેા ચીતર પારવાનું સીખુંચ ને આવતે વરસ આરટ એકઝીબીશનમાં બધાં ઈનામ લેઈ જવસ ! જો મેં કેવું સરસ એક પીકચર પારયુંચ તે !

મેહેરબાનુ—હા, મેં જો યું,—છે ચકરડા ભમરડા જેવું ! પણ તુને ઈનામજ જોઈતું હો ય તેા તારા માસ્ટર પાસેજ કાં ય નહી એકુ ચીતર પરાવતી ! તે તારા નામે મેાકલી આપ, એટલે તારેા બેહેરેા પાર પરસે !

DURING THE COLD SPELL.—"Ullo, wot's up, George? Got a stiff neck?"—"Why—this 'ere larst drink I've jest 'ad—blowed if it ain't froze solid all the way down!"



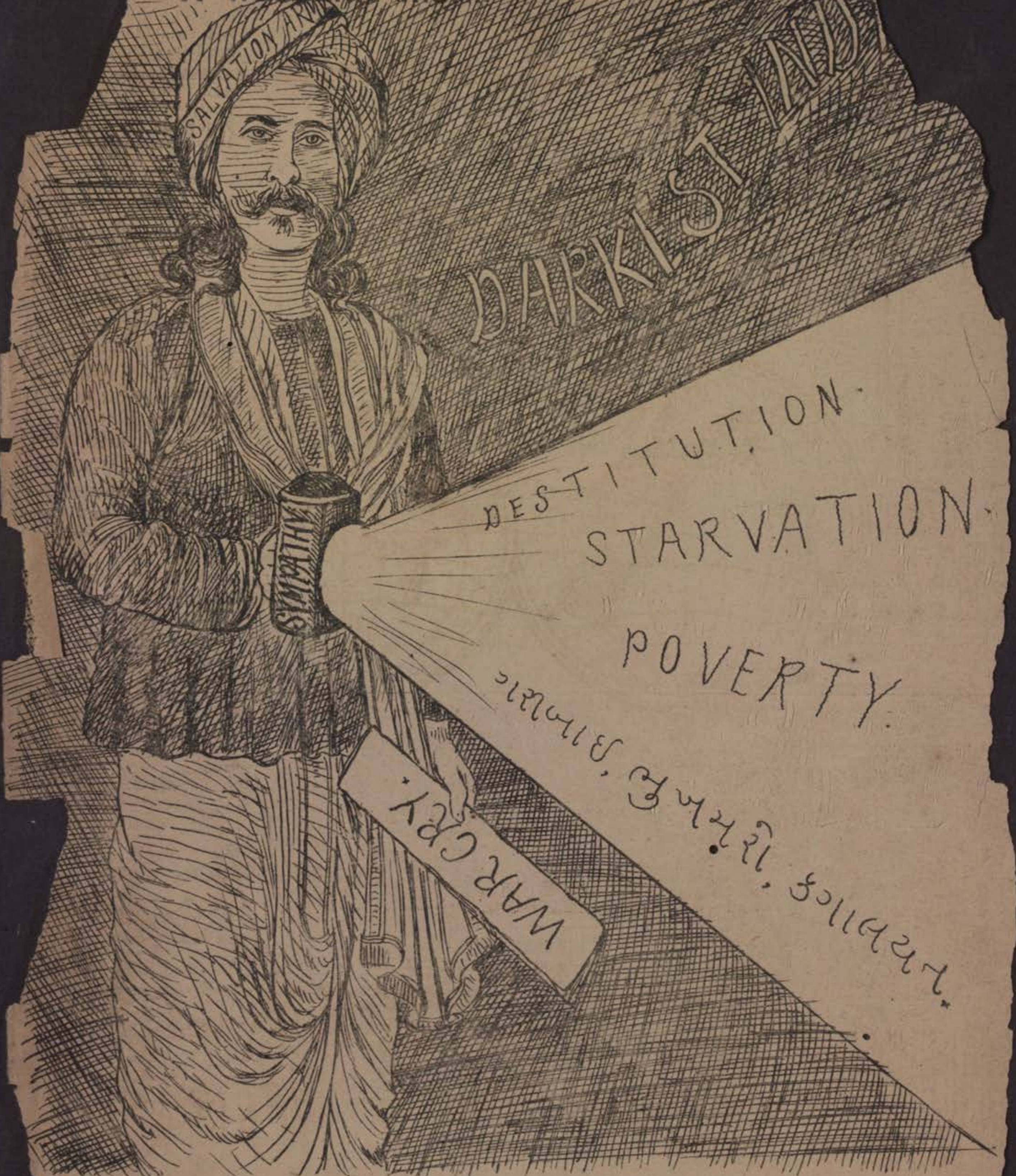
A PANTOMIME
(*With apologies to "Tit-Bits."*)

are some of the faces delighted beyoud measure at beigg named in the list of the persons who were present at the Bandar to
Lord Harris ! And astonished too, for though the reporters saw them, they were nowhere there but only moping and sulking at

એક મુંગેા ફારસ !

ક કેઠાં તેા જુવેા. એ સાહેબેાનાં જીવ સખે જાય છે, કેમકે લારડ હેરીસને એપાલેા બંદર પર મુકવા ગયલા ગરહસ્થેાનાં નામની અંગરેજી પતરોએ આપેલી
નામ પણ ઘુસાડી હેવામાં આવ્યાં છે ! પણ જેમ તેઓની ખુશાલીનેા તેમ તેઓની અજાયબીનેા પણ પાર દીસતેા નથી, કારણ કે જો કે રીપેારટરોએ તે
ાનું નાળયું મારયું છે, તેાપણ તેઓ તે વેળા તેા બંદરપરની હવાને બદલે પેાતાના ઘરમાં ગુરતા ને બગાસાં ખાતા બેઠેલા હતા ! !

A WESTERN RISHI.



THROWING SALVATIONIST LIGHT ON INDIAN GLOOM.

[Commissioner Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army, who arrived from England on the 18th Feb., addressed a meeting at ...wasjee Institute on 20th Feb., last and threw a flood of light on the "Darkest India" question. The address was very in... full of facts and figures, but was not so well attended as it ought to have been. The Commissioner expressed his fullest sympa... million who die every year in India of starvation and poverty, and showed what the Salvation Army was doing to alleviate the peop...

પશ્ચીમ તરફનો એક રૂષી.

હીંદી સીહા અંધકાર ઉપર મુકતી ફોજનું ઉજેરડું નાખે છે.

[મુકતી ફોજવાળો કમીશનર બુથ ટકર જે ગઈ તા૦ ૧૮ મી ફેબરવારીએ મુંબઈ આવયો છે, તેણે ગઈ તા૦ ૨૦ મી ફેબરવારીએ ફરામજી કાવસજી ઈનસ્ટીટયુટ... ભાષણ કરતાં "સીહા હીંદ"ને લગતા સવાલ ઉપર બહુ ઉજેરડું નાખયું હતું. તે ભાષણ અભયાસથી ભરપુર અને વીગત અને આંકડાઓથી સંપુરણ હતું, ... કે તેટલાં લોક હાજર થયાં હતાં નહી. હીંદુસ્તાનમાં દર વરસે જે દસ લાખ માણસો ભુખમરા અને ગરીબાઈથી મારણ પામે છે તેઓ તરફ કમીશનર ટકરે પોત... ...તી, અને લોકોનાં સંકટ ટાળવાને મુકતી ફોજ શું કામ બજાવે છે, તે કહી સંભળાવયું હતું.]

with one voice, "enough is as good as a feast. Our choice is fixt, we
...e comes—die for, or in, ghee. A butt of Malmsey wine, for those who are
...ra of pure ghee
—as with hands
...hearts
...d to-
...r, we went bounding round and round, it was, believe me, a sight to see! A glorious sight, upon my word, all of one accord, except one who only looked on and cried absurd! We took, with right good will, the roll out of Mr. Javerilal's hand, the draft—not the draft that catches cold, nor that which cures cold, nor that again which pays the doctor's bill—but the draft of an act to prevent the adulteration of ghee, and then away we sped to see if we can do aught to improve First Marine Street,—by way of variety, for the above is all ghee,—but we had evidently had too much of fat, and we slipped, and fell on the pavement quite flat. Having reached the end of my tether, I find that I have allowed myself, throughout these Notes, to be betrayed into running doggerel rhymes. I ask the reader's pardon, which he will readily grant when he remembers that I couldn't very well help it, the subject itself being wholly dog-ghee-ral.



Merry go-round.



Falling flat.

THE TWO VOIC

(A harristocratic dialogue.

Said the Wind to the flying banner :
" Why wave you so gently, what man
Of fun is it you are up to now,
Jauntily tied to the tree's tall bough

" I thought you knew. It is in the
All Bombay knows it, but never mind,
It is clear you haven't used Pearse' Soap, this m
Nor looked into the dailies, how Opinion scornin
They have got up a bold, brave show
For my Lord of Belmont, who's going to
Having cricketed here to his heart's conten
To cricket away in County Kent!
No mere sportsman he, but statesman too, and su
In columns seven enshrined; but fools, your Reay
He advances Convocations, retards the ma
Behind him drags such a length'ning tail
Of " Friends and Admirers," all intent,
Of Pendulums and Patels, all bent,
On honouring the cricket Lord of Kent
Stand by and blow while I wave over all that
O'er big and small, rich and poor, gold, silv

" Inconstant, faithless Waverer! Waveaway h
Know that Wind, like time and tide, waits n
I have far better things to attend to, and de

The banner, left alone, stood stock still to co
As one by one the carriages rolled on thro' th
While hired hurrahs fill'd the air, falsely me

PAL NOTES.

ORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

4th February—Reeking with the ...k's drunken bout in our own waggon, ...dly into the hall to-day and, forgetting alike ... of the place and of my peers, sang out:

Wait for the bottle,
Wait for the bottle,
Wait for the bottle,
And we'll all take a sip!

...here's many a slip between the cup and the ... I was recalled to my senses—..., they were

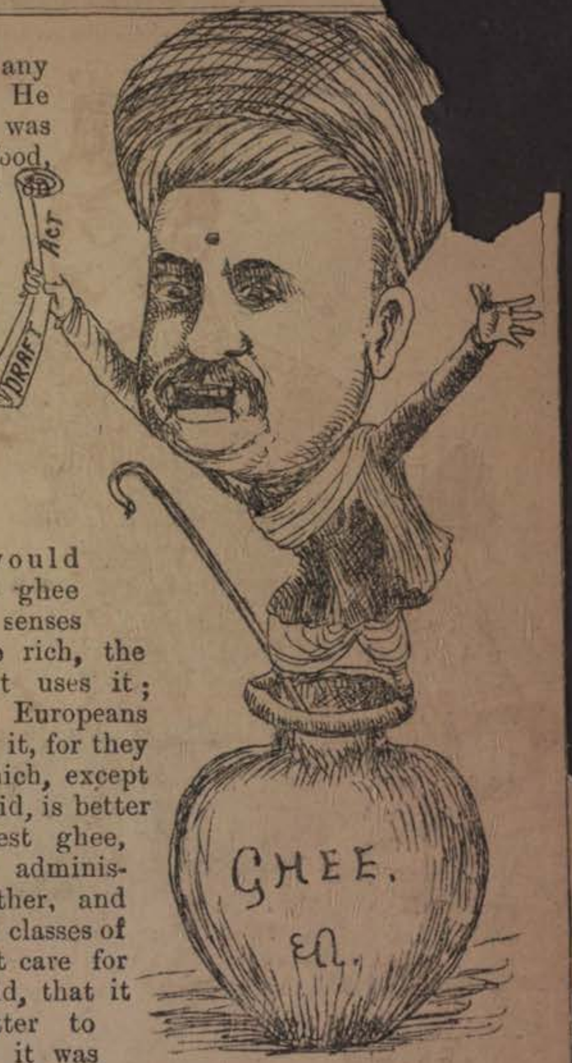


Wait for the bottle.

...ack to me from where they had gone a-...—by a reproving glance from Mr. Javerilal, ...ing aloft a greasy paper in his hand, exclaimed:

When last out on spree,
My friend, didn't you see,
While some were drinking brandy,
Others were thinking of ghee?

...ee—hee—hee," laughed I; "what a fall! ... sublime to the ridiculous, from brandy to ... exuberant buoyancy to stagnant obesity!" ...rsued my honourable friend, "ghee, the staff ...e, which, going down, makes us all *go round*, ... this paper (he shook the roll at us) ...m fat of vile carcass, free!" And he ... lips, and stroked his moustache, and ...nsome glee. "Ah, yes, we see, we see!" ... chorus, all except one, Mr. Ham-ilton, ... law, who really saw no adequate reason ...ulteration should cause such botheration and at all need any legislation! He denied that it was an article of food, intent perhaps on another, suggested by the first letters of his own name; feared that the proposed law would give large powers to the Police which they would abuse, and that it would tend to make ghee *dear* in more senses than one to the rich, the only class that uses it; said that the Europeans did not want it, for they had butter which, except when it is rancid, is better than the best ghee, especially if administered by another, and that the lower classes of natives did not care for it, or if they did, that it did not matter to them whether it was pure or impure, being themselves only an adulterated mass of ordure! "For the rest," Mr. Hamilton wound up, "whoever wanted to get fat, let him eschew ghee, and take to oil—of flattery, butter of the freshest from the latest dairy, and ham! Ham I 'lean and hungry,' like yon Cassius, and yet ghee to me is nauseous!" This was too much for Dr. Cowas-gee, who forthwith began to sing the praises of unmixed ghee. "Look at me," the worthy doctor said, "look at the Corporation—(and following the direction of his hand we looked at his paunch)—of this fair city, and let him, who dares, say if it can possibly retain its rotundity without pure, unadulterated ghee." "Enough,"



Ghee-purity apostle.



I am a fat man from the country,
And lived all my life on ghee.

Aloo—Did you go to the opening of the new Maternity Hospital?
Piloo—No, I didn't, but I have heard that Dr. Nariman has accomplished wonders, and laid all Parsee mothers to-be under undying obligations to him.

Aloo—Don't you think now that he deserves a statue?
Piloo—Richly, and a statue that not only *gulls* in *Gulestán* but even *peris* in *Peristan* might vote!

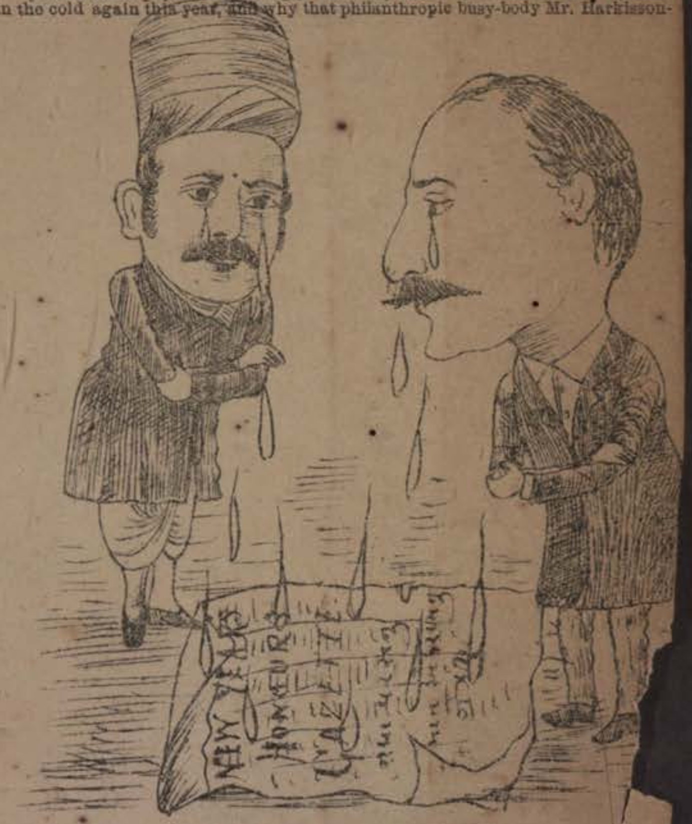


આલુ-પારસી સુવાવડખાનાની નવી ઈમારત ઉઘડી તે જોવા તું ગેઈતી કે, પીલુ?
પીલુ-નહી હું નહી ગેઈતી, પણ બધી જગ ટેમુલજી નરીમાનની તારીફે તારીફ ચ ને કેહેચ કે એવણે તો ખરો હેરતજ કીધીચ ને આપરા જેવી બચ્ચાં છોકરાંની માય રીઓની હજા રેાહજાર દુવા લીધીચ.
આલુ-હું તેા ધારૂંચ કે ખરેખર એવણનું એક પુતળું ઉભું કરવું જોઈયે.
પીલુ-ખચીત, ખચીત, એવણનું જો પુતળું થાય તેા ગુલેસ્તાનની ભોળી ગુલેાજ પણ પરેસ્તાનની પરીઓબી પેાતાની પસંદગી તે તરફ દેખાડયા વગર રેહે નહી!

PLUCKED!

Poor fellows! Their names did not appear in the list of successful candidates for the Titles and Honours' Examination! Oh! the pity of it!

[Some of the papers wonderingly ask why Mr. H. A. Acworth has been left in the cold again this year, and why that philanthropic busy-body Mr. Harkissondass Narotamdass has been passed over? Why and why, indeed! We can at least pity, if we can't answer.]



ગરીબ બીચારા નાસીપાસ થયલા ઉમેદવારો!

ગરીબ બીચારા! આનૂ અને ખેતાબની પરીક્ષામાં ફતેમંદ ઉતરેલા ઉમેદવારો નામની ટીપમાં એ બીચારાઓનાં નામ નહીં મળે! અરે! ગજબ!

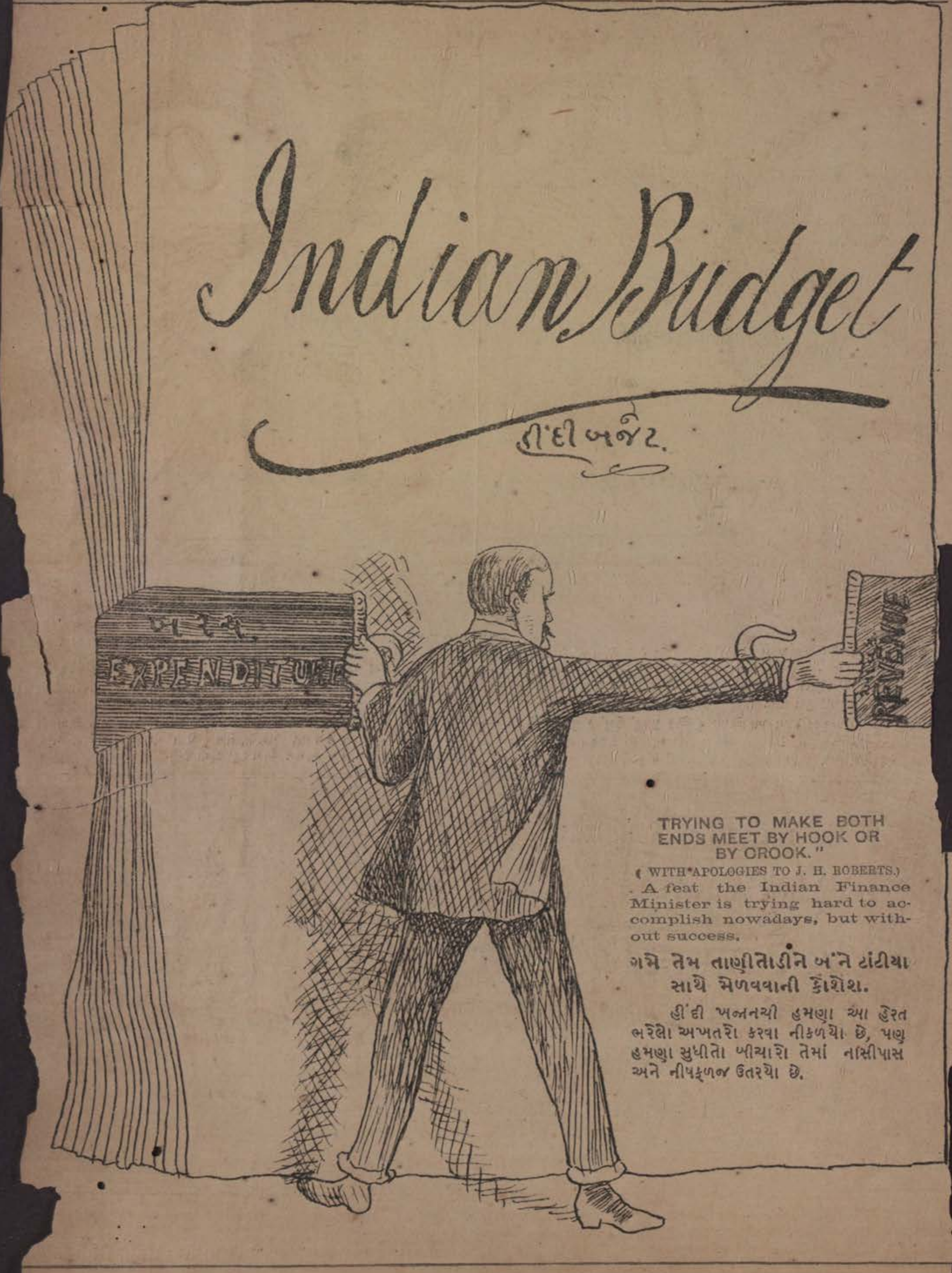
[કેટલાંક પતરેા અજબ થઈને પુછે છે કે, આ વરસે પણ મી૰ એચ. એ. વરથને આન ને ખેતાબ કેમ નહી મળયેા, તેમજ પેલા પરરરરદુખભંજન મી૰ હ સનદાસ નરોતમદાસ કેમ એમના એમ રહી ગયા?]



A PIGEON-FANCIER;
DEDICATED WITHOUT PERMISSION TO THE ADDRESS-MONGER, THE FUND-TAX-GATHERER AND THE CHEAP-GLORY-SEEKER NOW ON THE RAMPAGE.
(*With apologies to Clough Bromby.*)

કબુતરપર તરાપ મારવા નીકળેલેા બીલાડેા.

માનપત્રના મસકાવાળાઓ, ખાનપાનનાં ખાંઓ અને બાવલાં ફંડો માટે ઘરેઘર કર ઉઘરાવવા નીકળનારા નામીચા સસતી-કીરતી-શેાધુ ઓને તેમની રજા વગર આ ચીત્ર અરપણ કરયું છે.



TRYING TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET BY HOOK OR BY CROOK."

(WITH APOLOGIES TO J. H. ROBERTS.)

A feat the Indian Finance Minister is trying hard to accomplish nowadays, but without success.

ગમે તેમ તાણીતોડીને બંને ટાંટીયા સાથે મેળવવાની કોશેશ.

હીંદી ખજાનચી હમણા આ હેરત ભરેલો અખતરો કરવા નીકળયો છે, પણ હમણા સુધીતો બીચારો તેમાં નાસીપાસ અને નીષફળજ ઉતરયો છે.



BLASTING THE ROCKS.

THE EIGHTH INDIAN SOCIAL CONFERENCE: MADRAS, 30TH DECEMBER, 1894.

ખડક. ભાંજવા માટે સુરંગ.

આઠમી સંસારી કનફરનસ: મદરાસ, તા૦ ૩૦ મી ડીસેમબર, ૧૮૯૪.

AT THE MATINEE.—Miss Worcester: "Oh, that was a lovely play! And yet they say that nothing good is coduced at a morning performance. Why, I have been crying my eyes out at the pathos of it."—Miss White: "And should I have done, only I knew that the dye in my veil would have come off on to my face."

THE GIRLS WON'T MARRY—NO. I.





Mrs. Shendia—What say you, love? Shall we subscribe to the latest humbug—the Harris' statue fund?

Mr. S.—Well, what's a statue, after all? It is either good, bad or indifferent. Handsome is as handsome does, and nothing that we can do to keep Lord H.'s memory green among us, will have better effect than one crowning act of justice and mercy on his own part towards the poor fellows who have had to go to jail for attempting self-defence during the Bombay riots.

મીસીસ શેંડીયા-કાય હો, સ્વામીનાથ, લારડ હેરીસાચે બાવલે ઉભે યાચ્ચયા ફંડાસેં જે હમભગ આતાં ઉભેં ઝાલે આહે ત્યાંત આપણ પઈસે ભરાવે

મી૦ શેંડીયા-અગો, બાવલે ઉભે કેલે તર ત્યાંત ઝાલે તરી કાય? બાવલી તર ચાંગલ્યા, વાઈટ સરવ કામા કરીતાં ઉભી કરણ્યાંત યેતાંત. જો ત્ય કરીતો તોચ દેખણા સમજાવા, આણી લારડ હેરીસાચ્યા સ્મરણારથ આ હીજે તીતકે કેલેં તરી મુંબઈચ્યા દંગચાત સ્વરક્ષણ કરીતા જ્યા ગરીબ લા તુરંગાંત જાવું પડલે આહે ત્યાચ્ચયા વર દયા દાખવીણ્યાચે જર માત્ર મ તો કરીલ તર ત્યાચી કૃતિ ચાંગલ્યા રીતે [illegible] હોઈલ.

Elder Sister,—Now, be sensible and don't say nay, Marry and settle. One does not always come across a doctor, only 42 and just begining to make his [illegible]tle! Such chances———

Younger Sister.—But he is so black, sis, and double my age. As for chance, [illegible] must throw myself away, these starving beggars are to be met with at every [illegible], ready to sell themselves to the very first bidders for the doubtful honour [illegible]eir hands, and I might as well wait to see if I cannot get one, a shade fairer [illegible] a little younger than our pa!

[illegible]રણવા માટે છોકરીઓના મીજાસ તો [illegible]વાર—નાં૦ ૧.

[જુવો વધુ ગુજરાતી લખાણ માટે, પાનું [illegible] મું.]

CHACUN A SON *GOUT.*

Mr. Invalid—My salaams to shethjee, and tell [hi]m that, being laid up with the gout, I can't [illegible] and he must do without my votes.

Mr. Vote-Broker—But Shethjee can't. He [must] have all your eight votes. He'll take [you] in a *palkhi*, or if need be, on his own [sho]ulder, but take you he must, straight up, [r]ight down and no mistake.

Mr. Invalid—All right. A *palkhi* then and [eigh]t hamals to lift me out of bed down-[stairs], and I'll go to the poll, like a merry old [soul], and my gout shall wait, in royal state, [on Sh]ethjee's beck and call!

[*Poor candidates! To what straits are they reduced*



[illegible]વતી મયુનીસીપલ ચુંટણીનાં ચુથણાં.

મી૦ ઈનવાલીડ-બા શેઠને મારો [illegible] ઘણો સલામ કેહીને કેહેજો કે હું તો ન[illegible]થી તદનજ હેરાન છેઉં, તેથી મારાથી બા[illegible] નીકળાતું નથી, વાસ્તે મારાં વોટની કંઈ [illegible] આસા રાખતા ના.

વોટ-દલાલ-પણ શેઠ તો કેહયું [illegible]છ, કે તમારાં આઠે આઠ વોટ જોઈશે. [illegible]થી નહી હુલાય ચલાય તો શેઠ પાલ[ખી] [illegible]કલે તેમાં બેસીને આવજો, અથવા જરૂ[ર] [illegible]તો શેઠ કહયું છે કે મારી ખાંધપર બે[સાડી] તમને લઈ જઈશ,-પણ તમારે વોટ [illegible] આવવુ તો પડશેજ પડશે.

[મ]ી૦ ઈનવાલીડ-ઠીક છે તયારે, [illegible] કેહેજો કે ચુંટણીને દાહાડે મારે માટે [illegible]ખી મોકલે ને બીછાનાપરથી ઊચકીને મ[illegible] દાદરપરથી હેઠે ઉતારવા માટે આઠ હમાલ [illegible]કલાવા કેહેજો ને કેહેજો કે ગાઉટ હોસે તો [illegible] હુ તેવાણના બોલને માન આપીને પેલી [illegible]માં મારૂં વોટ આપવા જરૂર આવસ!

પરણવા માટે છોકરીઓના મીજાસ તો જુવો !-નાo ૧

[જુઓ ચીત્ર, પાનું ૨૬૦ મું.]

વડી બેહેન-જો મારી ડાહી દીકરી થઈને એમ ના કેહે ના.
ગી મુંગી પરણીને પાર પરી જા. કંઈ દરરોજ એવા ડાકટર
ળતા નથી. તેની ઊંમરબી ફકત ૪૨ ની છે ને હમણા હમણા વ
ી કમાયચ ધમાયચબી ઘણું મજેહનું ! વાસ્તે (કોટી કરીને) જો
રી જાંઊ તારીપરથી બધી, એવી હાથ આવેલી બાજી જવા ના દે !

નાની બેહેન-પણ તે કારો સીધી ભઈ જેવો છે ને વરી મારા
રતાં બેવરી ઊંમરનો છે તે ! એવા મુવા પોણા ઘરડા થયલા ડાકટર
રજ બેસી રેહી હોતે તો ગામમાં ઠાંહ હમણા તે લોકનો દુકાળ
રેલો છે જો ! મુવા ડગલે ને પગલે તો આપરા નાક સાથે અઠ
ચ ને ટોપલે ને સુપરે રસ્તે રસ્તે ઉભાઈ તો જાયચ ! જો વધારે પઈ
આપે તેને હાથ વેચાવા ને તેની ગોલામગીરી કરવા તો તે લોક એક
ગે ઉભેલાજ છે ! વાસ્તે એવા કારા સીધીના કરતાં કોઈ બીજો સોહા
નો ને એ ધાંખરાના કરતાં ઓછી ઉમરનો કોઈ મળે તાંહ સુધી
તો થોભી જવાનોજ વીચાર કરુંચ !

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINEANT.)

Thursday, 3rd January.—A happy new year you, and you, and you, said I, as one by one my nfreres bounded into the hall of wisdom, *and many nappy return of the same,* I was going to add but ecked myself, seeing that we are now nearing the d of our civic existence, and struggle as we may, ne of us may not be returned at all.

To business. Little matter and less inclination to te. The exhaustive report of the House-connection-mmittee was quite exhausting. The long and short it is that the sewerage system, under or over which re groaning, is good, but the first city in India is for nothing and the people in it ditto, *et hinc lacrimae.* Hence our tears and fears and the mocles' sword of pestilence hanging over our heads. part however from the trifling error of forcing a round tem into a square city, the promoters of the system e deserving of all praise. In the words of Dr. Blaney, ey have had to do up-hill battle in a *h*ill-built city, d therefore instead of undoing their work, the gutter-mmittee have decided that it should be continued ith certain improvements. The improvements, to uote Dr. B. again, "will take a century of time and ost lakhs and lakhs of rupees"—row upon row in ay rate-pay-triotic pride! Lakhs of rupees and ntury of time! Why, scores of epidemics will have ssed over us within that period. "That's a selfish nsideration," says Dr. B., "think of your grand-ldren's great-grand-children; and as for the oney, lakh me no lakhs, we do not lack them, I know, d you know it as well as I." But we, who expected en cholera to stand at bay only the other day, were ot to be hurried into anything. The Committee had ken its own time and we were going to do likewise. n fact, it is our standing principle to stand or at least move as leisurely as possible. So we wanted the Commissioner, to criticise the critics and to report on the port. By the bye, the Commissioner, we knew, was as miliar with the report as the Committee, but that was o argument with us. We wanted his formal opinion nd we allowed him a full month to form it in. Even that, however, was not enough for him. He had his darling budget to attend to, and, what was more, he was going home in April. What! again? and again? Here we meet to part again! It seems as if it was only yesterday that he had returned from home. How time flies, and our exiled martyrs—the Anglo-Indians—with it!

We next considered the question of lighting our streets. The Gas Company's contract lapses next June and we have decided to renew it on slightly altered terms. We want them to fit the gas lamps with incandescent burners at our cost, and as the latter burn less gas than the former, the difference is of course to be made good to us. If the Gas Company do not ccept these terms, we have determined, by all the owers of light and darkness, to burn kerosine. This ounds something like the famous resolve to die or perish in the attempt! If the Gas Company do not listen to reason, we shall return to primitive darkness! *Incandescent gas or kerosine,* and if kerosine fails—which, however, Mr. Cotton assures us, it is not going to do—*cocoanut oil, Cottonut oil or any other oil* to make darkness visible rather than electricity which, whatever other parts of the world may think of it, has not yet become perfect enough for us, the proud denizens of the first city in India!!!

The above is light. What follows is light-er. Dr. Blaney, the people's friend, uttering the gutter-speech, in a gushing moment, asked if the people of Bombay can be separated from their *Nankis?* Nay, nay, seemed to be the universal answer, and the people have indeed reason to be grateful to the worthy doctor in the first instance, and to us, in the second, for having deferred the cruel separation to a century.

Oh! wean us not from Nanny O!
From Nanny O!
From Nanny O!
Oh good, oh kind Be—lanny O!
Pray wean us not from Nanny O!

(*Hindi Punch,* 6-1-95).

CHOW-CHOW.

THE best and the wisest sons of the soil have met and dispersed after deliberating in two separate assemblies. They have compared notes and discussed the pressing needs of their mother land. In one assembly they have repeated their prayers in the past and have, with more or less confidence, asked a paternal Government for fresh concessions and privileges. In the other, with great heart-searchings, little, if any, comparison of notes, or stock-taking, and grave doubts as to the future, they have asked themselves to make good certain deficiencies inherent in themselves, which it is beyond the power of the "*Ma Bap* Sarkar" to remedy. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is often easy to get what you want from others than to expect a little self-sacrifice from yourself and for the country's good. Mr. *Punch's* sympathies are always with the weakest, and he is therefore prepared to slur over the comic aspect of the proceedings in the latter assembly,

in the hope that at the next meeting the delegates will show that for every concession extorted from the *Mà Báp* they will have two to show from their own camp; and in this connection he will further ask them to bear in mind the truth of what the late Raja Sir T. Madhava Rao observed, when he wrote:—"The longer one lives, observes, and thinks, the more deeply does he feel there is no community on the face of the earth which suffers less from political evils and more from self-inflicted or self-accepted, or self-created, and, therefore, avoidable evils, than the Hindu community!!"

***

HAVE you observed the painful anxiety depicted on the face of students when they proceed to scan the notice announcing results of the University Examinations? If so, dear reader, you may realize the expressions on the countenances of those who first took up the English dailies and impatiently devoured the contents of the telegram announcing the New Years Honours! What curses, tearings of the hair and beatings of the breast, were not there on the morning of the New Year's Day, for the "plucked" candidates! "Massacre of the innocents" has become a household phrase: we shall soon come to hear of "Massacre of the ambitious ones!" They are apparently following in the wake of the University and slowly raising the standard of the Titles and Honours' Examinations, judging from the few that have passed the test these two years. It is a change for the better. Mr. *Punch's* only fear is that the death-rate among the candidates in this higher examinations for Titles may be heavier than in the University!

(*Hindi Punch*, 6-1-95.)

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINEANT.)

Monday, 7th Jan.—Budget-day. To me this has always been a bed-get day. Of all the soporifics I ever knew, a budget is *par excellence* the most soporificacious. Its potency is irresistible. Needless therefore to say that, as on all former occasions, I slept to-day most soundly to the music of the budget. No disparagement to the drafter and introducer either. Not even the famous Gladstone budget, of which we have heard so much, could, I fear, serve to keep me awake. By the bye, Gladstone's name occurred in the debate to-day, but I cannot now recollect in what connection. I am getting sadly forgetful in common with some of my colleagues. There is old Mr. Wacha, for instance, who amazed us all by saying that he had ever had the highest respect for the talents and abilities of Mr. Drinoter. What a memorable *lapsus memoriæ* was there! But that is nothing to my question. Did any one mention Gladstone or not? Or stay, was it only *Gulestan*? That's it. It was Gulestan, and in connection, if I remember aright, with the question of commemorating Lord Harris' zeal in the promotion of physical education in this country. As to the advantage of bodily training to the Indians, there cannot be two opinions. But will the powers that be continue to favour it for any length of time? Isn't there a danger of its becoming as odious at very distant date as intellectual education is at t present day? "Cre-*ket*-ation's heir" is already beg ning to be a vain boast, and if our rulers find the selves outstripped—but I'll not pursue the matter a further. Having disburthened myself of my fears wish the younger generation joy of the impetus whi physical education has received within the past fe years and of the many benefits which are likely accrue from it.

P. C. post crib or N. B. note out of bed:—I fi on mature consideration within myself and consultati with the papers that the commemoration question h nothing to do with us and was not so much as thoug of in the Council-Hall except perhaps by me. Th same Morpheus, or, as Dumbledore may be tempted call it, *more-fee-us*, the budget, is to be held accoun able for this confusion in my to-day's notes.

(*Hindi Punch*, 13-1-95.)

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

TERRIBLE.—Rose: "Did you hear about Blanc terribly embarassing experience at the theatre the ot night?"—Marie: "No; tell me about it."—Rose: " hair came down."—Marie: "How excessively annoyin —Rose: "But that wasn't the worse of it. It rolled un the seats, and was only recovered after a good deal of tr ble, and then you can imagine what a condition it was in

CHRISTMAS BILLS.—Hire System's Man: "You this money was due ten days ago. If you don't pay we shall have to come and take the things."—Mrs. S ter: "Well, you shall certainly have the money on Sat day if the weather is bad."—Hire System's Man: "Wh the weather got to do with it?"—Mrs. Sylvester: "W if it's fine we are going down to Brighton for the Christ holidays."

TRUE CONTRITION.—His reverence (improving the occ sion): Stealing an apple is as heinous a sin as stealing thousand pounds. Now, my dear boy, *do* you think it wort while to sin so deeply for the sake of a sour apple?"—Th culprit: "Please, sir, I did not know it was a sour one !

SHE HAD KNOWLEDGE.—Rose: "What do you und stand by the term 'Platonic affection'?"—Marie: " usually means that the young man feels that he can afford to marry."

SEASONABLE WISHES.—Time: Christmas Eve.— gentleman (inspired by his surroundings): "Blesh eve borry! them ash is drunk, them ash is zober, an' them a is neither one nor tuzzer!"

HONOURS DIVIDED.—Mr. Goodchild: "Yes, I do f in good spirits this evening. My boy has passed his examin tion!"—The Earl: "Well, I don't see anything in th So has mine."—Mr. Goodchild: "Er—Indian Civil?" The Earl: "No—bankruptcy!"



[At a meeting of the *soi disant* committee held last Monday at Gulestan, the resi
by him to physical education, cricket and sports generally. Another meeting has been
consider what steps should be taken to perpetuate His Excellency's memory.]

[આનરેબલ મી૦ રહીમતુલા મહમદ સયાનીના પ્રમુખપણાં તળે ખાનબહાદુર મંચે
ક્રીકેટ અને સામાનય રમતગમતને જે ઉતેજન આપયું છે, તે માટે પ્રજાને નામે તેના મ
લાં નોત્રાંની ચીઠી ઉપર મેશરસ એચ. એ. એકવરઠ, જયારજી કાટન, હરકીસનદાસ નરે



SELF-HELP.

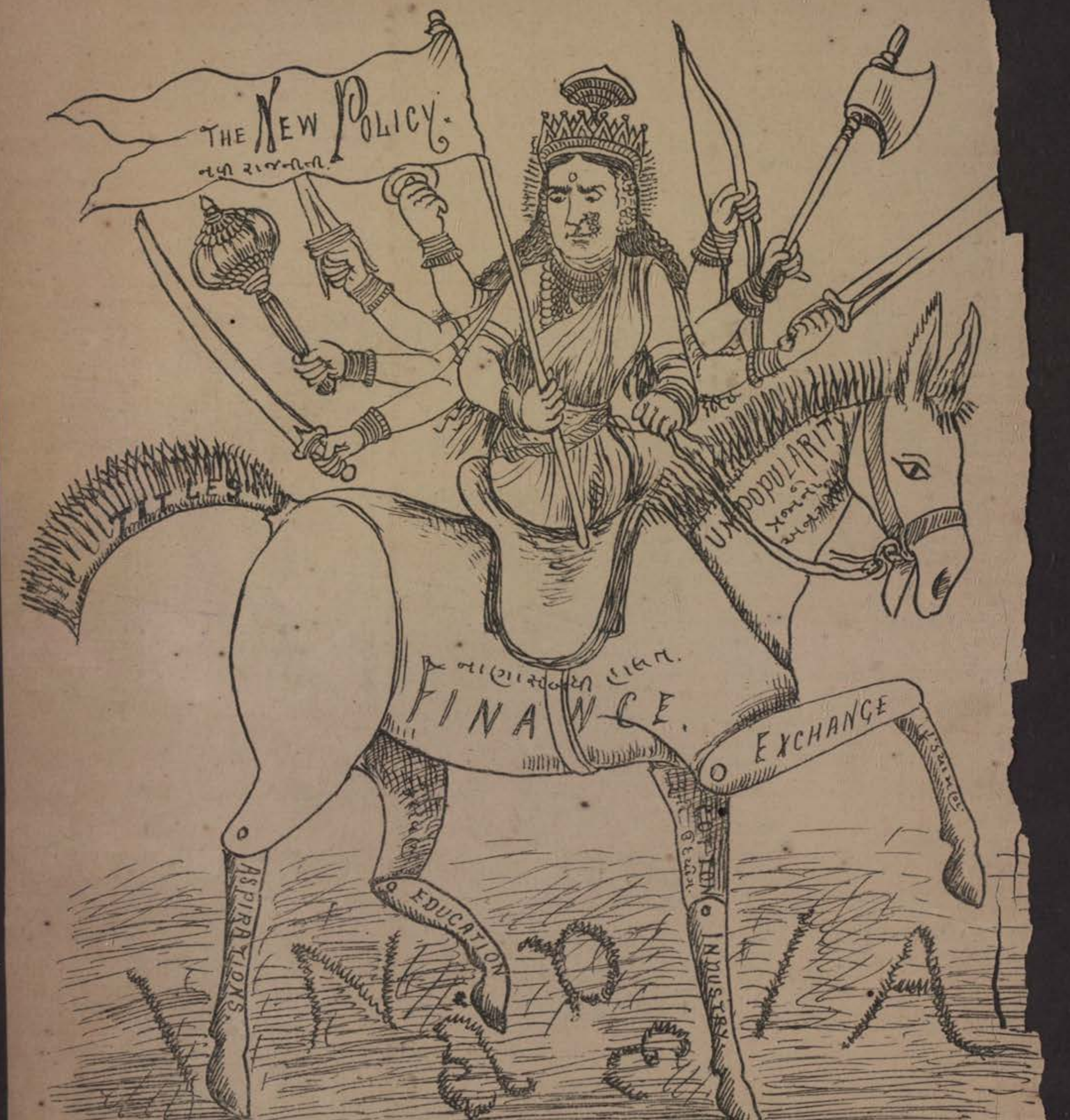
Mr. Parsee Punch—I'm very much pleased with your noble example, my dear girl. Surely. God helps those who help themselves.

[The Parsee Maternity Hospital, built at the sole expense of the Parsee community, is a worthy monument of Parsee Charity ilanthropy and self-help.]

જાતી મદદનો ઉમદા દાખલો.

મીo પારસી પંચ—મારી વાહાલી દીકરી, તારો આ ઉમદા દાખલો જોઈ મને બેહદ ખુશાલી પેદા થાય છે. ખચીત, જેઓ તાને મદદ કરે છે તેઓને ખોદા મદદ કરયા વગર રેહેતો નથી.

[પારસી સુવાવડખાનાની જે નવી ઈમારત પારસી કોમના એકલા પઈસાથી બાંધવામાં આવી છે, તે પારસી સખાવત, પારસી પરોપકાર, અને પારસી જાતી મ ...ાયક સ્તંભ છે.]



THE RIDE OF SANKRANT:

13TH JANUARY, 1895.

According to Mr. *Punch's* Almanac the Goddess, this year, has selected the above hobby for her ride. It is neediles add that on the strength of the Hindu *Shastras* the vehicle will have a rough time of it.

આ વરસની મકર સંક્રાંતીનું વાહન.

(મકર સંક્રાંતી: તા૦ ૧૩ મી જાનેવારી ૧૮૯૫.)

જોશીના પંચાંગ પ્રમાણે આ વરસે સંક્રાંતીનું વહાન ગધેડો છે, અને તેણી ગધેડાપર સ્વારી કરીને આવે છે. તેનું ફ ડી
એ છે કે, ગધેડાને આ વરસમાં બહુજ ખમવું પડશે.

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

MR. PUNCH'S CHRISTMAS BOXES.

To Japan—A piece of china.
To China.—A japanned hot-water can.
To Russia.—A slice of Turkey.
To Turkey.—A russia bag.
To the French Republic.—A napoleon or a louin.
To Hawaii.—A sovereign.
To the King of Spain.—Half-a-sovereign.
To Don Carlos.—A crown.
To King Milan—Half-a-crown.
To the German Emperor.—A few notes and a good mark ttention to harmony).
To Mr. Labouchere.—An antique noble.

VERY HARD LINES.—Young farmer (pulling up at urgent l of pedestrian): "Hillo! that you, Tim? Want er situation! Why, I thought you were living with in Addlepate as coachman?"—Tim: "So I was, sor; wasn't a fair bargin. Shure we was never to get thrunk at wance, sor!"—Young farmer (amused): "Well, seems fair enough, anyway."—Tim: "But, begorra, he captin was thrunk the whole blissid toime!"

WHAT KENSINGTON IS COMING TO. A FACT.—Scene—e a certain church, where two popular stage-land stars just been united in the holy bonds.—First passer-by ionally-minded): "What's all this crowd about?"— passer-by: "Some actors getting married."—First y: "Oh, is *that* all. I thought it was a murder! agrined.]

E YOUNG LADY OF FIFTEEN.—Miss Steele (to her lady's "There is a young gentleman following us down the think."—Johnson: "Yes, I think so, miss."—Miss 'He does not seem to be a very rapid walker."— "No, miss."—Miss Steele: "Do you think there ecessity for us walking as fast as we have been ?"

OOD REASON.—Country rector: "There was a stranger this morning."—Wife: "What did he look like?" : "I didn't see him."—Wife: "Then how do you re was a stranger in the congregation?"—Rector: a £5 note in the collection."

COMPANY.

THEY were often thrown together;
Indeed, the times were few
When one was thrown and the other not,
From their bicycle built for two.

NOVEL METHOD OF PROPOSING.—Mabel: "I would so give my mother a pleasant surprise at Christmas, but cannot think of anything."—Mr. Collins: "Why sent me to her as your intended husband?"

HE Chinese Government," observed the *City Times* "is seeking new channels for money." Decidedly n straits, and will soon be apparently quite at sea.

Post Office are about to issue post-cards of the court ndence size. This seems good business. A pack rds ought to prove an excellent deal.

A DOUBLE murderer has been reprieved on the grounds that he was a low type of man, but many people will think that the best thing to have been done would be to give him a drop some few feet lower.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—The vicar's daughter: "Oh, papa dear, did you hear old Mr. Rogers snoring in his pew this afternoon?"—The vicar: "No, my love. During the *sermon*, I suppose?"—The vicar's daughter: "No! that's the funny part of it!"

THE GENIAL SEASON.—Hungry-looking acquaintance (with eye to invitation): "So glad to see you enjoying yourself!"—Fat chap (evidently doing well): "Wrong again, old man. I'm enjoying my dinner!"

HUNTING IN IRELAND.—"What shall he have that saw the deer?"—Horseman: "Have you seen the stag, my man?"—Paddy: "A stag was ut? If ye mane a donkey wid a chair on his head, sure I saw him a minute ago runnin' like the devil."

AT DESSERT.—Elderly young lady (to little girl): "When I was a little girl I had golden curls just like yours." —Little girl (eagerly): "And was your neat little brown moustache golden then, too?"

MISS FISHER (sweetly): "And if you buy that annuity, will £2,000 a-year be yours for ever, Mr. Hatter?"—"Mine for ever, Miss Fisher."—Miss F.; "How delightful, why it sounds quite like a proposal."

ON THE LINKS.—Young man (to keen golfer): "Y-y-yes, Fanny is-a-a—pretty. H-er-her nose is t-tip-tilted, like the p-p——"—Keen golfer (anxious to assist): "Point of a golf-club."—Young man (gasping): "e-e-et-etal of a flower."

IN THE NURSERY.—Mistress: "Dear me, Mary! Here you are reading a penny dreadful, and there is poor baby crying fit to break his heart."—Mary: "Pray don't mention it, mum. He don't disturb me in the least."

MORE FEMININE AMENITIES.—"What's the trouble between Maud and Lily?"—"Why, you see, Maud asked Lily to tell her just what she thought of her."—"Yes."—"Lily told her."

ALUMINIUM cabs are being constructed for lightness' sake. It will mean about the same thing to us when we are knocked down, but we shall be more comfortable than heretofore when we are run over.

AT THE FANCY BALL.—"Do look at that huge woman dancing with Uncle Bob. What is she? A Quakeress?" —"H'm! rather an Earthquakeress, I should fancy!"

SOME PROSPECT.—"So you're engaged?"—"Yes."— "Well, there's hope for all of us, then."

LOGICAL.—Lynch law is more than nine points of the awl; for, if you give the judge an ynch he will take an L.

THE BEST QUALITY.—Mrs. Newrich: "I don't care about this tea. The next I buy shall be the 5-o'clock tea of which I read so much in ladies' papers."

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.—Cyclist (to fox-hunter thrown out): "Oi say, squoire, 'ave you seen the 'ounds?"

A VIEW HALLOO.—(Hounds at fault.) Whip (bustling up to young Hodge, who has just begun to wave his cap and sing out lustily): "Now then, where is he?"—Young H.: "Yonder, sir! A—comin' across yonder!"—Whip: "Get out; why, there ain't no fox there, stoopid!"—Young H.: "No, sir; but there be our Billy on the jackass!"

THE PROBLEM PLAY.—New woman (with the hat): "No! *My* principle is simply *this*—If there's a *demand* for these plays, it must be *supplied!*"—Woman not new (with the bonnet): "Precisely! Just as with the bull-fights in Spain!" [Scores.]

"I SAY, Tibbins, old man, is it true that your wife has been asked to resign at the Omphale Club?"—"Well, yes; you see, the committee found that she'd been guilty of ungentlemanly conduct."

THE SHAKESPERE LESSON.—Holiday tutor (quoting): "'Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage.'
Now, George, what is an adage?"—George: "A place to keep cats in!"

REGY (aged 12, to young man): "Hillo! Tom. Have you any bad habits you could put a fellow up to?"—Tom (indignantly): "No. why?"—Regy: "Oh! well, the fact is my mother is anxious that I should shine in society, and tips me for every bad habit I give up, you see."

IMPUDENCE.—"'Ow do I like my new guv'nor, Jeames? Don't ask me. 'E's a hupstart. Only this morning 'e sniffs, an' he ses, 'My coachman objects to takin' out 'is 'orses. My gardener objects to my wife an' children gatherin' 'is flowers; but my footman 'as no objection to smokin' my weeds.'"

AN ECHO FROM OUR COURT.—Lady (shouting from first-floor window to little boy who is smearing mud over himself): "Tommy! if you don't leave off doing that I'll kill you—and so will your mother when you go home."

OVERHEARD IN THE STRAND.—Salvation Sarah (jingling money-box): "Self-denial week, sir!"—Hard-up actor: "Ah! it's always that with me."

TIME, 8 A.M., JANUARY 1ST: "'Enery, I 'ears as 'ow you've given way to drink lately."—"Who's told 'ee that loi, feyther? I ain't touched a drop o' sperrits this year."

MRS. WILKINS: "I am aware that I always look pleasant enough, and no one could tell from my face that I have a fiery temper."—Mrs. Bosham: No, but they might from the face of your husband."

"WELL, old man, did you see the New Year in?"—"Um—I sat up—um but, ah——"—"Ah, I see—blind again."

MY wife makes a little money go a long way."—"So does mine: she's always subscribing to the savages in Africa."

GENUINE HARDSHIP.—She: "My dear, what *am* I to do? I didn't know there was to be a collection, and I've nothing less than a sixpence!"

CHOW-CHOW.

BANDRA, the Brighton of Bombay, with al natural beauty, is wont to wear a dismal look a shed tears of pity at the groans and cries for r heard at her do rs at nightfall daily. From her therefore, was fitly wafted last week a plaintiv for mercy by "A. R. T." on behalf of the victi the epidemic of violence which passed over thi in the ill-fated year 1893. Mr. *Punch* yields to no hounding t the prison cell all law-breakers and dis ers of peace; at the same time he cannot help d ing a line of distinction between men who delibera without any extenuating circumstances attending acts, commit violence, and those who in the h the moment are drawn into the whirl. He can realize how scores of such giddy souls have escape clutches of the police,—men, it may be, who de greater punishment than has been served out to who are now undergoing long terms of imprisonn They have sufficiently expiated for their rashness. was St. Vitus' Dance after all. These otherwise p able bread-winners of families have Mr. *Punch's* pathy after the penance, and he has great pleasu adding his voice to the appeal that is being ma Lord Harris for exercising the prerogative of in deserving cases. This one act of clemency eve of his retirement will be remembered long do more to make His Lordship's name popula any concrete visible monument can do—so grate the people of India for the least deed of kindn

* * *

MISS MULLER and the other delegates, w other day beat a precipitate retreat from the C Hall at Madras as if a loathesome reptile had l loose upon them, might have shown more C tolerance and courage in a good cause had the ered a little and considered the situation cal capable physician near a collapsing patient w has every hope of rallying round, or an emin yer trying to save by his ability, acumen and e a criminal from the halter, would, in the ordin merce of human life, be the last two p the world to be told to desist from their work, of some moral stain on their characters. And y what has virtually, in a different line, been at by these good people. Mr. *Punch* has every for their conscience and good intentions; but regret that in the peculiar condition in whi Hind is placed, the good name of her cause, necessity of many earnest workers therein, sho been lost sight of by them!

(*Hindi Punch*, 1

* * *

MR. ALFRED WEBB, M.P., has come and good deal had been heard about common sens side of India before his arrival, and "Comm incarnate was soon amidst us in this worthy.

red in his moral web of wisdom, kindliness
teres ed advocacy of this country's cause, the
thousands of Hind's promising sons, great and
d may he long be spared to weave the web
l to win the gratitude of a grateful nation!

(*Hindi Punch*, 20-1-95.)

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)



HURSDAY, 10TH JAN.—Budget again, but not a wink did I sleep to-day, for very shame; firstly, because (I love to narrate in proper order and legal form) I wasn't going to be betrayed into another set of rambling notes; secondly, because I saw that those of my colleagues, who invariably go to sleep over every and any business, were wide awake, and I did not want to be beaten by them, though I hadn't their reason for wakefulness, as, while they are at the
f their electors, I am, thanks to *Punch*, the
f electors, a councillor *in perpetuo*, safe in my
l ready to punch anybody's head who has the
say no; and thirdly and lastly, because, while
, I was busy with my pencil, for I am going to
a new departure, say rather, a new arrival,
llustrate my own notes. I therefore *attended*
ected and *re-collected* à la Loisette, and this is
t.

s often said that we are a parcel of school-
t the truth of this remark was never more
brought home to me than to-day, when we
ith the most preliminary of early baby-
and, being senior or senile wranglers all,
over the question whether the letter *L* pre-
followed *M* and whether they were friendly
al to each other. In the course of discussion,
red that *L* was my Lord (Sandhurst) and
(Budgette), and contrary to all the known
tiquette, it was decided that the lady, a
too and mistress of mighty millions, should
ce to the new Lord, who is coming among
eplace the old one amidst mingled tears of
sorrow. We are going to welcome the coming
h an address, the larding of which with all
approved platitudes is entrusted to a talented
ee, though it requires no special talents to
hat it will be a *couleur-de-rose* document,
of the perfume of good wishes and of high
ions. For every five years, from the time of
ears, we have done the self-same thing,—sing
ew one with pæans of hope and ring out the
with blessings or curses. We used to be mighty
those ancient days, nicely weighing the good
he bad and frowning or smiling according
as the one or the other preponderated. To-day we have changed all that, and it will be hard enough if



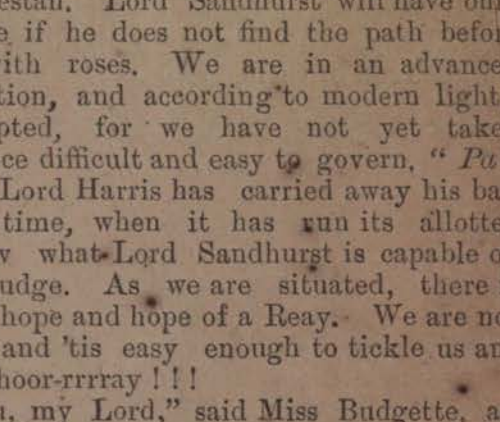
Let *Cricket* flourish.

Lord Sandhurst does not go out at the end of his official term with at least as much honour as is going to be showered on Lord Harris. Formerly, a ruler used to be judged by his acts as a ruler, and honoured or condemned accordingly; now-a-days we have laxed, and if a governor, who has failed as an administrator, only develops a sporting tendency, he may sport on his manly breast the prettiest flowers—of speech—that bloom and blossom in Gulestan. Lord Sandhurst will have only himself to blame if he does not find the path before him strewn with roses. We are in an advanced state of civilisation, and according to modern lights, (electrical excepted, for we have not yet taken to it) it is at once difficult and easy to govern. "*Pa de son métier*, Lord Harris has carried away his bat, and the sand of time, when it has run its allotted course, will show what Lord Sandhurst is capable of. Let us not prejudge. As we are situated, there is always a ray of hope and hope of a Reay. We are not hard to please and 'tis easy enough to tickle us any way; hip, hip, hoor-rrrray!!!

"After you, my Lord," said Miss Budgette, as, all bathed in smiles, she softly tripped in on the "light, fantastic toe," to the sweet music of swelling numbers. Numbers have ever been my chief delight.

> "As yet a child and all unknown to fame,
> I lisped in numbers for the numbers came."

Only the municipal numbers are of a different kind, and, as a rule, never come to me. We are, as all the world knows, a generous body, and give away largely, when, as often happens, the "economic conscience" is asleep. And where is the wonder too, seeing that, unlike the old woman who lived in a shoe, we have heaps of money



"After you my Lord."

with which we don't know what to do. To-day we happened to be in one of our patronising moods, and called in our medical gentle man, Dr. Cama, to come and receive our blessing. But S-t-n finds excuses still, our willing hands to tie. Two of a trade, they say, never agree, and Dr. Cama's advancement was opposed by Dr. Viegas, who wanted to know why it was that, while Dr. Blaney had served the Municipality for ten long years without receiving so much as a pie, not even a Christmas pie, he Dr. Cama, who was already drawing a good round sum from our treasury and was moreover allowed to practise the healing art on his own account and to keep a dispensary of his own and all that, should want more? *Con amore,* Dr. Viegas. And do you ask why? Why, "man never is, but always to be blest." So leaving the dissenting doctor to gas away his *vie*, we agreed with the M. C. that ability and integrity must not remain unrewarded, and rewarded they were.

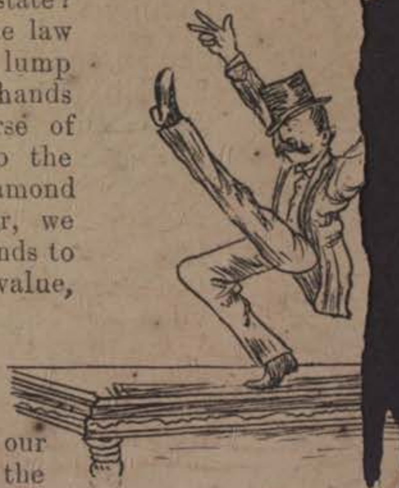
The generous fire, once kindled, soon burst into a flame, and the chief of our Fire Brigade, Mr. Nicholls, who has come all the way from England to save our burning city, rushed wildly to the spot, with pipe and hose, and wanted to know why it was so hot. He soon discovered, however, to his infinite relief that it was a genial warmth, an exchange of the season's compliments, and, at the "*table* trembling underneath her Banks," sat down to the quiet enjoyment with us of a fat slice of cake. Poor English exiles! Every mother's son of them, who comes out here for pure love of us, would have, without doubt, done ever so much better by staying away. Evidently they make a bad *exchange*, and it behoves us, out of gratitude, to soften their regrets as much as lies in our power.



Gassing away his vie.

One last word touching my new resolution to hang, *draw* and quarter the Corporation in my Notes. I am ready to give credit where it is due, and I own I caught the inspiration from the recent edifying paper-war between the Government of Lord Harris and the Poona Sarvajanik Sabha. His Excellency wants names, I improve on the idea, and for better identification am going to give portraits too. They shall be faithful ones, I assure you, and whatever I do, I will not *draw* on the imagination except *at sight*.

Monday, 14 th Jan.—Four days had not sufficed to cool our ardour, and again we were aglow. It was our Water-Engineer's turn to bask in the sunshine of our favours. He, too, like our fire-chief, hails from England, and must be adequately provided for, if we mean to keep him with us and avail oursel[ves of his] valuable services. Else would he leave us [for] his native clime where men of his profession a[re said to] earn their two to three thousand pounds a yea[r. Some] are churlish enough to say that, whatever ot[hers may] be able to do at home, our gentleman, before [he came] out here, was only earning some four pounds[...] A libel, I assure you. But supposing he w[as, have] we not, every one of us, sprung from small beg[innings?] Have we not had to commence as babies before [growing] up to man's estate? Progression is the law of nature, and the lump of coal in our hands having, in course of time, attained to the brilliancy of a diamond of the first water, we made up our minds to fix it at its proper value, and we did.



The table trembling underneath he[r Banks.]

A generous impulse is contagious, and we found, to our amazement, that the mighty Commissioner, seeing in what princely fashion we had be[en dis]tributing our favours, had eclipsed our warmest [...] by actually giving away the Palace itself! T[his was] robbing us out of house and home, we felt that [a line] must be drawn somewhere and we drew it bol[dly and] energetically at and through the Commissioner['s] deed, thereby retaining the undisturbed possessi[on of] standing and sitting room, and preventing the [perpetra]tion of an unpopular act in a popular buildi[ng. We] have thus saved ourselves from an unwarran[ted inva]sion, and a burning question, which wo[uld be too] many for us who have already enough of o[ur own to] attend to, has been happily confined to "f[...] admirers" and transferred to the Chamber of [...]

A "PRESENT"-DAY DIALOGUE.—Customer: [...] 'The God in the Car'?"—Attendant: "No, m[...] we have 'The Angel in the House.'"—Customer[:...] I don't want that. Have you got 'The Indiscreti[on of the] Duchess'?"—Attendant: "I'm afraid not, m[...] we've got the poems of the Duke Argyll."—[...] "Then can you find me of Maclaren's 'Beside t[he Bonnie] Briar Bush'?"—Attendant: "No, but we ha[ve] Hardy's 'Under the Greenwood Tree.'"

A FAIR votaress of vegetarianism has offere[d] £10 for the best pair of satisfactory boots made with[out animal] substance. If the problem is solved, the threat "I['ll ...] boots" will lose its force when uttered by a vegetar[ian. The] introduction of edible raiment however—particularly [...] boots—will make it impossible for vegetarians to m[ake both] ends meet.

"THE thing speaks for itself," as the man said to a phonograph.

"TOMORROW TO FRESH *WARDS* AND *COUNCILLORS* NEW."

[The nominations by the rate-payers for 36 seats on the new Municipal Corporation at their disposal were received up to Monday last, and the elections take place tomorrow. Out of the seven wards, there is no contest in those at Parel and Mahim, while all the others will be contested. There are altogether 45 candidates for 36 seats.] [*Hindi Punch, 20-1-95.*]

આવતી કાલે બા જે હશે તે જણાશે !

નવાં પીલાં કેવાં નીકળે છે, અને કોણ હસે છે અને કોણ રડે છે, તે બધું આવતી કાલે સાંજના છ વાગતા પછી આપોઆપ જણાઈ જશે !

[નવી કારપોરેશન માટેની કર ભરનારાઓ તરફના છત્રીસ બેઠકો માટેના ઉમેદવારોનાં નામ ગયા સોમવારે નોંધાવવામાં આવ્યાં હતાં, અને આવતી કાલે તેમને ચુંટી કહાડવાનું કામ ચાલશે. મુંબઈના સાત વારડોમાંથી પરેલ અને માહીમ વારડમાં હરીફાઈ ચાલનાર નથી, પણ બાકીના બધામાં હરીફાઈ ચાલશે. છત્રીસ બેઠકો માટે સઘળા મળી ૪૫ ઉમેદવારો બાહેર પડ્યા છે.] [હીંદી પંચ. ૨૦-૧-૯૫.]



WANTED, a Perfect Cure for the incompatibility of Judges' sentences.

ARTICLES OF—LOVE,



—Why so very sulky today, my ove (*Hubby silent.*) Do tell me the reason, I pray (*silent still*). Oh, the suspense ... Let me know what weighs on ... and if I can relieve you in any way——

—(*In sorrow more than in anger*) Yes, you can, but will you? Don't talk to me, please, and let me nurse my *grief in solitude*. Oh, the love that thinks no... only asking your pa for 5,000 to enable me to sign articles in a solicitor's office, but I know you won't. Leave me alone, I beg, and I'll beg even of you...

I go, I go, all danger-scorning, Some death I die before the morning!

...ીયાંણી—લવ, તમે આજે એટલા બધા ઉદાસ ને દલગીર કેમ છેઓ ? (ધણી મુંગા મંતર રહે છે.) મને તો જરા કારણ કહો ? (હજી ધણી મુંગા... ..., મને એમ તોવાવયા ના કરો રે ! સું છે. તે મને જરા કહો તો ખરા કે હું જાણું તો તમને કંઈ ઉપાય દેખાડું—

...ી—(દલગીર ચેહેરે) હા, તું ઉપાય દેખાડે તો ખરો, પણ તે તું કરે તારની વાત ! ખોદાને ખાતર તું મને પુછજ ના ! મને મારા સનમાંજ બળાપો કરી... ...ફકત મને સોલીસીટર થવા તારા બાપ પાસે પાંચ હજાર જોઈયેચ, પણ હું જાણુંચ કે તું તારા બાપને તે માટે પુછવાનીજ નથી ! બસ જા. તું મારી ... ...હું મારા મનને ગમસે તે કરસ, ને ગમસે તો કુવો તળાવ પુરસ !

THE BOMBAY RAGES.

The Civic Father, on his Favourite horse, hopes to astound the Bombay giving public tomorrow. [*Hindi Punch*, 20-1-95.]



મુંબઈની ઘોડ દોડની શરત.

શેહેરીબાવા, પોતાના વાહાલા ઘોડાપર સ્વારી કરીને આવતી કાલે મુંબઈની મત આપનારી પરજાને હેરત કરી નાખવાની આશા રખે છે.[હીંદી પંચ. ૨૦-૧-૯૫.]

MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO.

"Aunty dear, what are you gazing on so intently? Whose p
"Aunty is going to marry him, and you will call him un
and you will love him, won't you?" "Uncle!-Why, he is as old a



"[illegible] but he is certainly not so poor [illegible] worth lacs,
buy you sweets and toys and such like things!"

પઈસાને સઉ પરણે !

"માથીધી. આમે તમે તેાણને ધેાયા તરેાત ? એ તેાણની થબી
"જેાની દીકરી, એ તેા માસીના વર છે, ને એવણ તારા માસા
તુને એવણ ગમસે કેની ?"

"શું મરા માથા ! એવણ તેા મમાવા ઘેવા બુઢ્ઢા લાધેત, માથીધી
"પણ એવણ તારા મમાવા જેવા ગરીબ નથીની, દીકરી ! એવણ પ
લાખ રૂપયા છે, ને તેમાંથા એવણ તુને મજેહના-રમકરાં ને પેપરમાટ અ



ON THE BRAIN—NO. 55

MR. ALFRED WEBB, M. P.,

The President of the Tenth Indian National Congress.

જુદાં જુદાં ભેજાંપર થયલી જુદી જુદી અસરેા.—નાે ૫૫.

મીo આલફ્રેડ વેબ, એમ. પી.,

દસમા હીંદી નેશનલ કાનગરેસનેા પરમુખ.



THE CURSE OF THE COW.

Govindrao—Poor Mr. Acworth gets no title after all!

Lakshmibai—'Tis the cow's curse, dear, for he would not give steak.

ગાઈચા શાપ નડલા.

ગોવીંદરાવ—અરેરે ! કાય ! ! મીસ્તર આકવરથ સાહેબાસ પદવી નાહી ! ! !

લક્ષમીબાઈ—નાહીં મહાણજે ! અહેા તયાસ ગાઈચા શાપ માંસ વરજ કરણે તયાચયાને કેાઈના હેં તુમહાસ માહીત નાહીં કા



A FORECAST FOR TOMORROW.

THE MUNICIPAL VOTER IN HIGH JINKS.

Chorus—" Shethjee, let me polish your boots ! "

The Voter is beset with a host of boot-po-o-o-o-o-li-i-i-sh, and seems to enjoy the fun of it !

[*Hindi Punch*, 20-1-95.]

આવતી કાલની એક અગમચેતી.

મયુનીસીપલ મત આપનાર ઉપરથી કેવી કેવી આંધા ધુંધા થાય છે!

"બુટ પાઆઆઆલીઈઈસ" નો કોરસ-"શેઠજી, તમારાં બુટ હું પાલીસ કરૂં, સાહેએએએએબ!"

"બુટ પાઆઆઆઆલીઈઈસ" ની એક આખી ફોજની ફોજ મી० વોટરની આસપાસ ફરી વળી છે. અને તેવણુપર થતી. આંધાંધું ધીની મોજ તેવણુ પેટ ભરીને ભોગવતા દેખાય છે. [હીંદી પંચ, ૨૦-૧-૯૫.]

MISS INNOCENT (to Country Cousin, who is rather near sighted) : " Do you think that a good place for the mistletoe, Fred ?"



THE VULTURES AND THEIR PREY; OR, MISS MILL INDUSTRY IN DANGER.

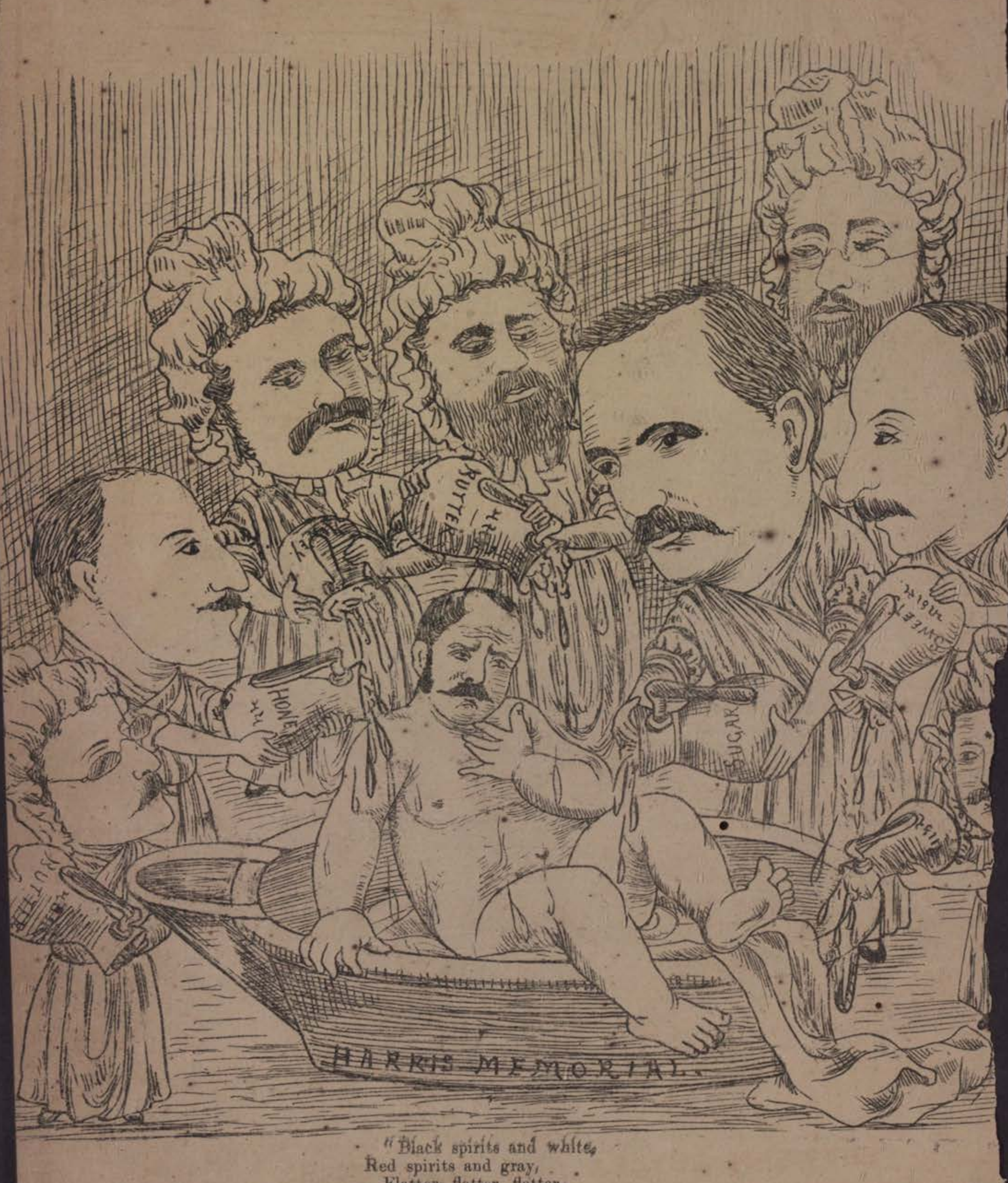
[Exchange has gone down fearfully, and the Mill-owners with the burden of the Excise Duty, are at their wits' end how to make both ends meet.]

ગીદરાઓ શેકારપર કેવા તલપ્યાં મારે છે! અથવા, મીલ ઉદયોગબાઈ ભારે ધાસ્તીમાં

[હુંડી બહુજ ગગડી પડી ... અને એક્સાઈસ જગાતના બો... સાથ પોતાની મીલોનો નીભાવ ... ને ટકાવ કેમ કરવો તેના ભારે ... દેશા અને ગભરાટમાં મીલ માલે... આવી પડયા છે.]

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH-RUG.—Effie : "Mr. Fitz Poo... do you dye your hair ?"—M... Fitz Poop : " No, no. W... do you think so ?"—Effi... " Oh, because it's black. Th... it's grown so since."—Mr. F... Poop : " Grown so sinc... What do you mean ?"—Effi... "Why, sister said she thou... you must have been b... light-headed."

SOFT AND SOOTHING.



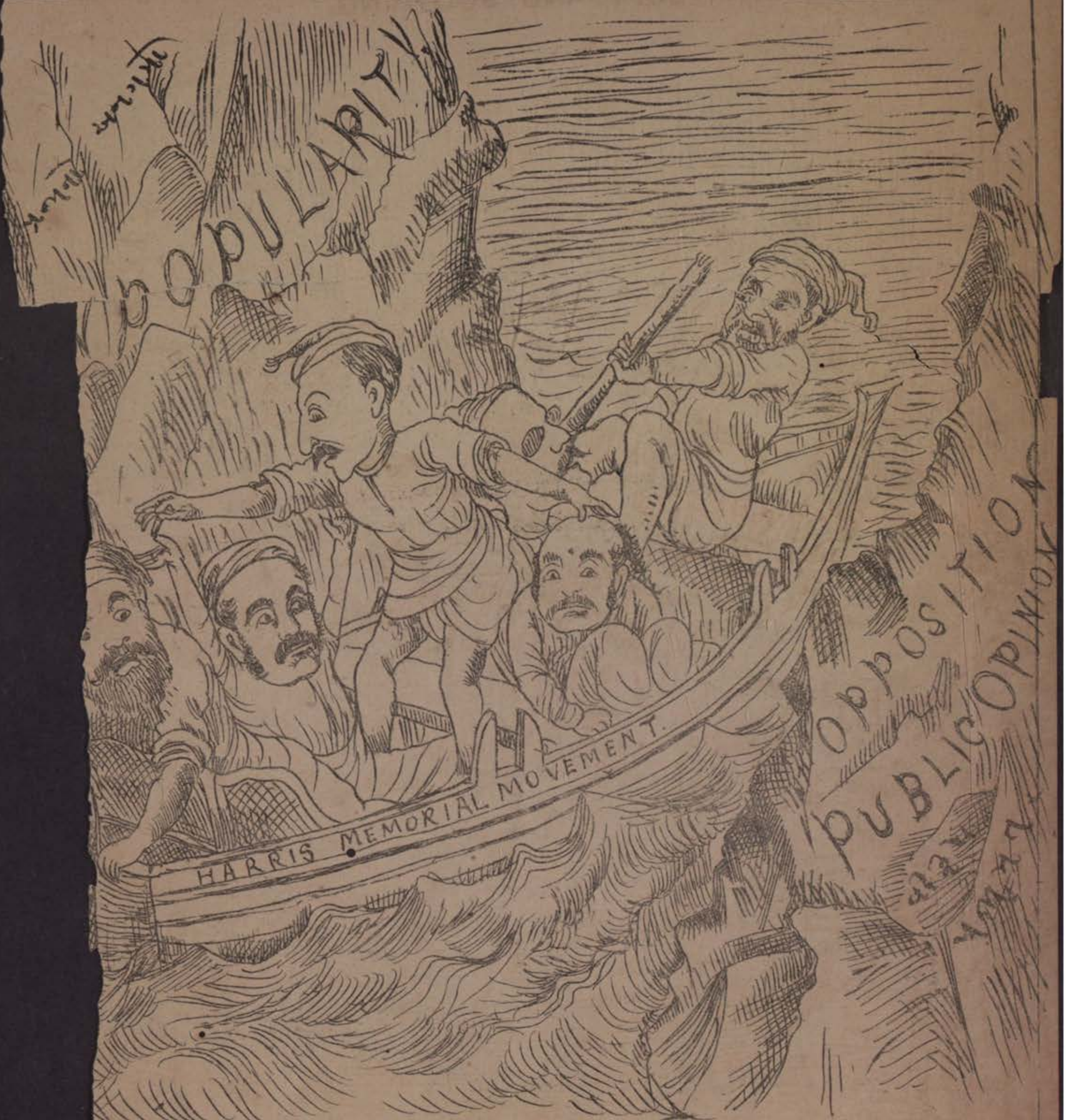
"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,
Flatter, flatter, flatter,
You that flatter may!"

[The friends and admirers of Lord Harris, after consultation at the Chamber of Commerce on Tuesday the 15th Jan., have resolved to hold a memorial
he Town Hall to vote a statue to the retiring Governor.]

કેવું મજેહનું નરમ નરમ અને પોચું પોચું !

કાળા ને ગોરા, રાતા ને ધોળા, ચાપલુસી ચલાવો, મસકો મીલાવો !

[લારડ હેરીસના દોસ્તો અને ચાહનારાઓએ ચેમબર આફ કામરસના મકાનમાં ગઈ તા૦૧૫ મી જાનેવારીએ મસલત કરયા પછી એવો ઠરાવ કીધો છે કે, ગવરનર સાહેબનો એક પુતલો (!) ઉભો કરવા માટે ટાઉન હાલમાં એક સભા ભરવી.]



BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

ion was so strong against the Harris Memorial movement and the native papers, with the single exception of the *Indian Spec-* nanimous on the question, that its promoters had been forced to call a meeting of the "friends and admirers" only of not of the general public. It was proposed to make a counter demonstration if any public character was given to the movement,

બે જબરા ખડકોની વચે આવી પડેલું હોડકું.

રીસની યાદગારી રાખવાની હીલચાલ સામે પ્રજામત એટલું સખત છે, અને "ઈંડયન સ્પેકટેટર" સીવાય સઘળાં દેશી આ સવાલ ઉપર એટલાં એકમત છે કે, તેના આગેવાનોને પ્રજાની જાહેર સભા નહી પણ લારડ હેરીસના "દોસ્તો અને જ એક સભા બોલાવવાની ફરજ પડી છે. જો એ હીલચાલને સામાનય પ્રજા તરફની હીલચાલના જેવું કશું પણ રૂપ ઉં, તો તેની સામે એક બીજી હીલચાલ ઉભી કરવાની વાત ચરવાય છે.]



WEBB'S ELIXIR.

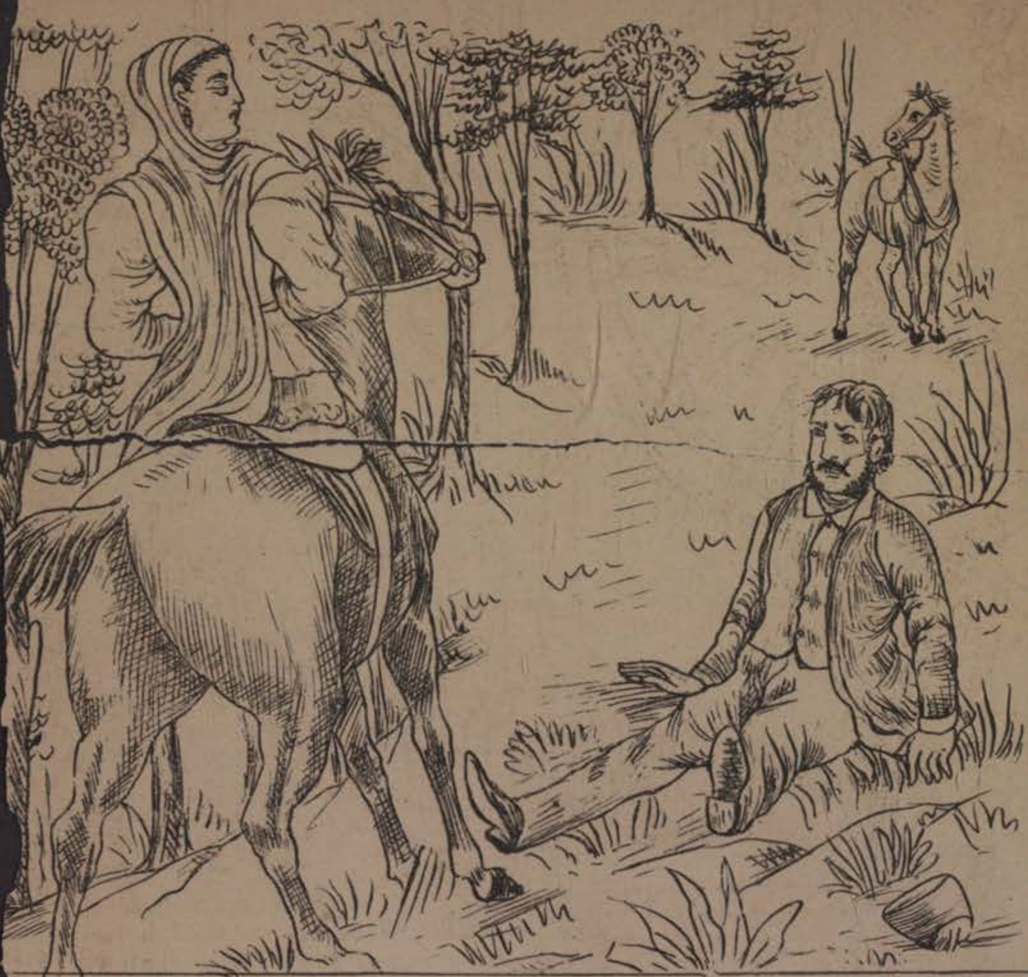
Hind—The best elixir that ever was invented, my dear. It encourages sobriety and moderation, and some and admirers will surely benefit by it.

[Mr. Alfred Webb's valedictory address, delivered in Bombay, conceived in a spirit of moderation and sobriety, wa sense and sound advice.]

વેબનો બનાવેલો ઊંચો અરક.

હીંદ—સરવેથી ઊંચામાં ઊંચો એ અરક છે, મારી વહાલી. તેથી તારૂં મન શાંત અને થંડું રહેશે અને તારા કે ચાહનારાઓને તે ખચીત ઘણો ગુણ કરશે.

[ઇંગલંડ ખાતે ઉપડી જવા આગમજ દશમી નેશનલ કાનગરેસના પરમુખ મી० આલફ્રેડ વેબે જે ભાષણ મુંબઈમાં આપયું હતું, તે મધયમ અને શાંત સમજથી ભરપુર હતા, તેમજ તે સાદી સમજ અને સંગીન સલાહથી સંપુરણ હતું.]



A MATHERAN NOTE[...]

Meheri—Nice rider, not to b[...] able to manage even a Mathera[...] pony! Look at me, as firm in m[...] seat as ever.

Munchee—(*Who has just ha*[...] *a drop from a horse of a hundre*[...] *vices*) Then would you mind trying[...] my pony, while I take care o[...] yours?

માથેરાનની ટુંકી નોંધ.

મેહેરી—અરે હરવાશારે તમે [...] બારચોરે તમારો સકાર! હજી ઘોરા[...] ને બદલે ગધેરાં પર કાંય નહી બ[...] સ્તાં સીખયા! માએ સુધાં ચાર[...] વખત જીખઈ ગીયા! હજી મને[...] સાબાસ. છેં કે હું બઈરી જેવી [...] ઈરી કેવી મજેહની બેસી જાણુ[...]

મંચી—(જે સો એબ[...] લા ઘોડાપરથી હમણાજ ટપકાઈ[...] યો છે) અં! તુને ઘણું સારી રીતે[...] સતાં આવરેચ કે! તારે તો જોઉં, [...] ઉતરી પર. આપરે ઘોરા અદલ બ[...] કરયે. તું મારા ટટુ પર બેસ ને [...] તારા ઘોરાપર બેસુંચ!

RAILWAY RATES.—A[...] thing from 10 to 60 miles[...] hour.

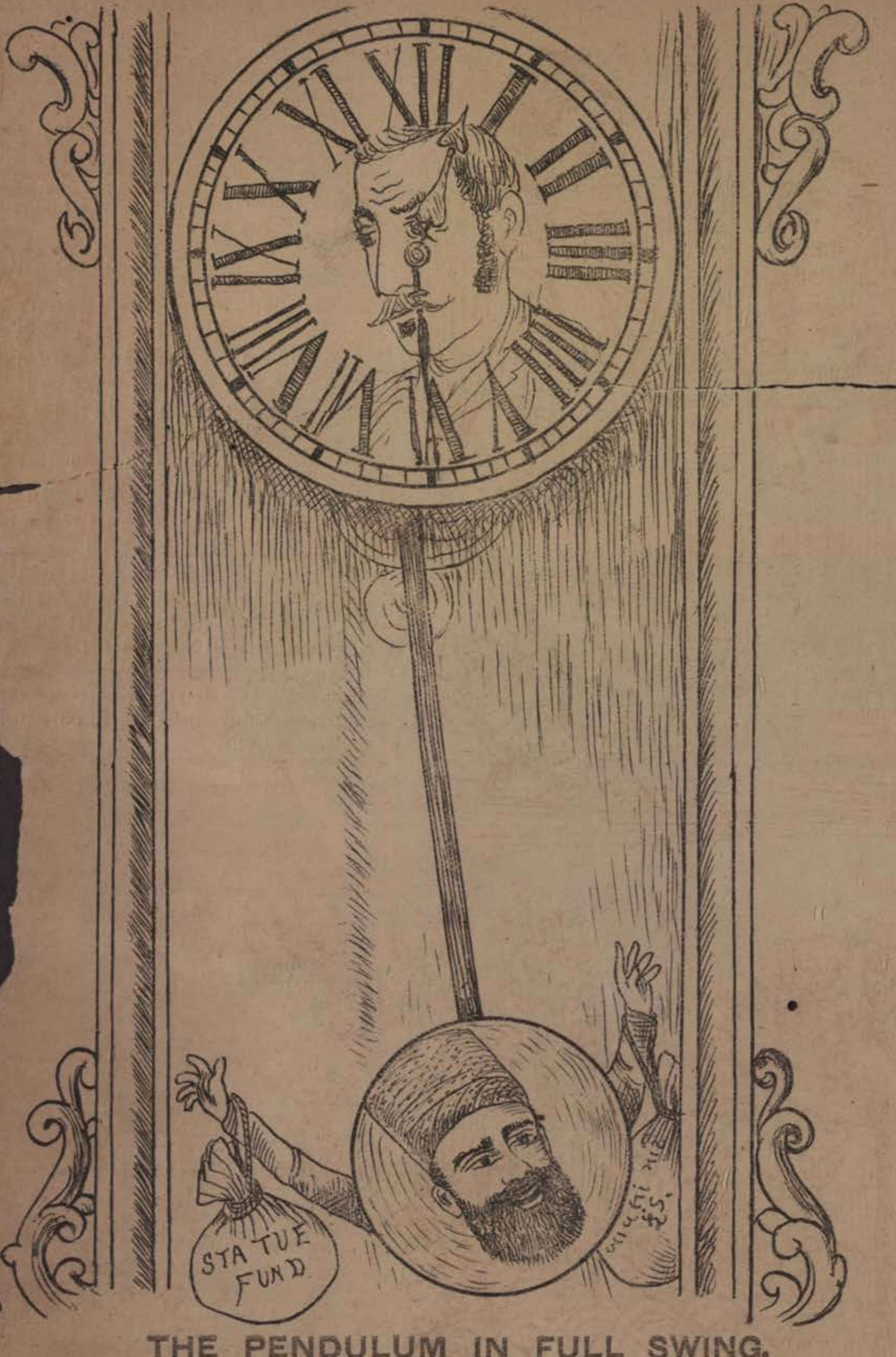


FIGHTING FOR VOTES.

SOME NICE LITTLE TUGS OF WAR SEEN ON THE MUNICIPAL WARD ELECTIONS DAY,

મત મેળવવા માટે મારામારી.

કરભરનારાઓ તરફની ચુંટણીને દીવસે જોવામાં આવેલા થોડાક ખેંચાખેંચી, તાણાતાણી અને મારામારીના નમુનેદાર દેખાવો.



THE PENDULUM IN FULL SWING.

[The friends and admirers of Lord Harris are moving heaven and earth to get as wide a support as possible to their memorial movement. The Hon'ble Mr. N. N. Wadia, whose oscillations and vacillations like those of a pendulum once became the topic of severe criticisms in the Legislative Council, has been taking great pains to get money for the Statue Fund.]

આમથી તામ અને તામથી આમ ડોલા ખાતું "પેનડ્યુલમ."

[લારડ હેરીસના દોસ્તો અને ચાહનારાઓ પોતે ઉભી કીધેલી યાદગારીની હીલચાલ માટે બને તેટલો મોહોળો ટેકો મેળવવાને આસમાન ને ધરતી એક કરી રહયા છે. આનરેબલ મી૰ નવરોજી નસરવાનજી વાડયા, જેમને ઘડીયાલનાં એક "પેનડયુલમ" માફક આમથી તામ અને તામથી આમ ડોલા ખાવાનાં કામ માટે મુંબઈની ધારા સભામાં આગળ સખત ટીકા સાંભળવી પડી હતી, તેઓ પુતળો ઉભો કરવાના ફંડમાં પઈસા ભરાવવાની બહુ બહુ મેહેનત લેતા જણાય છે.]

IMPUDENC I like my n Jeames? Don't a hupstart. Onl ing 'e sniffs, an' coachman objec out 'is 'orses. M objects to my wif dren gatherin' but my footm objection to sn weeds." '

AN ECHO COURT.—Lady (s from first-floor little boy who is mud over himself): if you don't leave that I'll kill you will your mother go home."

OVERHEARD STRAND.—Salvatio (jingling money-bo denial week, sir! up actor: "Ah! it that with me."

TIME, 8 A.M. 1ST: "'Enery, ow you've given drink lately."—"W 'ee that loi, feyt ain't touched a sperrits this year."

MRS. WILKI am aware that look pleasant eno no one could tell face that I hav temper."—Mrs. No, but they mi the face of your h

"WELL, old you see the New —"Um—I sat up ah——"—"Ah, blind again."

MY wife mak money go a long "So does mine: sho subscribing to th in Africa."

"DID your pia a medal at the Ex —"No, madam, only one that did "Well, I think I one, if that is re —"We give a wr rantee of the fact



THAT NICE LITTLE BRAT

Miss.—Ah, now he looks decent enough. You 've dressed h'm up nicely and made him so very attractive as to please me and my whole household.

[The Government of India have refused to amend the Indian Companies' Act, in accordance with any of the suggestions made by shareholders and others, only allowing joint stock companies to alter their Articles and Memorandum of Association without going into liquidation.]

કેવું શોભઈતું છુટકલું છે, હં!

મીલબાઇ–આહ, હવે એ બુચો કેવો ઠીક લાગે છે! તમે એને એવો સારી રીતે શોભઈતો શાભઈતો ને દેખામણો ને છજામ ણો કીધો છે કે, તે મને ને મારાં આખાં ઘરને ગમયા વગર રહેવાનો નથી.

[હીંદુસ્તાનની કંપનીઓને લગતા કાયદાને કેટલાક શેરહોલડરો અને બીજાઓએ કીધેલી સુચના મુજબ સુધારવા હીંદી સરકારે ચોખા ના પાડી છે. કોઈબી જાઈંટ સ્ટાક કંપની પોતાના આરટીકલસ અને મેમોરેનડમમાં ફેરફાર કરવા ઇચ્છતી હોય તો, ... જવા વગર તે તેમ કરી શકે એટલોજ સુધારો ... તેમાં દાખલ કીધો છે.]

Regy (aged 12, to young man) "Hillo! Tom. Have you any bad habit... you could put a fellow up to?"—Tom (indignantly): "No. Why?"—Regy "Oh! well, the fact is my mother i... anxious that I should shine in society and tips me for every bad habit I giv... up, you see."

NEW DECORATIONS FOR THE CIV... HALL.

Miss Ward-Election—I hope they'll freshen up the Council Chamber, and gladden my heart!

[Out of the 32 candidates elected by the ratepayers on 21st Jan., nine are entirely new members, viz. Mr. Kalyandass Keshavdass (Fort ward); Dr. Ismail Jan Mahomed and Mr. Vithalrao Krishnarao Vandewkar (Mandvi Ward); Rao Bahadur Dhakj... Kashinath (Bhuleshwar ward); Dr. Cowasj... Edulji Dadachanjee and Mr. Jeejeebhoy Framjee Petit (Girgaum ward); and Mr Hajee Yousoof Haji Ismail, Mr. Sorabjee Cursetjee Dhondy and Mr Charleston Hewett (Byculla ward).]



શેહેરી સમાજના દીવાનખાનામાં નવો સનગાર.

ચુંટણીબાઇ–આ મારા નવા સનગા... દીવાનખાનામાં નવી તાજગી ફેલાશે, અને મ... દીલ ખુશ ખુશ થઈ જશે, એવીજ મને તો આ... શા ને ઉમેદ છે!

[ગયા સોમવારે નવી કારપોરેશન માટેના કર ભરનારાઓ તરફના ૩૨ પરતીનીધીઓની જે ચુંટણી કરવામાં આવી હતી તેઓમાં નીચલા નવ ગ્રહસ્થોને પેહેલીજવાર પસંદ કરવામાં આવયા છે: મી૦ કલ્યાણદાસ કેશવદાસ (ફોટ વારડ); ડાકટર ઈસમાયલ જાન મા... અને મી૦ વીઠલરાવ કીશનારાવ વનડેવકર (માંડવી વારડ); રાવબહાદુર ધાકજી કાશીનાથ (ભુલેશવર વારડ); ડાકટર કાવસજી એદલજી દાદાચાનજી અને મી૦ જીજીભાઈ ફરામજી પીટીટ (ગીરગામ વારડ); અને મી૦ હાજી યુસુફ હાજી ઇસમાયલ, મી૦ સોરાબજી ખરસેદજી ધોંડી અને મી૦ ચારલસટન હયુએટ (ભાયખલા વારડ).]



ON THE PROWL;
OR, A SEARCH FOR PREY IN WAZIRISTAN.

શેકારની શોધમાં.

વઝીરીસ્તાનનાં ડુંગર આગળ હીંદી વાઘ.



Shendiajee—Did you go and vote, Ganpat?

Hajaam Ganpat—(*A voter*) Yes, Saheb, I did, and to my h[eart's] content too! I went four times to the polling office, and for fo[ur of] my clients, and got eight rupees in the bargain!

શેંડીયાજી—ગણપત, તું મત દેણ્યાસ ગેલા હોતા કાયરે

હજામ ગણપત—(એક મત દેણાર) હોય, સાહેબ, ગેલો હે આણી ફાર ખુશીને મત દીલે હો! મતેં નોંધણ્યાચ્યા જાગી મ ઝયા ચાર ગીરાહીકા સાઠી ચાર વેળા ગેલો હોતો, આણી વયા દલ મલા આઠ રૂપયે ફાયદા ઝાલા આહે!



A FABLE OF THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.
THE DOGS AND THE BONES.

"Attracted by the sight of bones in a river, the poor dogs began to drink up the water to get at them; but before they could reach the coveted prize, the drink had been too much for them.

[Mr. Goverdhandass Goculdass Tejpall, the Hon'ble Mr. Rahimtoola Mahomed Sayani, Mr, Bomonji Pestonji Master, Mr. Nowroji Byramjee Suntook, Hon'ble Mr. Setalvad, Mr. Raghoonath Makoondjee, Dr. Furdoonjee N. Bisni, Mr. Jaya Karadi Lingu and Rao Bahadoor Lechmonsing, candidates for the new Corporation, failed to obtain sufficient number of votes at the election held on Monday last]

મ્યુનીસીપલ ચુંટણીની એક કથા: કુત્રાઓ અને હાડકાં.

[વધુ ગુજરાતી લખાણ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૨૮૩ મું.]



AT THE POLLING OFFICE.

Vote-Broker—(*Coaching the fraudulent voters*) Look here, if the p[olling] officer asks whether you are the right voters, say boldly you are, and q[uietly] scribble the names I have given you.

[False votes are said to have been tendered at some of the polling [offices] on the last Election day, and a deal of scandal has arisen in consequence.]

મત નોંધવાની આફીસમાં.

દલાલીયો—(વોટર તરીકે ઠગાઈ ચલાવનારાઓને) જો ભાઈ, પોલ[ી]ંગ આફીસર પુછે કે તમેજ ખરા વોટર છેઓ કે, તો છાતો ઠોકીને હીમતથી કે હા તમેજ છેઓ, ને પછી મેં આપેલા નામોનું ભીલારૂં ગુપચુપ ચીત્રીને પકરો જજો હો! ગભરાતા ના!

[છેલી ચુંટણીને દહાડે કેટલીક પોલીંગ આફીસોમાં ખોટાં મત નોં[ધા]યેલાં કેહેવાય છે, અને તેથી ઘણી નાલેસીભરી ચરચા ચાલી રહી છે.]

મયુનીસીપલ ચુંટણીની એક કથા: કુત્રાઓ અને હાડકાં.

[જુઓ ચીત્ર, પાનું ૨૮૨.]

એક નદીનાં તળયાંમાં પડેલાં હાડકાંથી લલચાઈને તે મેળવવા માટે ગરીબ બીચારા કુત્રાઓ તેમાંનું પાણી પી જઈ નદીને ખાલી કરવા ગયા; પણ તેમને લલચાવનારૂં ઈનામ હાથ લાગે તે આગમજ પાણી તેમને માટે ઘણું થઈ પડયું.

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Monday, 17th Jan.—The first thing this morning that we addressed ourselves to was to look at the ad-



Leading lights illuminating the address of welcome.

dress which a tactful committee had dressed up for us. It was a document that left nothing to be desired. Mr. Watcha, even he, who is so hard to please, admired its tone—of *moderation*, the virtue with which our rising politicians have quite recently fallen in love, having been caught in the meshes of its charms like the fly in the spider's web. We sealed the address with the seal of our approbation, and giving them a bagful of glittering gold, asked our leading lights to illuminate



...y a longing lingering look behind.

it. Some more sprinkling of Budget grants, and we broke up saying good bye, good bye,

"..... Parting is such sweet sorrow, That we will say good bye until the morrow"

of the election, and for long after. And so one by one we filed out, casting "many a longing, lingering look behind" at the palace, the portals of which will very soon be closed upon some of us!



Unmasked.

Monday, 21st Jan.—Business? Yes and no. Our hall as empty as a numskull's head. No meeting of our own. Rather a parting. Still we had business of the most vital importance, affecting the lives of a good many of us. With its usual irony, fate has willed that we, who are weekly voting on any and every subject, should ourselves be voted upon once every three years, and Monday, black Monday for some, being the day fixed for that ordeal, we were turned bag and baggage out of our mansion and were, paradoxical as it may seem, in fo[r] an outing which might, according to each one's luc[k] be either very br[i]ef or ve[ry] long. By the [wa]y, you a[re] to understand that, thou[gh] I have in these sentences used the first person *plural*, the dangers I have mentioned touched me no otherwise than as being the dangers of some of my dearest friends. It is only the plural of confraternity, and I employ it because, being the very personification of modesty, I do not care to make a display of my peculiar privileges. But as I have said before, and as all the world knows, I am as firm in my seat as a rock or as one of H. M.'s judges.



Left in the cold.

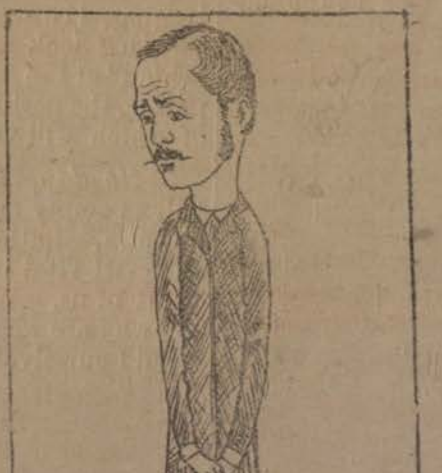
My Notes, (not currency, which, however, be it said in passing, stand in good stead in election times), my Notes, I say, are at once my proposer, seconder and voters. And you, gentle reader, can never do without them.

> "You well know what my *pen* can do
> Now I employ my *pencil* too;
> I *prose* it here, I *verse* it there
> And *picturesque* it everywhere."

My Notes, well, I have only to send them to M[r.] and *hey presto*! "Don't press my toe, nor crus[h]

so, good people. I don't stand in need of your support. Go, give your mite, your *mite*—*O*! to your friends there who seem to be hard pressed for want of your presence." Obedient to this command, the voters rushed, but unfortunately in the wrong direction. Having motes in their eyes, they could not see the *beam* which played on the faces of those whom I favoured. I tried to turn the tide, but this not being over *tidy*, I could not effect much. While I was spending my breath in vain endeavours to set the people right, what should I see in my close neighbourhood but a hooded woman roughly handled by a municipal officer. Darting to her rescue, I shouted in my most quixotic style, "By my beard, I shall liberate her." "By *her* beard, you shan't," returned the irate officer, and tearing the veil from his victim's face, he displayed, to my astonished gaze, a visage rough with hairy honours! This was too much for my gallantry. I quietly pocketed it, and beat a hasty retreat, meditating upon—but no matter what I meditated. I am at the end of my tether and there is no room for my thoughts. I have only space left to say that the contest in all the wards, except two, was very keen. The *Fort* ward, agreeably to its name, was the scene of hot skirmishes. At *Bhu-eshwar*, there was not less bullying nor less war. *Byculla* was disputed by all the *colours*—of nationality. Matters were a little quieter at *Mandvi*, owing to the disciplinary genius of the fameous Mr. Pearson, who shouted *mandavi*, *I have orderd*, and all went well; but at *Guerre-gaum* again, the very nature of things required that there should be wrangling, and wrangling there was. How fortunate of *Parel* and *Mahim* to have escaped such trials! I am sure I don't know how that happpened. At *Parell*, the candidates, it is said, ran *parallel*, which is intelligible. But *Mahim* with its fish-girl voters whining forth "*ma, him*!", would, I should have thought, have given rise to a world of bickerings. Evidently, however, the girls manage these things better than we,

(*Hindi Punch*, 27-1-95.)



The idol of Princes and Potentatss.

CHOW-CHOW.

"Princes, Potentates, Principalities and Powers," of high and low degree and of undoubted independence, ...d Europeans, Parsees, Hindus and Mahomedans—all ...riends and admirers" of Lord Harris—have contri-...d their mite towards the laudable object of ...etuating his memory in thousands, hundreds, tens, ...units. The Princes of course head the list and ...othing if not princely; next, and necessarily a ...ay after, come the charitable and grateful Parsis, so charitable as to forget the cruel "resolutions" which the Government, now drawing to a close, thought fit to inflict on them on a certain melancholy occasion; then, follow the members of the ruling race, notorious for eating the feasts provided by fools; and while the Hindus think a matter of an odd six hundred profitably invested in a goodly stock of common sense, the Mahomedans evidently do not consider it worth even fifty rupees. Every man to his taste, and we cannot object to people making what use they like of their spare cash, or of cash they can ill afford, if the ulterior prospects are hopeful. Let money flow, we say, for, like the blood, the metal ought to circulate to be of any use. Bombay will be the riche... by an institution of usefulness or a statue: utility o... beauty, of which our fair city, or for that matter any other city in the world, cannot have too much. So long as some useful purpose is served, or a work of art added to our existing attractions, what matters it whose name it is asso...ciated with? We have, i... midst, statues, good, bad a... different, if not artistically, ... the *subject* point of view, ... Sir Richard Temple lives ... ble, why should not Lord H...

***

What silly fellows, so... those whom the University ... to honour, must be to obj... the proposal to ante-da... coming Convocation to su... convenience of Lord H... "Worth makes the man and ... of it the fellow," was wel... and some fellows are bent ... emphasizing their own w... worth by trying to extingu... in others. A fruitless and t... less task! As well attem... darken the noon-day sun! ... nately, all fellows are not ... less, and we are glad to lea... as the usual annual ... cannot be brought a... so nearer, a special Conv... has been arranged. It w... a goodly, and a goody-goody gathering, a sp... leave-taking, preceded by an able discourse on the problem of education, which it is the University... cial province to elucidate and which our dep... Governor has enjoyed special facilities for stu... during a glorious five-years' cricketing in Bomba...

***

A Mr. "Straight" has straightened hims... in the columns of a contemporary. To adapt and ... Jack Brag's favourite phrase, "Straight's up, ...

down and no mistake." Poor Straight is in dire straits to learn that the very persons who dug up public roads and in other ways made free with public property in honour of a "Radical" Parsi, who is "in fear of losing his seat," should have objected to the use of the Municipal Hall for the purpose of doing the graceful to a Conservative lord, who has already lost his seat in the people's heart. Although Straight himself, his vision apparently is not straight enough to discern the distinction between doing a highly popular act, dear to all native hearts, on popular *grounds*, on the one hand; and perpetrating a farce in the people's name on similar *grounds*, on the other. Perhaps it is idle to draw such nice distinctions for those who won't see. But suppose we concede that Straight is straight, if the first function was wrong because the permission of the powers that be had not been obtained, does not the same want of permission in the second instance make that wrong too? And if one wrong was perpetrated, is it for "Straight" to wish that another may be allowed? Ought not Straight rather to put matters straight? But what matters it, after all, what "Straight" says, when the enthusiastic would-be usurpers of public property have themselves seen and admitted the error of their ways?

(*Hindi Punch*, 27-1-95).

FUNNY BITS.

OUTSIDE THE POLICE-COURT.—Intelligent foreigner (to English friend): "Ah! ees dat a mail coach?"—Brown: "No, that is what we call the 'Black Maria.'"—Intelligent foreigner: "Ah! vat I haf heard about—the black mail."

THEATRE ROYAL, SLUMBURGH.—Manager: "What! you propose to put on a comic opera with a chorus of five?"—Impresario: "That's all right. I am a member of the chorus myself. I was once a popular music-hall singer, and the audience used to sing my choruses for me. I daresay it will be the same here, and then we should have a chorus of a hundred at least, I hope."

THE following is an extract from the official report of the Commissioner of Infernal Roads and Footpaths: "January 1st, 1895. Received this day, large consignments of good resolutions for paving purposes."

AFTER THE BALL.—She (insinuatingly): "Am yo' lookin' fo' anybody, Mist' Jonsing?"—He: "Yes I'm lookin' fo' my wife."—She (coquettishly): "I didn't know yo' had a wife."—He: "No; that's jest why I'm, lookin' for her." [And he found her there and then.]

THE ADOPTED SON.—Mr. Cadger (calmly appropriating small boy standing by): "'Elp a poor woman, lady. Me and my little boy ain't 'ad bite nor sup to-day."—Small boy (indignantly): "I ain't 'er little boy at all, miss, but I'm awful 'ard up on my own account."

WITH the holidays come reports of ex[illegible] records of howlers. No excuse need be offered fo[illegible] our readers with the following translation of th[illegible] *splendide mendax*, which was perpetrated in good [illegible] a perfectly prosaic schoolboy: "Lying in state."

BADLY WANTED.—First manufacturer of sporting[illegible] "Well, how's business?"—Second ditto: "Splend[illegible] have just received an order for 4,000,000 pairs of sp[illegible] shoes for the Chinese army."

CHARITY.—He: "Why don't you devote some of [illegible] immense wealth to charity?"—She: "I intend to, [illegible] about to erect a home for my rejected suitors, if I c[illegible] a large enough plot of unoccupied land in the city."

"HUSBAND and wife, are they? But she t[illegible] a perfect stranger!"—"Pardon me, there you [illegible] he were a perfect stranger she would be flirti[illegible] now!"

A VIEW HALLOO.—(Hounds at fault.) W[illegible] up to young Hodge, who has just begun to [illegible] and sing out lustily): "Now then, where [illegible] Young H.: "Yonder, sir! A—comin' across y[illegible] Whip: "Get out; why, there ain't no fox there, [illegible]—Young H.: "No, sir; but there be our B[illegible] jackass!"

"I SAY, Tibbins, old man, is it true that [illegible] has been asked to resign at the Omphale Club?" [illegible] yes; you see, the committee found that she'd b[illegible] of ungentlemanly conduct."

WHY may a railway company be sure of their [illegible] Because they always have vengeance. Hem! tha[illegible] engines.

THE shoulder cape of a lady's dress worn re[illegible] omposed entirely of violets. Some may thin[illegible] cepe-petal idea, but in the eyes of others it wood [illegible] aules of good taste.

THE PROBLEM PLAY.—New woman (with [illegible] "No! *My* principle is simply *this*—If there's [illegible] for these plays, it must be *supplied!*"—Wo[illegible] (with the bonnet): "Precisely! Just as with [illegible] in Spain!" [Scores.]

THE SHAKESPERE LESSON.—Holiday tut[illegible]
"'Letting I dare not wait upon I wou[illegible]
Like the poor cat i' the adage.'
Now, George, what is an adage?"—George: "[illegible] keep cats in!"

"CHARGE of the light brigade"—My gas com[illegible]

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હીંદી પંચ.
, ઢોંગ અને સોંગવાલું પત્ર.
મુંબઈ ઈલાકામાં રમુજી ચીતરો
ગટ થતું ફક્ત એકજ રમુજી પત્ર.
ીવારે પ્રગટ થાય છે.
વાજમ:-
.....................રૂ ૧૮
ના...................રૂ ૯॥
લના.................રૂ ૦
આખા હીંદુસ્તાનમાં મફત.
હેર ખબરોનો ભાવ.
ઈનનો.................રૂ ૧
ારના ....આના ૮
ુદતની જાહેર ખબરોનો ભાવ હીંદી
માં લખી જણાવવાથી નકી કરવા

HE CHEAPEST) **EDULJI BROTHERS.** (THE BEST

અને ખાત્રીપુરવક દવા. CHEMISTS

એદલજી બ્રધરસ.

DRUGGISTS ઘણીજ કીફાયત ભાવ.

વિલાયતી તથા પેટંટ દવાની મોટી દુકાન.

મુંબઈ—જુમા મસજીદની સામે બજારનાં મુખડા ઊપર.

સરવ પ્રજાને ઘણી નમનતાઇ સાથ જાહેર કરવાની રજા લઇએ છીએ કે, ઊપલે ઠેકાણે હમોએ મોટા પાયા ઉપર દવા વેચવાની દુકાન રાખી છે, કે જ્યાં ઘરાકોને ખાત્રીપુરવક અને ચોખી દવા આપવામાં આવે છે.

મારે ત્યાં પેટંટ મેડીસીનોનો મોટો જથો રહે છે અને મોટા જથામાં મંગાવવાથી હમોને સસતું વેચવું પાલવે છે. બાહેરગા ડીસપેનસરી તથા ઈસપીતાલના ઓરડર ખાત્રીપુરવક રીતે તુરત બજાવવામાં આવશે. ડાકટરોનાં **પ્રીસક્રીપશન** ઘણાજ કી અને **ચોખી દવાઓથીજ** અને ઘણીજ ચોકસાઇથી બનાવી આપવામાં આવે છે અને તેની દરેકની નોધ હમારે ત્યાં રહે છે

ઠળ લખેલી મુખય દવાઓ વધુ ખરચ કરીને દરદીઓને મંદવાડમાં અગત્યની થઇ પડે એવા વીચારથી અમેરીકા તથા વીલા નુભવી રસાયણીઓ પાસેથી બનાવી મંગાવી છે.

કારીનો મારવેલસ હેરડાઈ અથવા લપ—બાલને **કાળા ભમર** જેવા બ પકો કલપ. શરીરપરના બાલ બુઢા નજળાથી અથવા ગમે તે કારણો ાઈ ગયા હોય તેને આ પકો કલપ અસલ ખુદરતી રંગ પાછો આવે કલપ લગાડયો છે એમ કોઈ સામા આદમીને માલમ પડતું નથી. એમાં બીલકુલ વાસ નથી. કીંમત બાક્ષ એકના બ્રસ સાથે રૂ ૧ાા.

શીકારીનો વંદરફુલ દેપીલેટરી અથવા **નકામા બાલ કાઢી નાખવાની ઉતમ દવા—** આ દવા લગાડવાથી કોઇ પણ જગયાએથી નકામા બાલ વગર ડઘ લાગવે અને કાંઇ પણ ઇજા થવા વીના સફાઈથી નીકળી જા છે. કીંમત બાટલી એકનો રૂ ૧.

શીકારીનો રેડ જેમેકા સારસાપરીલા—એ માત્ર જેમેકાના સારસાના મુલયાંનો અર છે અને જો કે સારસાપરીલા ઘણાક જુદા જુદા ધણીઓ બનાવે છે તે છતાં હજુ સુધ **એની બરોબરી કોઈ કરી શકયું નથી.** કીંમત બાટલી ૧ ના રૂ ૨ તથા ૩ાા.

એદલજી બ્રધરસ,

વિલાયતી તથા પેટંટ દવા વેચનાર.

મુંબઈ—જુમા મસજીદની સામે બજારનાં મુખડા ઉપર.

રીનો આયોદાઈઝડ સારસાપરી[illegible] ...ત્તરથી તેમજ બી રીરમાંનું લોહી બગડી ગ ...નો આયોદાઈઝડ સારસા ... સદંતર સાફ થઈ જા ...નાં ઘણાંક હઠીલાં દરદો ... ખરપસું, ક્રીડ વીગેરે ...સર તળે દબાઈ જાય છે. શરીરને [illegible] ...ખવાને અને દીલનું લોહી સુધારવાને આ દવા ઘણીજ અકસીર છે. કીંમત બાટલી ૧ ના રૂ ૨ાા તથા રૂ ૪.

શીકારીનો પ્રીન્સ પોમાડ અથવા **ગજકરણનો મલમ**—દરાજ, ગજકરણ અને દાધરને નામે જણાયલાં ચામડીનાં દરદોપર આ મલમ લગાડવાથી થોડા વખતમાં તદન સારાં થઇ જાય છે. બીજા સઘળા ગોવા પાઉડર તથા મલમ કરતાં આ મલમ ઘણોજ ગુણ કરે છે. કીંમત ડબી ૧ ના ૦

શીકારીનું કોદલીવર ઓઈલ કટોફોસફેત ઓફ લાઈમ તથા હાઈફાઈટ ઓફ લાઈમ—જેઓથી વાસને કોડલીવર ઓઇલ પીવાઇ શકાતું નથી માટે આ ઘણું જ અકસીર અને ગુણક કીંમત બાટલી ૧ ના રૂ ૨ા.

એદલજી બ્રધરસ,

વિલાયતી તથા પેટંટ દવા વેચનાર.

મુંબઈ—જુમા મસજીદની સામે બજારના મુખડા ઊપર.

શીકારીનો એસ્રીંજત તુથ પાઉડર—આ મંજન લગાડવાથી દાંતમાંથી નીકળતું લોહી બંધ થાય છે, તથા દુખતા દ મજબુતી આપે છે, અને તેપર થરો બંધાતો નથી એટલુંજ નહીં, પણ મોઢાંમાંથી નીકળતો ખરાબ વાસ એ મંજ દૂર થઇ જાય છે અને કલતા દાંતને તુરત નરમ પાડે છે. કીંમત શીશી ૧ ના રૂ ૦ાા અને ૦ાા.

એદલજી બ્રધરસ,

વિલાયતા તથા પેટંટ દવા વેચનાર.

મુંબઈ—જુમા મસજીદની સામે બજારના મુખડા ઊપર.



Re-Warded.

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 24th Jan.—

"Good bye! good bye! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That we will say good bye until the morrow"

of the election, and for long after. Aye, a li
longer! A couple of months yet of weary supp
ing of withered civic honours! In the inter
between my last writing and to-day, some of us h
had the misfortune to look at the Gorgon's he
and have been turned into stone—marble statu
if you like, fated, by a cruel decree, to grace our
until the howling winds of march shall have
bled, and All-Fools' day swept, them clean

Miss Electra Ward, a gay and giddy lady
educated, half illiterate, easily swayed by p
dices and often blind to sterling worth, fitfu
capricious, tickled by flattery's soothing tale
caught by the glitter of gold, has, by the flou
of her electoral wand, summoned her househol
thirty-six-strong—a mixture of tried men
true, of others who have been weighed in
balance and found wanting, of others again w
loud promises may, in the end, prove to have
traced in sand. The aristocracy of intellect and
aristocracy of riches. Weathercocks some, o
staunch and steadfast; these, the unwavering f
of the people, those, false and faithless, reneg
who fawn on power and whose "candied tongue

urd pomp." On the whole, Miss Ward, with all
vagaries, has done well, though she might have
e better. She might have rejected some whom
has retained—antiquated fossils, who impede the
lthy flow of business. She might have kept some
om she has thrown out: Sayani, patient and
sty; clever Setalwad, bearding many a bearded
or; genial Bomaster, whose capacious heart, for
r quarter of a century, has beaten in response to
people's voice.

It is only half the house yet. The other half is
ing. Sixteen worthies are going to be supplied
e Justices, who, if afflicated with the prover-
blindness of their race, may, let us hope, also
ss Midas' touch and send us a few worth their
in gold. May they also use their opportunity
ng justice to some of those whom Miss Ward
ronged. An equal number will be poured upon
m Government House, a quarter for which, we
ee to confess, past events and experience have
little, if any, love. Four gossips, to at once
away the time and assist our deliberations with
matured wisdom, will be sent by those respect-
dames, *Alma Mater* and *Commères* of the
ber. A somewhat mixed house, you will say, in
weak but on the whole well-built, and lit
the united lustre of Ruskin's Seven Lamps.



The New House.

Dead and yet alive! We of the old Corporation going through the remnants of the Session's busi-s, but, like little Nancy Etticoat in a white petti-, the longer we stand, the shorter we grow. Dr. ster, who is going to do an act of filial duty of which annot speak too highly, treated to a most refreshing h. We wanted give the outside pub-the benefit of it too, but e of us, who are evidently companions of the bath, ld not hear of it, and while Dr. gas ran for soap and towels, Mr. cha thought the people were too rvative to use a bath. Poor conser-s! There is not much love between them and me, but this open declaration of dislike for a bath, can have anything to ith them?



The expiring taper.

After cold water had been wn on Dr. Master, another lical gentleman, Dr. Blaney, who is himself so very much *above* ground, doing it in all weathers, in spite of dirt and rain, that he naturally hates everything that is *under* it, protested in his warmest manner, with hand placed on the region of the heart, against the building of underground rooms in new houses, as being opposed to all the known principles of sanitation. Bad enough in temperate England, it must be unspeakably worse in our excitable climate and could serve no useful purpose, except perhaps to hide dark deeds in. We supported the worthy doctor with all our might, and as we have a pious horror of everything that is under—under ground or under-hand—we requested the Autocrat of the Municipal Table to report on the business, and swore, if , to go to Government, and sweep away all un-und rooms or perish in the attempt.



ave nothing *under* ground!"

With Mr. Roughton, we tried our hands at the r difficult task of fixing exchange. And *forward* If we had the fellow within reach, something t be done akin to what people do with the slippery ut *forward* was thought by most of us to be d us, and as it occurred to me that, in our present state, we might be better employed in fixing ourselves, I declined to be caught in this fix, whatever the others might do.

MR. SOFT SOAPE AT THE TOWN HALL.

A MOUNTAINOUSLY large, tremendously influential and prodigiously representative meeting was held in the Town Hall on Tuesday last to do honour to our departing governor. There were present (to mention types, not names) Toadies, Place-seekers, Title-hunters, Mill-owners and Agents, Coal-heavers, Stock-brokers, Jobbers, Ornamental figure-heads, Law-makers, Jaw-breakers &c. &c. &c., too numerous to describe in detail. The biggest "friend and admirer" of them all was voted to the chair, and in a neat speech justified his claim to the elevation. Some others followed, and it follows, as a matter of course, that they spoke admiringly and eloquently. So great was the enthusiasm, that every one present would have spoken, if he had been allowed the chance. Admirable as all the speeches were, we regret we have no space for them. One, however, and that the last, made by Mr. Soft Soape, whose name is his best recommendation, we cannot resist the temptation of printing in full, first because for some reason or other it finds no place i Gove ment gans, secon becaus serves resumé all the vious s ches.



A slippery business.

Mr Soap was ed vo cheers) said:—Gentlemen, when I survey, wi Johnson's "extensive view," this immense sea of faces filling the hall from end to end and from f ceiling, and when, allowing imagination to wand side, I find the steps and the doorways bloc another surging sea; when I cast my eyes peaceful family gathering, and hear not one disse voice to disturb the harmony of our proceedings, that my task is a light one and that I need s little to make your hearts over-flow with bou

gratitude for the incalculable, unutterable and inestimable services rendered by the noble administrator, whom we are all bound to honour, cherish and obey. It is made a reproach to us that this is only a meeting of "friends and admirers," and it is said that this narrow limit implies the existence of an opposing faction. Do not believe a word, gentlemen, of this calumny. The spontaniety, with which our appeal for money has been responded to, affords the best proof of our popularity. Look at the Rajahs. That they are a free and independent body, superior to all outside influence or pressure, cannot for a moment be denied, and when such exalted personages pour out their thousands, you may depend upon it, gentlemen, that our cause is a good one. As an Englishman, let me tell you that this movement has our heartiest approval. We Englishmen are not here in such numbers as may be desired, and the funds supplied by us may be insignificant, but of one thing you may be certain, that so long as you find the means of organising tomfooleries, we will find stomachs to enjoy them. Our moral support is everything, and that we bestow upon you in abundance. And here, gentlemen, let me remind you of the admirable little story so skilfully narrated by my esteemed friend, Mr. George Cotton, of how, when last in England, he was asked by his son if he knew Lord Harris? The idea! If he knew Lord Harris! Who does not know Lord Harris? If Mr. Cotton had been inclined to be poetical, he might have answered, "Not to know Lord H., is to argue oneself unknown." But he only contented himself with smiling his most amiable and emphatic affirmative, and what do you think, gentlemen, was the young gentleman's next remark? That Lord H. may be known to others as the governor of Bombay, or of India or of somewhere, but in England he was best known as the great Captain of the Kentish Eleven! ...ud cheers, mingled with hisses.) Cant and ...bug, these stray hisses seem to say. And where ...ld be the wonder, if it was? Constituted as the ...d is, wherever you go, it is humbug alone, I say, ... pays. Why, we who are assembled here, even we, ...t are we but humbugs all, players in a huge farce, ...tting our little hour on the world's stage for ...tual delight and profit? And to return to the story. ...*tlemen, what are we but grown-up duplicates of* ...*ng Mr. Cotton himself?* Do we regard Lord H. ...*overnor or statesman?* Do we not rather look ... him as the mighty sportsman, the great Cricket- ... of all India? He it is that has given an ...dented impetus to physical education, to ... education, to technical education and to the ... other kinds of education of which the human ...s capable. His straightforward manliness, his ...but honest calling of a spade, a spade, his strong ...mon sense" and other qualities of head and heart ...umerous to mention, have endeared him to ...nd fastened us together with more enduring ...s than any that the most accomplished statesman- ... can forge. And with my honoured friend, ...azulbboy Visram, I say that if we had many ... such governors-general, India's days would be (*A voice:—Numbered!*) long in the land, and In... happiness would be assured! And now, gentle... having passed in rapid review all the brightest s... in the closing administration, it only remains for ... to say that Lord H.'s administration has been ... administration, which, as an administration, is ak... My feelings overpower me, gentlemen, and ... leaving you to supply the void both in the admish... tion and in my mind, according to your ligh... requesting you to take what I have left unsaid ... mouthed with all the added flowers of prose and ve... which the learned Judge Hormusjee knows so wel... weave and interweave in his utterances, I will concl... my just estimate of Lord H., with the words of the p...

> "..... Take him for all in all,
> We never shall look on his like again."

Mr. Soft Soape resumed his seat amidst deaf... cheers. The Police arrangements, as usually ha... on such occasions, were perfect, and a faint attem... getting up a counter demonstration was promptly ... pressed. A copious sprinkling of rose-water termi... ed the interesting proceedings, and long after N... had spread her sable wings on a sleepy world, ... heard the dying echoes of the tremendous app... that had marked the close of a meeting, unique i... history of Bombay, or for that matter, of India.

(*Hindi Punch*, 3-2-95)

CHOW-CHOW.

ALACK the day! "When misfortunes come, ... come not single spies, but in battalions." Whil... are trying to seek relief, in entertainments ... memorial shields and busts and statues, from ... pain of parting with the most popular ruler that ... have had for the last 500 years, the present head ... the Government, we are grieved to learn that its m... prominent members are going to drop off too, and t... a "disgusted golfer" and a "Britisher" are abou... bid us a "fond adieu." Deeply deploring this calam... we must, in common fairness, admit that we have o... ourselves to thank for it. For we—Parsis, Hindus ... Mahomedans—have so persistently and greedily app... priated inch after inch of all the available play-groun... of Bombay, that our golfers and Britishers, who develo... muscle and limb not for their own individual sel... but for all mankind, have not enough left to "stre... their legs at ease" in! For them, no golfing ex... in the brief half hour of the early dawn; no pol... except on allotted days; no cricketing except at ... vals, few and far between! Turn where they ma... is either cattle grazing or natives playing, and ... is wholly made up of golf, polo and cricket, this is ... ply unendurable. Only the other day, a "disgust... golfer," while snatching his hasty half hour's play, h... the rare good luck of making a splendid drive, and ... the next moment, the misfortune of seeing his b... stopped in mid-career by the obtruding stomach o... Parsee, who—uncultured boor that he was—had n... even the courtesy to apologise for his unwarranta... intrusion! For the credit of humanity, let us supp... that the disgusted golfer's tearing ball had so co...

ely knocked his breath out of this rude Parsi, that ad nothing left, with which to falter out even the test of apologies! After this, is it to be wondered hat "golfer" should feel disgusted, and leave us to fate? The wonder rather is that he did not at once away with himself in sheer despair. Let it a moment be supposed that our unselfish Bri- rs at all object to the natives indulging in healthy door exercises. No, let the natives play as much hey like, but when they have their own spacious nkhanas, and, if more room was wanted, their bye- es and gullies and gutters to sport in, it is really nful to see them strut on the maidan, while their ters are relegated to the back-ground of the miser- le, narrow-sized patches of their gymkhanas! All at the Britishers want is that the maidan, now only urtesy called Gymkhana ground, should become earnest and remain their exclusive property. Only narrow stretch in front of the Gymkhana, up to ickshank Road! Not an inordinate demand surely, worth conceding, if the concession only results in venting a "disgusted golfer" and a "Britisher" men of that ilk from cruelly deserting us at a nent when we most need the physical and moral port of their strong hands and willing hearts. Will E., so keen on all sports himself, not listen, for our s, to the disinterested appeal of his "disgusted" ntrymen?

* * *

NEVER before in the Supreme Council Hall of s country were the official classes so severely handled they were by the Hon'ble Mr. Mehta the other day: ch at any rate is the opinion of the Hon'ble Sir mes Westland. Mr. *Punch* will not dispute the point, ough he is inclined to attribute the sudden explosion the Finance Minister's wrath to the peculiar mperature of the Chamber which must have been normally high. The gravamen of the charge lies the fact that Mr. Mehta did not precede his remarks singing a few well-chosen hymns in praise of the lers. Even the savage tribes have a custom of rning incense, and falling prostrate, before their rrible deity in times of trouble, though the idol is ercilessly flogged afterwards if the prayer is not anted. It was a grave omission indeed.

* * *

YES, the "I. C. S." is a glorious service in the lding up of which every Anglo-Indian, official and official, had a hand. But it will hardly do, in se day of militant imperialism, to base one's claim greatness solely on the achievements of the past ration. The natives of this country are every y held up to ridicule for talking of their great cestors,—the glorious *Rishes* of *Arya-varta*—whose tsteps they are so slow in following. One of the any attributes of a fool, according to a famous Poet- int of *Maharastra*, is the habit of harping in and of season on the virtues of one's ancestors.

* * *

THE rebuke is equally deserved by those unpopular embers of the ruling race who in vain seek shelter der the good name of the typical Anglo-Indian of a past generation. Those sturdy Britons, who before the Suez Canal was dreamt of, lived in exile here for years, who knew neither hill-stations, long furloughs, nor the hundred and one modern means of luxury, and who had their hands full of work of immeasureably greater magnitude and importance—the building up of an empire,—than falls to the lot of the present generation in times of peace,—those men, living a life of constant worry, were, with all their faults, a loveable race of superior beings. Ask the meanest domestic, the humble clerk, the broker, the sowkaar, the soldier or the peasant remembering old days, and he will tell you that the *sahebs* of those times were of a better order and knew more of the people with whom they sympathized. From the poor ignorant *rayat* to the most cultured and noblest son of the soil thundering in the Council Chamber to-day, they all agree in saying that the picture is reversed. It is a phenomenon that does puzzle Mr. *Punch*, and he has often racked his brains in search of a cause. It is either the "cussedness" of the Indian race which, with the elevating influence of education and other civilizing agencies of the times, is becoming more perverse, blind and ungrateful every day, or some unaccountable change is coming over the new generation of Anglo-Indians who will not fraternize with the people or sympathize with their wants and aspirations!

(*Hindi Punch*, 10-2-95.)

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

NOT SO HARD THE NEXT TIME!—(Overheard in the street of a garrison town.)—Mary Jane: "Why does yer saloot that there chalky-faced young cove?"—Tommy Atkins: "I 'ave to, 'cos 'e's one of our horcifers!"—Mary Jane: "Nice horcifers you must 'ave! The chap wisits my people, an' I slapped 'is jor the other night 'cos he tried to kiss me! That's the saloot I gave 'im!"—T Atkins (suspiciously): "Will yer slap 'is jor the next 'e tries it hon?"—Mary Jane (coquettishly): "M will or maybe I won't. But I mightn't slap it so 'ar that I know he's a real horcifer!" [Poor Tommy madly jealous, and regrets that the restrictions of m discipline, and the fear of a court-martial, prevent him personally operating on his officer's "jor."]

HISTORICAL KNOWLEDGE.—Mr. Chucklepate: "A going to the fancy ball, Miss Dullington?"—Miss Du ton: "Oh, yes. I figure as Fair Rosamond, and as Queen Eleanor."—Mr. Chucklepate: "Who we in the name of goodness?"—Miss Dullington (afte her brain for a moment): "Oh, the Queen of She daughter!"—Mr. Chucklepate (with enthusiasm) I'll go as Pharaoh, whom they visited, you know make us a nice little historical party!"

મયુનીસીપલ ચુંટણીની એક કથા: કુત્રાં... અને હાડકાં.

[જુઓ ચીત્ર, પાનુ ૨૯૩.]

એક નદીનાં તળયાંમાં પડેલાં હાડકાંથી લલચાઈને તે માટે ગરીબ બીચારા કુત્રાઓ તેમાંનું પાણી પી જઈ નદી કરવા ગયા; પણ તેમને લલચાવનારૂં ઈનામ હાથ લાગે તે પાણી તેમને માટે ઘણું થઈ પડ્યું.



REFRESHMENT (!) THE BACK BAY.

(An every day occurrence.

Wifey—Minocher des will you mind standing that nobody sees the *bhaji walla. (To Bhajiawállá)* An now, Lálláji, two pice worth of *dál* and four pice worth of *bhajia!* Quick!

Bhajiawalla—Bohot achhá, Bai saheb!

Wifey—*(Looking in the distance)* Oh, horroz! There come those Wadiwallas Tat-tut! It will be the death of me if they see the bhajiawalla? Whatever shall I do! Do, Minocher dear, for goodness' sake screen the fellow from thei view!

દરીયે કીનારે મો સમારયું !

ધણીયાંણી—મીનોચેર તમે એવી રીતે આરા ઉભા રેહે ભજીયાંવાળાને કોઈ જોય નહી. (જીયાંવાળાને) ચાલો લાલાજી, દૈ ચીયેકા દાળ ઓર ચાર દૈશે ભજીયા દેઓ ! ચલો જલદી કરો

ભજીયાંવાળો—બોહોત છા, બાઈસાહાબ !

ધણીયાંણી—(દુર જો ઓ માયરે ! આએ પેલાં વારીવાળાં આવેચ ! ચ–ચ– હવે કેમ કરૂં ! તે લોક આ જીયાંવાળાને મારી આગળ જોમે તો મારૂં તો મોહોત જસે ! બોલોરે, મીનોચેર, શું ખોદાને ખાતર, તમે એની આરી પરદો ભરીને ઉભા રેહે તે લોકને એ દેખાયજ નહી



E OF THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

This way, if you please, sir. Come on, sir; vote for my

ut. No touting here; I know my way. Let Duffers vote . Give me honest, sterling worth and manly independence, European, it is all one to me.

ેલી ચુંટણીનો એક ટુચકો.

જગતી લખાણ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૨૯૨ મું.]



A DELICIOUS DUCKING.

[*Vide Proceedings of the Harris Memorial Meeting in the Bombay Town Hall.*]

આહાહા ! કેવો મજેહનો માખણના પીપમાં બોળી કહાડયે

[વાંચો ટાઉન હાલમાં મળેલી લારડ હેરીસની યાદગારીને લગતી સભા



BETWEEN TWO STINGS.

[Much public scandal has been caused by the prevalence of corrupt practices g the last Municipal election: practices, calculated to endanger local self-nment *in urbs prima in Indis.*]

બે ડંખેલ સરપોની વચે.

[છેલી મયુનીસીપલ ચુંટણી વેળા કેટલાંક લફંગાઈ ભરેલાં અને લાંચ રૂસ્વત મો થવાને લગતી નાલેસી ઉભી થઈ છે. અને હીંદનાં આ પેહેલાં શેહેરનું સ્થા સ્વરાજ તેથી ધાસ્તીમાં આવી પડવાની ફીકર રાખવામાં આવે છે.]



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—N

THE HON'BLE MR. NOWROJEE NUSSERWANJEE WA

(Delighting in soap bubbles.)

મી૦ પંચનાં ફેનસી પોરટ્રેટ.—ના૦ ૧

આનરેબલ મી૦ નવરોજી નસરવાનજી વ

સી. આઇ. ઈ.

(પરપોટા કરવામાં કેવી મજાહ પડે છે, હેં !)



COMING EVENTS &c.

Mr. Shendia.—Where are you off to, so early in the morning?

Master S.—To practise tennis and cricket, and acquire enough proficiency those accomplishments to merit a memorial shield one of these days from the ateful people.

મી૦ શેડીયા—અરે સવારના પોહોરમાં કાંહ દોડેચ ?

માસતર શેંડીયા—હીંદુ જીમખાનામાં ટેનીસ ને ક્રીકેટ ખેલવા, બાબા. હું માં પોહેવરડો ને પુરો થવા માગુંચ, કે જેથી કોઈ દાહાડે લોકો મારા નામનીબી યાદ રીની ઢાલ ઊભી કરે !

"SENTIMENT" FOR OLD-FASHIONED PLAYGOERS.—"May confounded 'Woman with a Past,' who monopolises esent, have no Future!"



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MATHERAN MILK SUPPLY.

Mrs. Doctor—While passi[ng] the Superintendent's bung[alow] don't you think it better, de[ar, to] ask him to improve the [milk] supply on the Hill?

Mr. Doctor—Oh, don't bo[ther] about it, love. So long it's [the] water from the Mallet sp[ring] that's mixed with our milk [it's] all right. You've syrup ferr[i with] your milk every day, and th[at's] so much better to make [you] strong as iron!

માથેરાનનું દુધ.

મીસીસ ડાકટર—ડીયર મ[ી] સુપરીનટેંડંટના બંગલાપરથી આપ[ણ] યે તે વખતેજ એને કેહેતાં જઈયે [કે] મેહેરબાની કરીને માથેરાનમાં મ[ળતા દુધનો] સુધારો કર?

મી॰ ડાકટર—અરે તું ... થા દુખાણ કરવાની માંડી વાળ રે, ... સુધી મેલેટ સ્પરીંગનું પાણી દુધ[માં] ભીને આપેચ, તાંહ સુધી કંઈજ ફીક[ર કર]તા જેવું નથી. ઉલટું દરરોજ તુંને ... ખંડનો અરક પીવાનો મળેચ. અ[ને] લોખંડ જેવા મજબુત ને જોરાવર બ[નાવે] તો વધારે સારો!

HANGING, althoug[h] capital punishment, ... takes place outside t[he metro]polis.

BLINDMA[N'S BUFF]

"TURN ROUND ... AND CATCH WH[OM YOU MAY]."

A forecast of t[he Police Act] Amendment Bi[ll when it has] come into o[peration].

નાસોગે...

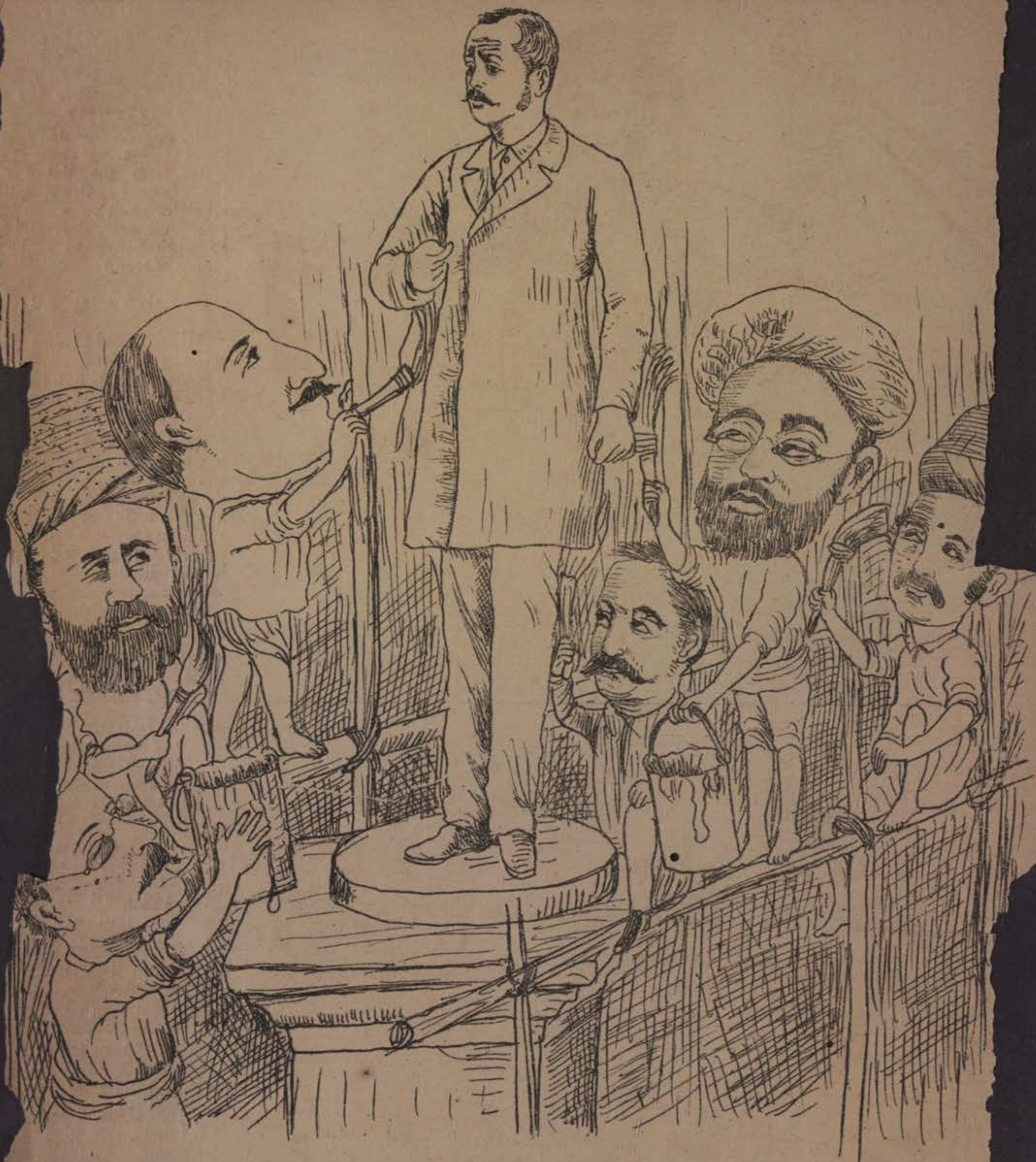
આંખે પાટા બ[ાંધીને] ફરવું અને જે કોઈ સપડાઈ જાય તેને ... કહાડવું!

પોલીસને લગતો કાયદો સુધ[ારવાનો ખરડો] લ પસાર થઈને અમલમાં આ[વ્યા પ]છીનાં પરીણામની એક અગ[ાઉથી ...]



SNAPDRAGON.—W[ho has] not played at snapd[ragon?] And how ghastly ... rounding faces look ... lurid glare of the ... flame! And what h... Not far out was th[e wit] who remarked "th[at it was] *raisin' the spirits b[y get]tin' the raisins.*"

RELIGIOUS Educa[tion]. Uncle John: "S... Tommy, you know [the name of the mountain] upon which the ark ...—Tommy: "Oh, y[es], The Tower of Babe[l]."



SOFT-SOAPING AND BUTTER-WASHING.

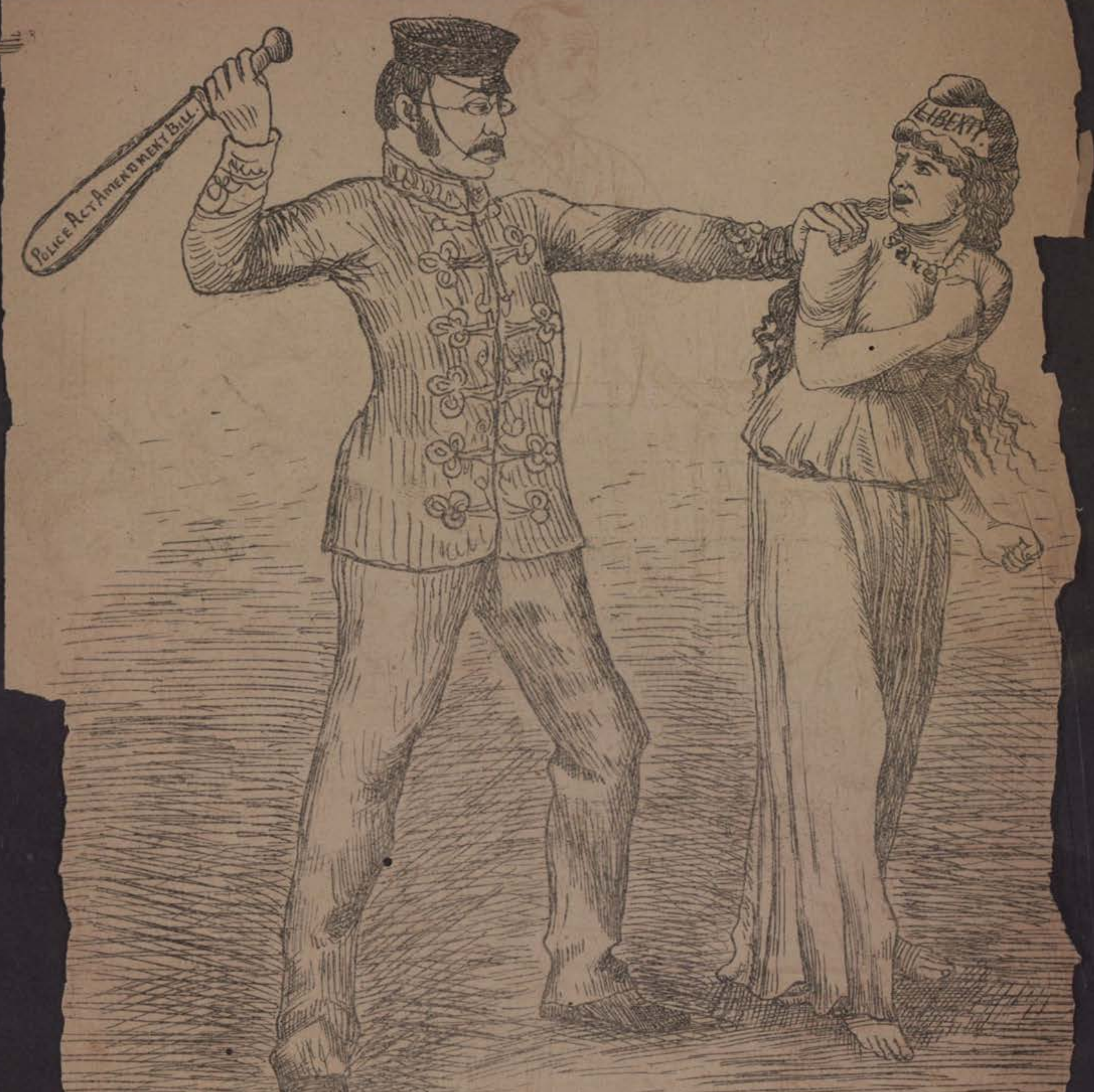
(A DREAM OF THE HARRIS MEMORIAL MEETING HELD AT THE TOWN HALL ON TUESDAY LAST.)

• નરમાનરમ મસ્કો ધોળવા અને સોજો સુગંધી સાબુ ચોળવાની ક્રીયા.

ામજાર ગવરનર લાર્ડ હેરીસની યાદગારી જાળવવા માટે ગયા મંગળવારે ટાઉન હૉલમાં ભરવામાં આવેલી "દોસ્તો ચાહનારાઓની સભાનો અમારા આરટીસ્ટે જોયલો સ્વપનો.]

E MODERN CHILD—"Maudie—Mabel and Ethel have play with you."—"Oh, mamma! tell them that ceiving visitors to-day."

IT is probable that theatrical lady dancers woul offended if they were told the truth—that they are con with the skirts of the profession.



TAKING LIBERTY WITH LIBERTY.

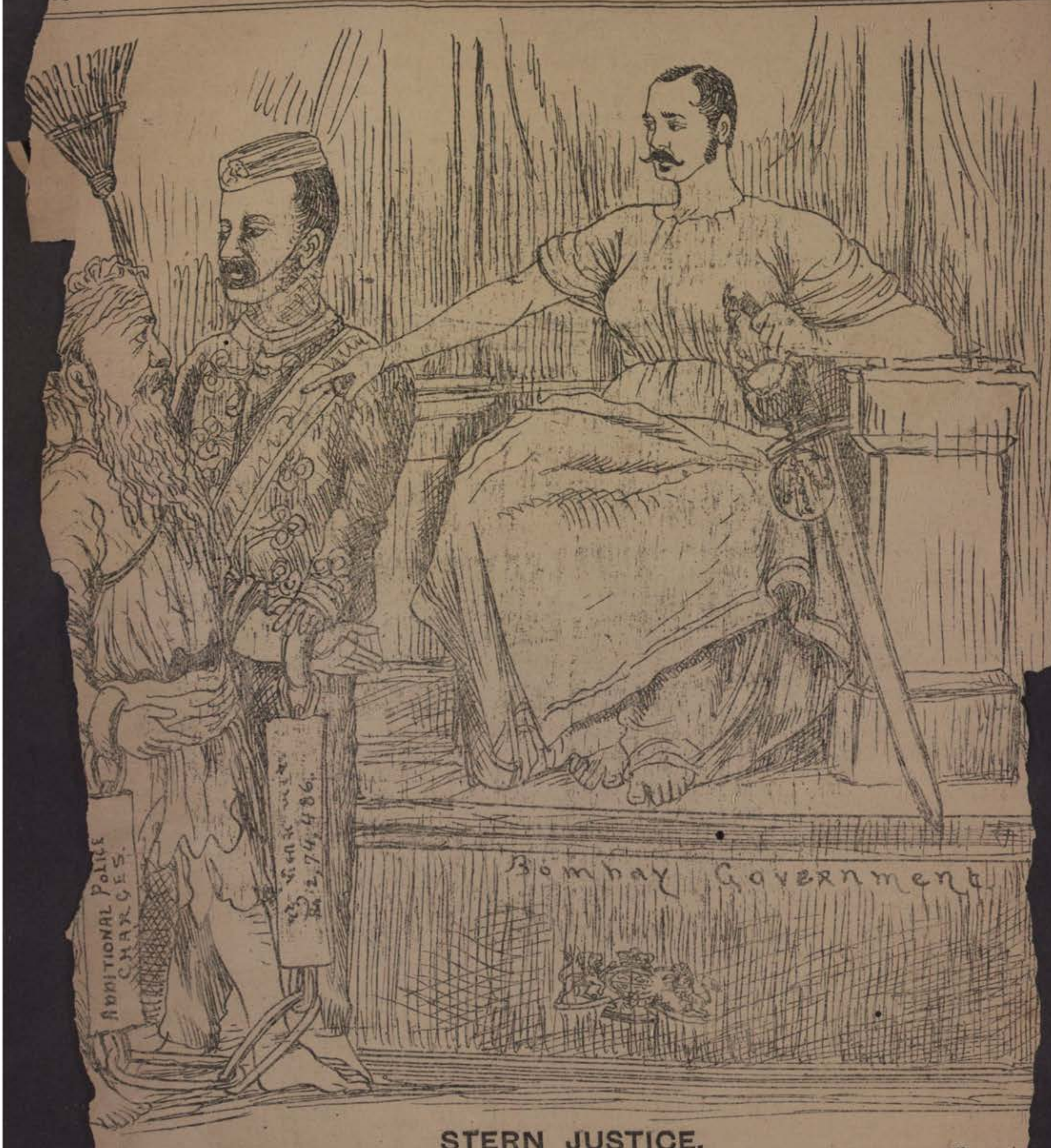
Policeman—You're doing an immense amount of mischief, you rampant roving mischievous girl ! I must lock you up !

Police Act Amendment Bill, now before the Viceregal Council, is condemned as a measure affecting the liberty of the people as it confers very extraordinary discretionary powers on the district officers and the Police as regards imposition of fines, &c. ed localities.]

છુટાપણાંની દેવી સાથ લેવામાં આવતી છુટ.

ન–એઇ રખડેલ રઝડેલ તોફાની પોરી, તું અહી તહીં ઘણુંજ નુકસાન કરતી ફરે છે ! મારે તુને બસ ચોકીમાં પુરવીજ જોઈએ

સરાયની ધારાસભામાં પોલીસને લગતો કાયદો સુધારવાનું જે બીલ રજુ કરવામાં આવયું છે. તેને પરજાનાં છુટાપણાં ઉપર તરાપ મારનારાં એક કામ ત આતે છે. જ્યાં જ્યાં હુલડ થયાં હોય તયાંનાં લોકો ઉપર. કસી પણ નયાયને અનુસરતી તપાસ કરયા વાના, દંડની રકમ નાખવા વગેરેની અતી મોટી અમલદારો અને પોલીસના હાથમાં તેમાં આપવામાં આવી છે.]



STERN JUSTICE.

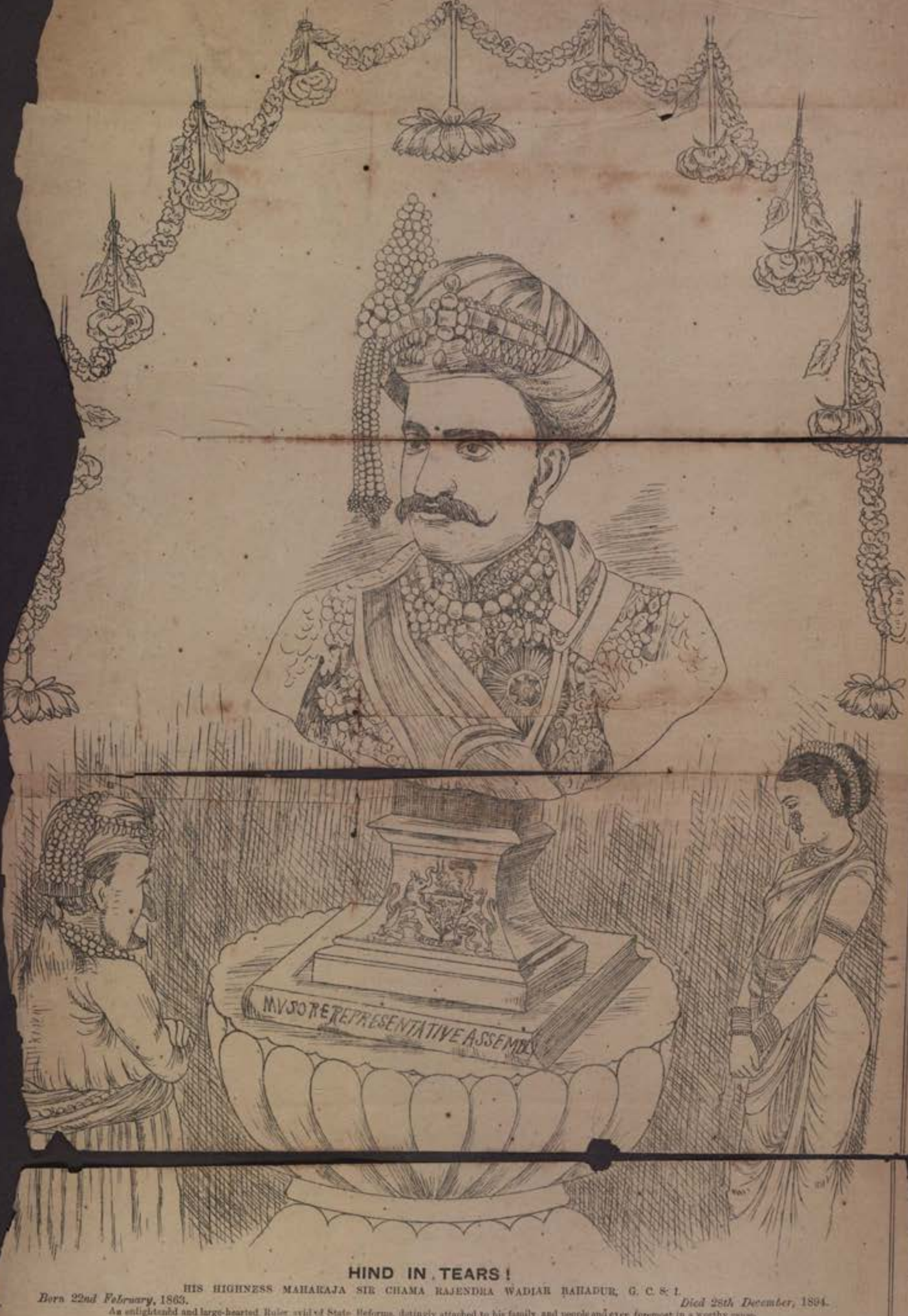
Prisoner at the bar, I find after a long and patient trial that you must be sentenced to pay a heavy fine. The sente
s that you be mulcted to pay into the coffers of Her Majesty's Government the sum of 2,74,486 rupees as an
ty for breaking the peace of the city during August, 1893."

[The Bombay Government has informed the Municipal Corporation that it will have to pay Rs. 2,74,486 as additional Police
r 1894-95 and 1895-96, and the Municipal Commissioner states that this amount will have to be found either by extra taxatio
vested balances provided in the budget for those years.]

સંગદીલ ઈનસાફ—સખત સજા.

"બારમાં ઉભેલા બંધવા, લંબાણથી અને ધીરજથી તારી તપાસ ચલાવયા પછી મને માલમ પડે છે કે તુને ભારે દંડની સ
ચે. આ કોરટ તુને એવી સજા ફરમાવે છે કે, ૧૮૯૩ ના આગસ્ટ માસમાં મુંબઈ શેહેરની સુલેહ તોડવાનો અપ્રાધ કરવા
રાણીની સરકારની તીજોરીમાં તારે ૨,૭૪,૪૮૬ રૂપયાનો દંડ ભરવો."

સરકારે મ્યુનીસીપલ કારપોરેશનને ખબર આપી છે કે ૧૮૯૪-૯૫ અને ૧૮૯૫-૯૬ નાં વરસના પોલીસના વધારાના ખરચ તરીકે તેણે રૂ ૨,૭૪,૪
વી જોઈશે. મ્યુનીસીપલ કમીશનરે આના સંબંધમાં જાહેર કીધું છે કે, આ રકમ વધુ કર નાખીને અથવા તો ઉપલાં વરસો માટેની સીલકોમાંથી



HIND IN TEARS!

HIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJA SIR CHAMA RAJENDRA WADIAR BAHADUR, G. C. S. I.

Born 22nd February, 1863. *Died 28th December*, 1894.

An enlightenbd and large-hearted Ruler avid of State Reforms, dotingly attached to his family and people and ever foremost in a worthy cause.

હીંદના નવધાર આંસુ !

નામદાર મહારાજા સર ચામ રાજેંદ્ર વદયાર બહાદુર, જી. સી. એસ. આઈ.

જનમ તા૦ ૨૨ મી ફેબરવારી ૧૮૬૩. મરણ તા૦ ૨૮ મી ડીસેમબર ૧૮૯૪.

એક સુધરેલો, કેળવણી પામેલો અને મોટાં દીલનો રાજકરતા, રાજસુધારા કરવા માટે આતુર, પોતાના કુટુંબ અને પ્રજા ઉપર જાનફેસાની કરનારો અને દરેક ભલાં કામમાં આગેવાની લેનારો,—તેનાં અકાળ મરણ ઉપર હીંદ માહેતમ કરે છે અને નવધોર આંસુની રેલ વરસાવે છે !





"THINGS SWEET TO TASTE PROVE IN DIGESTION SOUR."
(A Scene from a 'Xmas Pantomime.)

"જે ચીજ સવાદમાં મીઠી હોય છે તે જરવામાં ખાટી નીવડે છે."
(ક્રીસમસના એક પેનટોમાઇમમાંનો દેખાવ.)

H' FANCY PORTRAITS.
No. 14.
FAZULBHOY
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rst time stood up as a
ests in -the Vicerega

ોરટ્રેટ-નાં૦ ૧૪.
વાસરામ,

યુરનો નરે
નવો
માં પર
કત

S OF THE BILLIARD
DIAN CLUBS—No. 2.

ORKSCREW STROKE.
ame of billiards provides
rcise of the limbs, but our
dass Potiandass Kapolejee
by twisti with every
e, his tru the most
rew pa

માં ળ ખલનાં




1895.



HAL

Shereen—
you have won ?

Solee—Oh ! a
Only 500 ! If I had o
forehand that the Pars
to win, I would have
stakes at least !

Shereen—Yes, *if*
don't be disheartened
sum is not a small
are partners in joy
half to invest in a
sarees. And you can
mains after paying
of the other half. W
mine, isn't it dear, an
is—never mind !

અરધા અરધ
વેંહેચણી

શીરીન-બોલો
રતમાં સું છતયા ?

સોલી-અરે કં
ફ્કત પાનસો, રૂપરડી !
થી ખબર હોતે કે પારસી
છે, તો હું તો વધારે
લગાવતે !

શીરીન-અરે
થાય રે તમારૂં ! વારૂ
પાનસો તો પાનસો એટલે
તા બે ! પણ-અં-અં-
જી હમીના ભાગીયા થઈ
નસોમાંથી આપરે બે
કેની, ડીયર ! વાણી એક
રે વાસ્તે હું મજેહની
ને બાકીના તમેં સખ
અકા ને લેસનાં કલયા
મ વાટસનનાં બીલ
તમે ચુકવી આપજો. સ

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નીકે સભાએ
અરજીમાં બ

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ખાવાલી બીબી
ને ભરાઈ એસ
એ તેવી ટોપી
તગમત અને

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MATHERAN DURING THE 'XMAS SEASON.

PESIBA'S RIDE ON THE HILL.

[A] picture without words for the edification of our Parsse young friends but too fond of riding furiously on the Hill.

ક્રીસમસની મોસમમાં માથેરાનની મોજ.

પેસીબાની સીતમ ટેકરી ઉપરની ઘોડેસ્વારી.

ંગર ઉપર ચાંદાંમ જોસથી ઘોડા દોડાવવાનો ભારે શોખ ધરાવનારા અમારા જુવાન પારસી મીત્રોના અમથાસ માટે રાખેલા ચીતાર વગરનું એક

E M.

T[o] find the Resultant.

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(By a Corporator Faineant.)

rsday, 7th Feb.—When we put Mr. K. N· to school on the last occasion, not, as my will have guessed, for the purpose of learning, would be carrying coals to Newcastle, but of g, we little expected that our example would owed in a higher quarter. But virtue, though s in a less degree than vice, is contagious, and rn with proud satisfaction that one of those same endent Princes and Potentates, who have been owing in such numbers in recognition of the ess services rendered by our departing governor, g to establish a "Lord Harris School." This stance illustrates, in a striking manner, the high rity enjoyed by the illustrious hero of the pass-ur, who is leaving us a rich legacy both of "noble and of a noble name."

ctors, they say, desert a sinking patient, which l so far as *our* doctors are concerned. No patient could be in a more hopeless condition t... are in at present. Our dissolution day is irrevocably fixed in the book of fate, and all the doctors in the world cannot now alter it. You may perhaps wonder at my being so positive in the face of *Dr.* Bhandarkar's recent success over just such an impossibility in the case of the University Convocation. Achievements of this kind, however, are not of every-day occurrence, and all we have to do is to await our doom with uncomplaining patience. But in spite of this certainty of our end, we could but ill spare our doctors in the interval. Deprived of their comforting presence, we should lose the little vitality that is left us, and become, in our last hours, an object of derision to our foes and of pity to our friends. This the doctors have kindly spared us by resolving manfully to stand by us to the bitter end, though not quite to a man. It would have been strange indeed if, among so many, not one had been found falsely true to the well-known instinct of the medical faculty. Consequently, it was surprise to us to have the resignation of Brigade Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel Maconachi flung at our heads, nor did it cause us much grief. You will readily understand that we had no energy left for deploring what we could not help and what could not help us. Besides, what little regret, we might otherwise have felt, was soothed for us by the rare kindness of Government in sending us a greater than the retiring doctor, a certain Major A. B. Mein. At any other time, we should have distrusted this, especially as the Major is a man of sword and could, without compunction, put an end to our struggling existence. But we knew exactly what the favour meant. A good deed, unless it be a lawyer's, is never lost, and this satisfactory appointment was nothing more or less than a reward for the ready obedience with which we had consented to assist at the meeting of the popular H. E.'s, or *Aches* with the *c*... soft or hard according to the reader's disposition. Knowing this, we had no hesitation in according



The sinking patient.



Municipal live-stock.



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 16.

" Their feet through faithless leather met the dirt,
And oftener changed their principles than shirt. "

HIS EXCELLENCY LORD HARRIS,
Conveniently gulping both shield and principle !

મી૦ પંચના ફેનસી પોરટ્રેટ.—ના૦ ૧૬.

નામદાર લારડ હેરીસ,

જેઓ ક્રીકેટની રમતની હરીફાઈની ઢાલ અને પોતાના નીયમ બંનેને સગવડે ગળી જાય છે



AT THE COVERNMENT HOUSE

Homee—What a bore ! So many and yet

Koon lee—Just my plight too. I wish I

yet one feels quite lonely !

સરકારી મહે

હોમી—એ સું પીશ ! આટલ

ઓળખાણનો મળે કે નહી

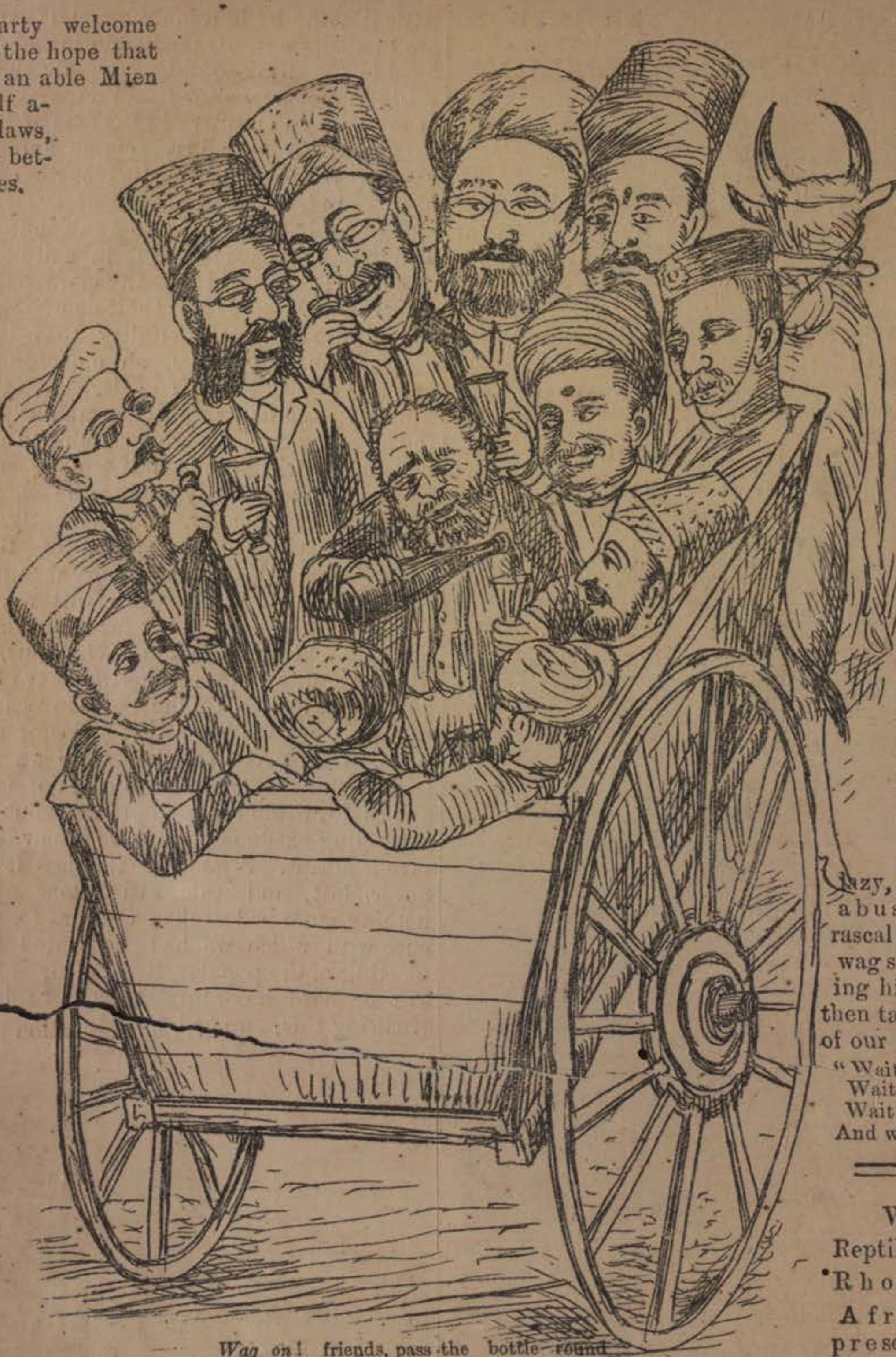
કુમલી—

વડે છે

-comer a hearty welcome nd in expressing the hope that e would prove an able Mien and show himself a-*mien*-able to our laws, the golden *mien* between two extremes.

After this, like sensible and far-seeing housewives, we proceeded to order a supply of road-metal and sand-stone, thinking it high time to set about paving the way in right earnest. We have too long confined ourselves to simple good intentions. Perhaps some will say it's already too ate. But we ave no hought for urselves. We nly want to y by a store good works ur succes-

r hearts ng been ned by the d prospect re us, we wed our-es to be ied away generosity to give rters ugh we one) to several of our servants, with just perhaps touch of hope that they will bless our departed ls. The next moment, however, the reaction set in, with glaring, if not unintelligible, inconsistency, e drew up a rigorous contract about the supply of llocks and carts. Every bullock and cart, we laid own, was to imply a yoke-band, ropes and driver too! This sounds like the famous Timbuctoo line, Cassock, band and hymn-book too, and viewed from a moral point of view, is hardly less cannibalistic. If we o not devour the driver, it certainly cannot be on



Wag on! friends, pass the bottle round
Do not let our spirits go down!

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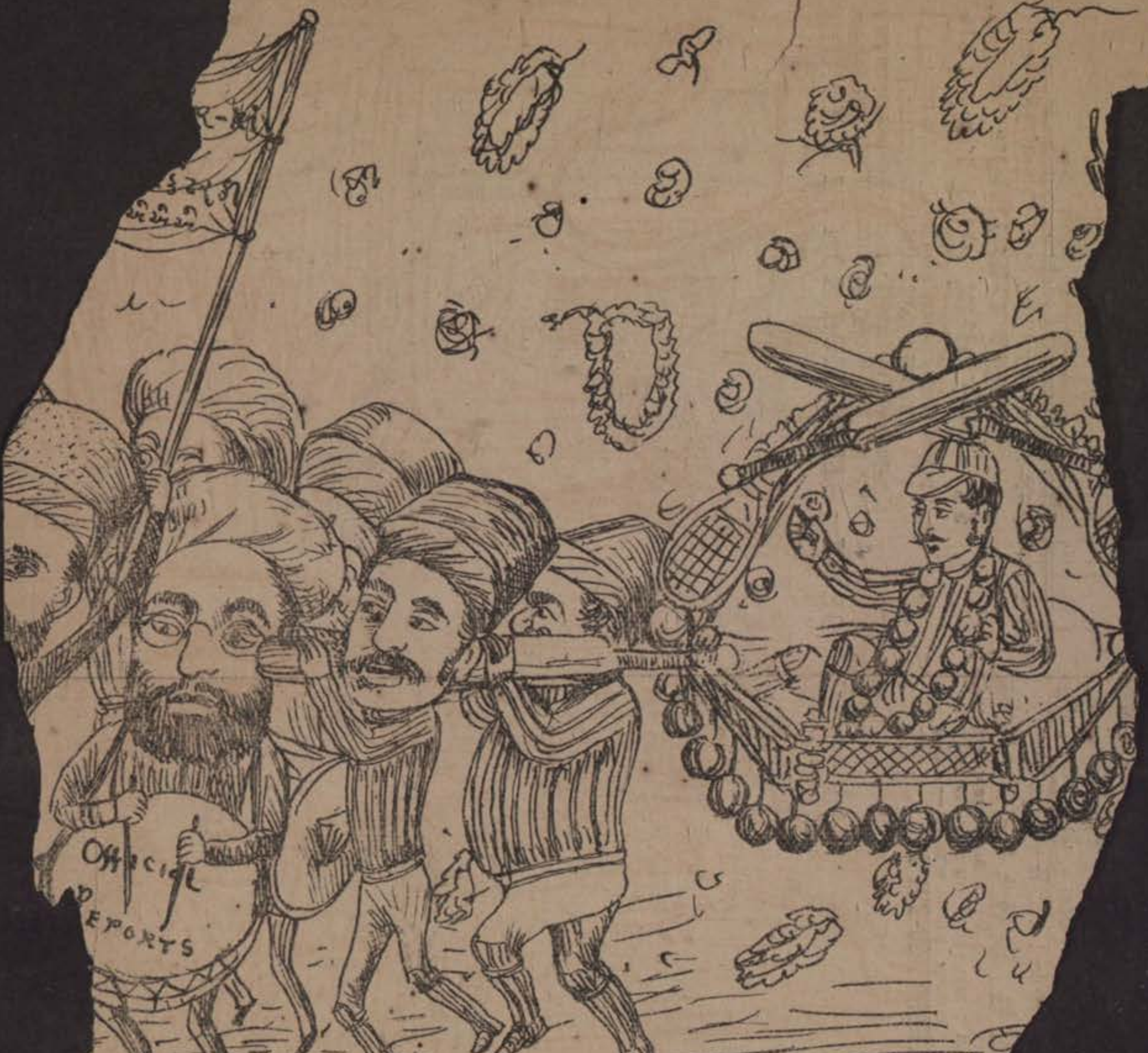
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Wait for
Wait for the
And we'll all

WHAT sp
Reptile does
Rhodes o
African
present?—
Constri(u)ctor

AN APPLIED PROVERB.—Cabby: Ere, I say
Wot's this?"—Footman: "Why, yon 'aven
young lady across the square!"—Cabby: "
But if 'a miss is a good as a mile,' she's equal
and ought to pay more than double fare!"
"miss" is a good 16-stones.]

AT THE BALL.—Dorothy (bored to death
to friend who has come as a fool): "New
of the costumes are to-night, Mr. Saphead."



THE IDOL OF

e is a custom prevailing among the several ustá
nents. The Bombay cricketers and other spo

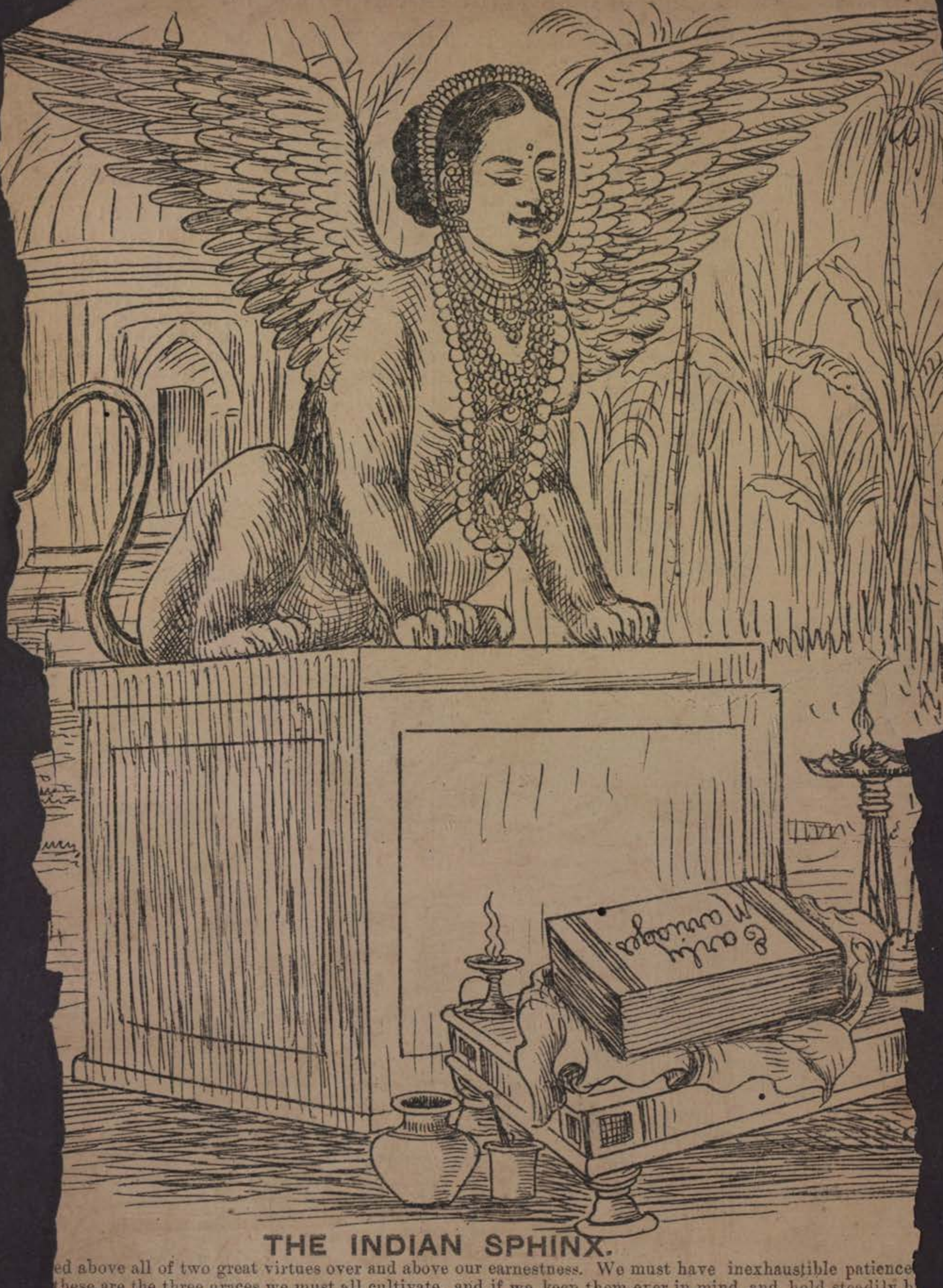


FROM THE BED OF THORNS TO THE BED OF ROSES.

nce of Khanbahadoor Muncherji Cowasji Murzban, C. I. E., the Hon'ble Mr. Rahimtulla Mahomed Sayani presiding, it was resolved to give a public entertainment to H. E. Lord Harris for the great encouragement given
lled for Tuesday next at the Municipal Council Chamber in the joint names of Messrs. H. A. Acworth, George Cotton, W. Beaufort, Nowrojee Nusserwanjee Wadia, Harkissondass Narotamdass and Fazulbhoy Visram to
(*Hindi Punch*," 13*th Jan*., 1895.)

કાંટાનાં કેાચ ઊપરથી નરમ પીછાનાં પલંગ ઊપર.

જી કાવસજી મરઝબાનના “ગુલેસ્તાન ” માં લારડ હેરીસને જાહેર જયાફત આપવા માટે હાથોહાથ પેાતાની મેળે ઉભી થયલી કમીટીની એક સભા મળી હતી, જે વેળા એવેા ઠરાવ કરવામાં આવયેા હતેા કે, તે નામદારે તનની કેળવણી,
માં એક ખાનપાનનેા મેળાવડેા કરવેા. નામદાર ગવરનરની યાદગારી કાયમ રાખવા માટે શું ઉપાયેા લેવા તે વીષે વીચાર કરવાને આવતા મંગળવારે મયુનીસીપલ આફીસમાં બીજી સભા બેાલાવવામાં આવી છે, અને તે માટે નીકળે
તમદાસ, ડબલ્યુ. બેાફર્ટ, નવરેાજી નસરવાનજી વાડયા અને ફાઝલભાઈ વીસરામે સહી કીધી છે.]
[“હીંદી પંચ,” તા૦ ૧૩ મી જાનેવારી, ૧૮૯૫]



THE INDIAN SPHINX.

ed above all of two great virtues over and above our earnestness. We must have inexhaustible patience
these are the three graces we must all cultivate, and if we keep them ever in mind, and hold steadily b
t we may still regain our lost position and become a potent factor in the world's history."—*Mr. Justic*
the annual meeting of the Hindu Social Reform Association.]

હીંદી "સ્ફીંકસ." *

કામમાં આપણે જે ઉતસાહ દેખાડયે છીયે તે ઉપરાંત બીજા બે ગુણોની આપણને ઘણી જરૂર છે. આપણે નહી ખુટે એવી અથાગ સબુરી
, ખોતાપર વીસવાસ અને સખાવત એ ત્રણ ખુબીઓ આપણે સરવેએ ખીલવવી અને ઉધારવી જોઇયે, અને જો તેમને હંમેશાં આપ
સ્થીતી પાછી મેળવવા અને દુનયાના ઈતીહાસમાં આપણું નામ પરકાશીત કરવાની આપણે ખાતરી રાખીશું."—હીંદુ સંસારી સ
કીધેલું વારસીક ભાષાણ.]

શક્સ, જેની છાતી અને મોહડું સ્રીના જેવું, શરીર કુત્રાન સરખુ અને પગના પંજા સીં
ા માગતો હતો, અને જેઓ તે આપી શકતા નહી તેમને મારીને ખાઈ જતો

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Monday, 28th Jan.—Fragrance being associated with the very name of *Mint* Road, our first idea we were asked to utilize a small plot of ground in that locality, was to lay it out in a garden. Some persons suggested shops, but the sweet-smelling flowers of our imaginary garden of paradise so intoxicat that we would have nothing else, and as for shops, we mentally ejaculated, "hang . them!" *hung* gardens too in a way," said Mr. Hamilton, "but beware how you commit yourselves to s monstrosity in such a narrow strip of ground. The few shrubs you would plant in it would die." Quite right, Mr. Hamilton. The municipal experience of gardens generally is desolation—desolation within, and desolation or dirt and filth without. Our Hall itself, we often transform into a



Mr. Watcha *ass-ass*-ing the remount stables.

r garden, and public gardens, blo ming enough at first, soon change o *bare* gardens, flanked on the outside with stable abominations, and h whitened sepulchres sporting an unutterable word neatly traced inky letters on a milky ground! Bare gardens, bare in the vegeta- e bare in the animal kingdom—beggardom rather, the leafless es harmonising most painfully with the primitively clad mortals t bask underneath them.

From garden in Mint Road, as we went carrolling along, we fell o the drain in Carroll Road, valued Government buildings with Mr. evens' estimates, asked with Mr. Watcha why the foreshore, used as mount stables, was not *ass*essed, (perhaps because there are only rses there), and finished the day by putting Mr. Kabrajee again to hool. Mr. K. N. K. at school, k-n'd, and at his age! Never too late learn, nor too early to teach.

Thursday, 31st Jan.—Our sense having been previously taken— ay from us, precedence, as an urgent matter, was given to a card m my Lord Harris, inviting "my dear Mr. Dharamsi," our Head, d, through him, the body corporate to an evening party that my lord oing to give to Sir James Fergusson, an ancient governor of ours, o is coming to sing *Auld lang syne* with us. It would give H. E. y great pleasure, and Sir James too, to see us, and for our part, our s would be gladdened with the sight of this historical meeting of two governors, this commingling of the Past with the Present. o governors, and a third almost within sight! *They* never *reign*, t *they* pour! And "my dear Mr. Dharamsi" is going to arrange h a grand surprise, a meeting at the outer gate of the Reception om, and a bursting, in all our glory, on the astonished gaze of the strious worthies! Really, since the famous Town Hall meeting of ends and admirers, "my dear Mr. Dharamsi" has developed into



Mr. K. N. Kabraj

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE AND FOUND WAN

OR, THE MADRAS GOVERNMENT *VS.* THE ADVOCATES OF THE KISS

[The Anglo-Indian Press has cut a very sorry figure
the native public. It has fallen foul of the G
Madras for upholding the cause of public moral
manners and having dismissed from the Govern
Surgeon-Major Smith. For no other fault too
asking Mrs. Cleggs, the wife of a friend and a Civ
him a kiss and to allow him to put his arm roun
and for something more which she communicated
band ! And all this from persons who find that m
is at the lowest ebb !]

તોલ કરી જોયું અને વજન હલકું વ

અથવા, મદરાસની સરકાર વીરૂધ

ચુમી લેવાના કેસના હીમાયતી

[દેશી પરજાની નજરમાં હ
એ બહુ નઠારો દેખાવ કરયો છે.
ઠ નામના મદરાસની સરકારના એ
એક દોસ્ત અને સનદી નોકરની
ગસ પાસે એક ચુમી માગી અને
આસપાસ પોતાનો હાથ મુકવા
ગણી કીધી. ઉપરાંત બીજી પણ
ણી કીધી કે જે પોતાના ભરતારને
તેણીને ફરજ પડી. જાહેર નીતી
કે સામેના આ તેના અપરાધ માટે
કે તેને ઓધા ઉપરથી બરતરફ
ગરેજી પતરો તે સરકાર ઉ



master of ceremonies! And you may ve are all going, even those who are he call of duty, for 'tis pleasure leads We, whom a sense of our dignity, derstand it, prevented from waiting, ess, on the generous lady who gave llions at a stroke, are going to do our- e honour of softening in the moon- gubernatorial smiles! We are all going p and state, with bands playing and ban- ing, and ourselves singing in chorus :—

urrah! hurrah! for Drum—sey—Abdalla,
The Chief we are harking to!
ah! hurrah! for Flun—key—anna,
The House we are marching to!"

tterly lost were we in the contem- this amusement, planned for our n by a thoughtful governor on the s departure, that Mr. K. M. Shroff's for a Handbook of Drain- age in Bom- the abstract of public salaries, though e a *drain* too) fell unheeded on our d it was indeed a surprise to most of us r. Shroff should think of such a book at a e when a Handbook of Etiquette would desirable and certainly more useful,



They never *reign*, but *they* pour.



The March to Flunkeyannia.

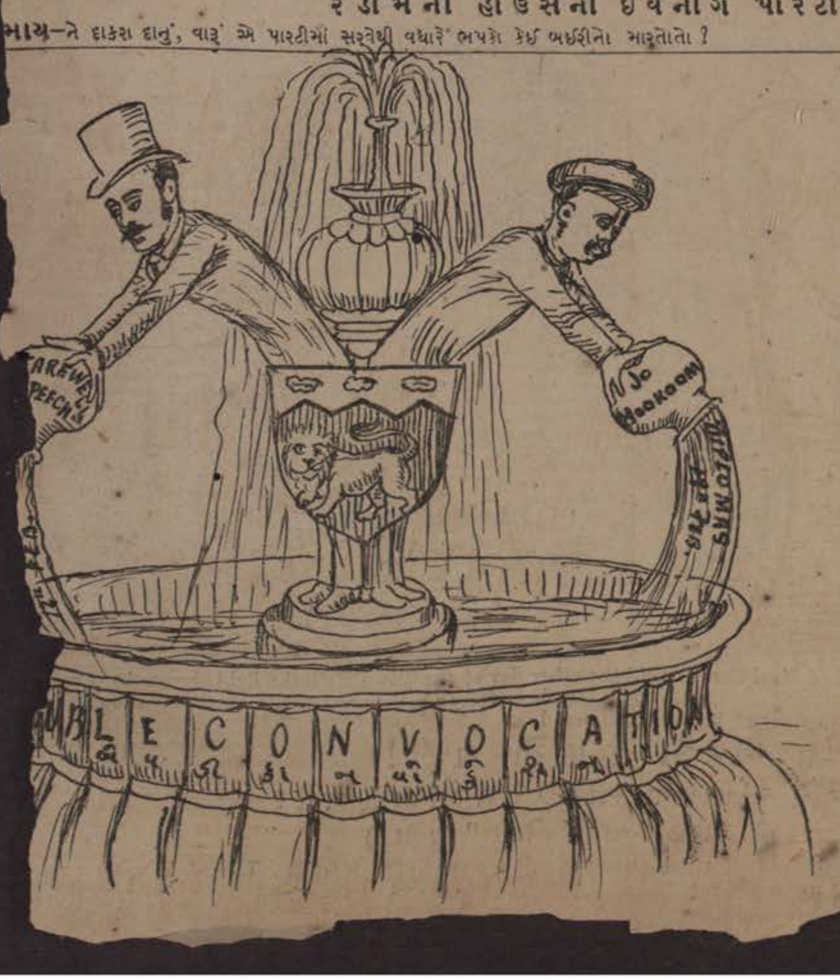


AFTER THE EVENING PARTY AT READYMONEY HOUSE.

Ma—And who was the best dressed Parsee lady in the Party, Dinoo?
Dinoo—Why, the amiable hostess herself! Looking like the *peri* of paradise!
And you, what did you look like? You made a sensation too, I hope.
—Oh! not a bit of it! Nobody took the slightest notice of me, because I wasn't dressed up to the latest fashion! It is the newest style that makes the
w-a-days!
—And ... es money count for nothing, then? You had a mint of it on your person, I'm sure! Your diamond necklace alone was worth 15,000! But I
it is tinsel that takes, rather than real worth!

રેડીમની હાઉસની ઇવનીંગ પારટી પછી.

માય—ને દાકરા દાનું, વારૂં એ પારટીમાં સઉથી વધારે ભપકો કેઈ બઈરીનો મારૂતોતો?



દીનું—વરી કોણનો, જહાંગીર રેડીમનીની બઈરી નોજ તો! તે તો નકરી જાણે પરસ્તાનમાંની પરી જેવીજ દેખાતીતી!

માય—હં, ને તારો ભપકો કેવો ઉતો? તું ને જોઇ ને તો બધાં છકજ થઈ ગીયાં હોસે!

દીનું—બીલકુલ નહીં! કોઈ મુવાં કારાં કુત્રાંએબી મારી તરફ તો આંખીને જોયું નહીં, કાંય કે તમે મને હમણાની ફેસનનાં ચીથરાંજ કાંહ પુરાં પાધરાં અપાતેલાં ઉતાં જે! આજે તો નવી નવી ફેસનનાં કપરાં ચપરાં પેહેરી ઓઢી ને ફરે હરે તેજ બઈરીનું છવતર ને છગેલું કામનું!

માય—એ શાણુ લાર સું કરતી હોસે! કપરાં કપરાં સાનું કરી રેહીય! કપરાંનાં કરતાં તુને ઘરણાં ગાંઠાં પેહેરાવીને મોકલીતી કેની! આખી મંભઈની ટંકસાલનું રૂપું તો તારા દીલપર થએરયું તું! ફકત તારો હીરાંનો હારજ પંદર હજારનો તો ઉતો! પણ હું સમજી—શાણ આજકાલની ચીચકલીઓ ખરાં સુનાહ્નાં કરતાં કરારીયાનાં પર જેવા... રીનાં ચીથરાં ને વાવટા જેવાં કુમટાં ને ફ્રામટાં પરજ વરી જાયચ, એટલે પછી તું શાણુ હીરા મોતીની સુ... મત કરતીતી!

A NEW UNIVERSITY FOUN-TAIN OF GRACE.

[*To be exhibited for this season only.*]

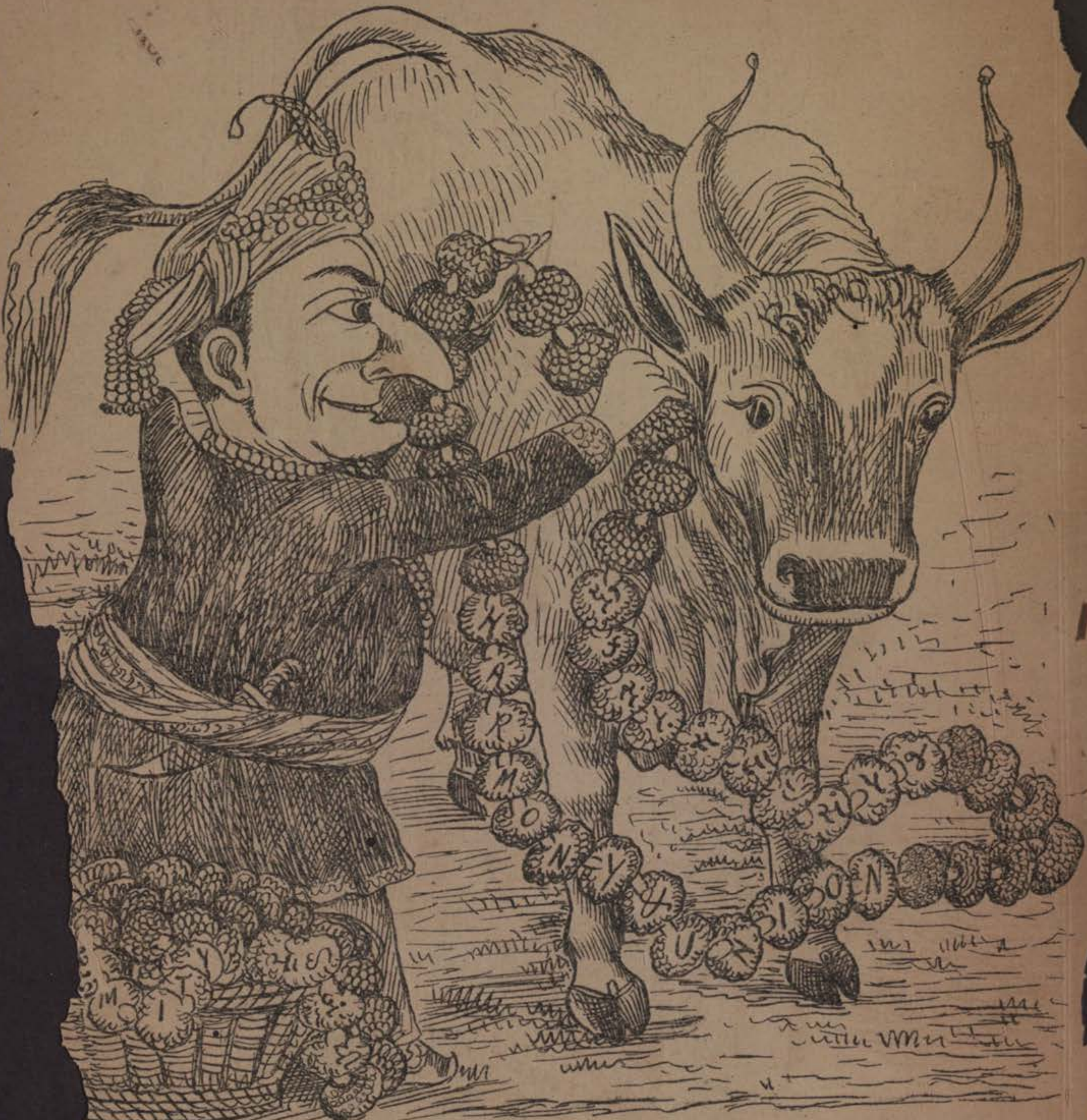
"DOUBLE, DOUBLE TOIL AND TROUBLE

[Two convocations of the Bombay ... versity will be held this year,—one on ... 12th inst. to give His Excellency Lo... Harris his last chance as Chancellor, ... the other that day week.]

યુનીવરસીટીના બાગમાં એક નવો ફુંવા...

ફકત આ વરસેજ તે દેખાડવામાં આંવે ...

[લારડ હેરીસને ચેનસેલર તરીકે બીરાજવાને બને તે... ટે મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટીનું એક કાનવોકેશન આવતા મં... ભરવામાં આવનાર છે, અને તે પછી બી... ભરવામાં ...



THE GAE-KWAREE *GAE.*

hness Punch Mahraja—In decorating thee with flowers, the emblems of innocence and peace, I pray that the factious spiri thee now and for ever!

[...hness Mahraja Shiajirao of Baroda has arrived at his capital from Europe, and a hope is expressed that the party strifes raging at Baroda ...e.]

ગાય-કવારી ગાય.

...જ શ્રી પંચોબા—નીરદોષપણાં અને સુલેહશાંતીનાં સુભ સગનની ઇધાની દેખાડનારાં આ ફુલોથી તુને સનગારતાં હું એટલ... હું કે, તારામાં વચાપી રહેલો કુસંપનો કડવાસ હંમેશનો તુને છોડી જાય!

[...મહારાજ શીયાજીરાવ ગાયકવાડ યુરોપની મુસાફરી પુરી કરીને વડોદરા ખાતે પાછા ફરયા છે. તેમની પધરામણી થવા સાથ એવી આશા દેખાડવામાં આવે ... ગુજરાતી અને મરાઠા હીંદુઓના પક્ષો વચે જે કુસંપ હમણા ચાલે છે, તે હવે બંધ પડે.]

NOT SO BLACK AS HE IS PAINTED;

OR, BHANDARKAR'S PATENT WHITE-WASH.



[At the meeting of the friends and admirers of Lord Harris, held the other day at the Town Hall, the light thrown by Prof
rishna Gopal Bhandarkar on the education policy of H. E. the Governor, lends entirely a new aspect to the question, showing
done a good deal for primary education without starving higher education.]

કાળો એટલો કોળસો નહી!

બાપુ, જેવો એને ચીતારવામાં આવે છે તેવો એ કાળો નથી!

(ભંડારકરનો પેટંટ "વાહીટ-વોશ" ચુનો.)

[નામદાર લારડ હેરીસના દોસ્તો અને વખાણનારાઓની ટાઉન હાલમાં મળેલી સભામાં તે નામદારની કેળવણી સંબંધી રાજ
પ્રોફેસર રામકીષ્ણ ગોપાળ ભંડારકરે તે ઉપર કાંઈ જુદું જ અજવાળું નાખ્યું હતું. તેઓએ દેખાડયા પ્રમાણે તો તે નામદારે
મારયા વગર ... આપવા માટે ...

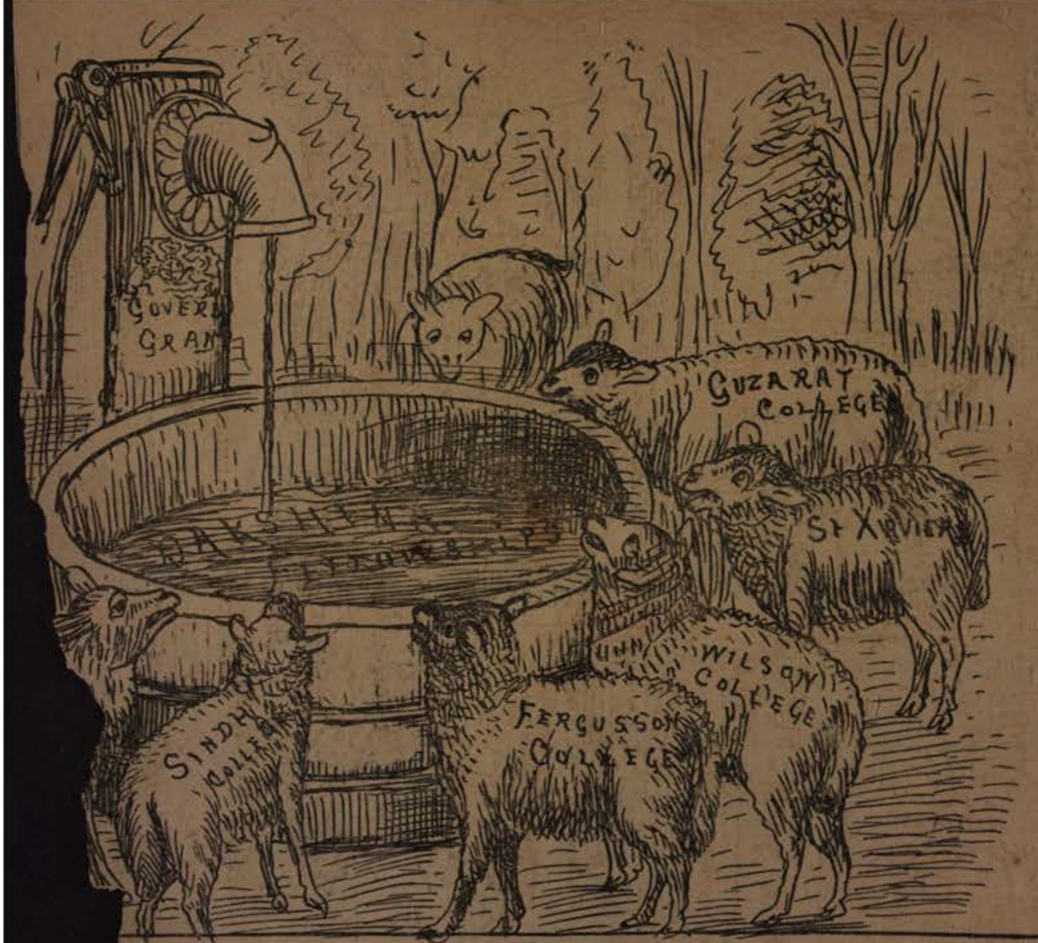


THE GRINDING MILL IN THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT STORES.

"Gr-r-r-r-r-r-ra ! bhra-r-r-r-r-r ! aga ho-o-o-o !"

...ંદી સરકારની વખારમાં ચાલતી આટો દલવાની ચક્કી.

...અ હોઆઆઆ !"



THE THIRSTY SHEEP.

The Sheep (in chorus)—Oh for a hand to work the pump to pour water in torrents rather than in driblets !

[One of the last good works of Lord Harris is the admission of the Poona Fergusson College to the benefit of the Dakshini Fellowship. The Government were thinking of making the fellowships of the most beneficial character attainable, but owing to the want of funds the idea has been let alone.]

તરશીયાં મેંઢાં.

તરશીયાં મેંઢાં (સાથે)-અરે કોઇ એવો હાથ મળી જાય તો કેવું સારૂં કે જેથી નળમાંથી ટીપું ટીપું પાણી ટપકવાને બદલે ધોધબંધ તે પડે !

[નામદાર લારડ હેરીસે પોતાની વીદાયગીરી આગમજ જે છેલાં કામો કરયાં છે તેમાં એક ભલું કામ પુણાની ફરગસન કાલેજને દક્ષીણી ફેલોશીપનો લાભ આપવાનું બજાવ્યું છે. એ ફેલોશીપનો લાભ વધારે મોહોટી રીતે આપવા અને તેમને વધારે ઉપયોગી કરવાની યોજના ઉપર સરકાર વીચાર ચલાવતી હતી, પણ નાણાંની તંગીને લીધે તે છોડી દેવો પડયો છે.]

A TRUE VERE DE VERE.—Friend of family (to Tommy, who has been ill): " Well, Tommy, and how are you this morning ? "—Tommy: "Thank you, my temperature is quite Norman now. "



A HARD KICK !

Professor Bhandarkar—Hurrah ! What a toss ! Ha, ha, ha ! What immense power and strength !

[Notwithstanding that grave doubts were expressed whether the Bombay University bye-laws allowed of a Convocation being held a week before the appointed time, the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Ramkrishna Gopal Bhandarkar, convened one on 12th Feb. last, to give Lord Harris the chance of presiding for the last time as Chancellor.]

જબરી લાત !

પ્રોફેસર ભંડારકર-હુરરેએએએ ! કેવી જબરી લાત ! કેવો દડો ઊંચે ઉડારયો ! હા, હા, હા, હા ! કેવું સેત્રનું જબરૂં બળ ને કેવું જબરૂં જોર !

[મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટીના કાયદા કાનુનમાં ઠરાવેલા વખત કરતાં એક અઠવાડયું આગમજ કાનવોકેશનનો મેળાવડો કરી શકાય કે નહી તેના સંબંધમાં ગંભીર પરકારના શક બતાવવામાં આવયા હતા, છતાં વાઇસ ચાનસેલર પરોફેસર રામકરીષ્ણ ગોપાલ ભંડારકરે ગઈ તા૦ ૧૨ મી ફેબરવારીએ કાનવોકેશન બોલાવીને લારડ હેરીસને ચાનસેલર તરીકે છેલીવાર બીરાજવાની તક આપી હતી.]

TRUE HOSPITALITY.—Mr. Hiram H. Daylier (giving a reception at his London residence, and addressing scions of our old nobility) : " Allow me to introduce my daughters: Miss Columbia Knickerbocker Daylier, heiress to the biggest pork factory in America ; Miss Virginia Tammany Daylier, who has three thousand miles of railroads and fifteen hundred miles of Atlantic cable in her own right.'



A PARTING TRIBUTE!—FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS IN TEARS!

(*Taken by our artist on the evening of the 16th Feb. last at the Apollo Bunder.*]

છેલ્લાં છેલ્લાં આંસું !—ગરીબ બીચારા દોસ્તો અને ચાહનારાઓ !

(ગઈ તા૦ ૧૬ મી ફેબરવારીની સાંજે એપાલો બંદર ઉપર અમારા આરટીસ્ટે લીધેલો ચીતાર.)

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

—I wonder what could have induced cousin Jehangir to go out of his family circle and choose such an ugly cat as that Mehri for a wife? Look at her regular fright! What a nose and what big owlish eyes! They truly say, " go far and fare worse."



Manek—And her features?—And colour? But I suppose, " the lover, all frantic, sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt." And in this case, it wasn't perhaps love for her (who could love her?) so much as for his mother-in-law's glittering hoard!

અદેખાઈની આગ !

પીરોજા—હું તો અજાબ થાંઉં છું કે આપરા કાકાના જાંહાંગીરે પોતાના કુટંબની આટલી બધી છોકરીઓને મુકીને પેલા રાણ કદરબીહામણી મસકલા બીલાડી મેહેરીને કાંય પસંદ કીધી હોસે ? એ રાણનો ફેટો તો જો ! નકરી જાણે ભખી ખાધેલી ડાકણ ! રાણનું નાક તો જાણે એ બીચલ ધુવરના જેવું ! ને આંખબી જાણે ધુવડનીજ ! એથી કાંહ જઈને ફસ્યો ! ઘરમાં આવી ઘાટઘટમની ને રંગ રૂપની છોકરીઓને મુકીને દુર શોધવા જાય તે એમજ તો !

માણેક—ને એના મોહનાનો ઘાટ ને રંગ તો જો ?—પણ એ જાંહાંગાર તો પઈસા જોઈને ગેલ થઈ ગીઓ હોસેરે ! મને તો લાગેચ કે એ રાણની સાકલપર નહીં પણ એની સાસુના પઈસાપર એ મોહી પરયોચ !

" Cousin Ethel, is Colonel Blazer a brave soldier?"—"Oh, I don't think he's afraid of powder."—" No, I don't think he is, for I saw his nose against your face last night."

A LAST EMBRACE!



Mr. Punch—God speed, my friend. With all your faults, with all your sins of omission and commission, (and they are many) let me hold you in one fond embrace, and ask you to be more sympathetic, more charitable, more gentle and friendly towards the dumb millions of poor Ind, while in your home in Kent!
[H.E. Lord Harris departed from Bombay on the afternoon of the 16th Feb., 1895.]

છેલી છેલી ચાંપીને કોટી!

મી० પંચ—ભરચોપુરચો બા ઘરે સીધાર, મારા દોસ્ત. ગમે તેવો તું છે, તારૂં બોલ્યું ચાલ્યું ગમે તેવું મને લાગું છે. તોબી મને એક છેલી ચાંપીને કોટી કરી લે, દોસ્ત, ને તારા ઘરમાં બેઠો બેઠો આ ગરીબડાં હીંદનાં મુંગાઓ તરફ જરા વધારે દીલસોઝ ભરચો, વધારે મોહબતભરચો ને વધારે મેહેરબાન ને ફુલ્લા દીલનો રેહજે!
[લારડ હેરીસ ગઈ તા० ૧૬ મી ફેબરવારી ૧૮૯૫ ની સાંજના વેલાત ઉપડી ગયો છે.]



A BITTER WAIL.

"Boo-oo-oo! The season of soft-soap and butter is over, and over occupation is gone!"

[With the departure of Lord Harris the round of gaieties and festivities, that marked the last three weeks, has ended.]

બીચારાઓને હુસકે હુસકે રડવું આવે છે!

"બુ-ઉ-ઉ-ઉ-ઉ! નરમા નરમ મસકાની મોસમ તો ફેરી હવે પુરી થઈ અને અમારો કામધંધો બી બંધ પડયો!"

[ગયાં ત્રણ અઠવાડયાં ખાનપાન અને માનના મેળાવડાઓમાં પસાર થયાં છે, પણ લારડ હેરીસની રવાનગી સાથ તેમનો છેડો આવ્યો છે.]



A FAREWELL DINNER FOR T[HE] GREEDY GEESE.

"My pets, let others say what they like, but I've alw[ays …] you and have always cherished a fond regard for you [… a] right royal dinner for you before I go away!"

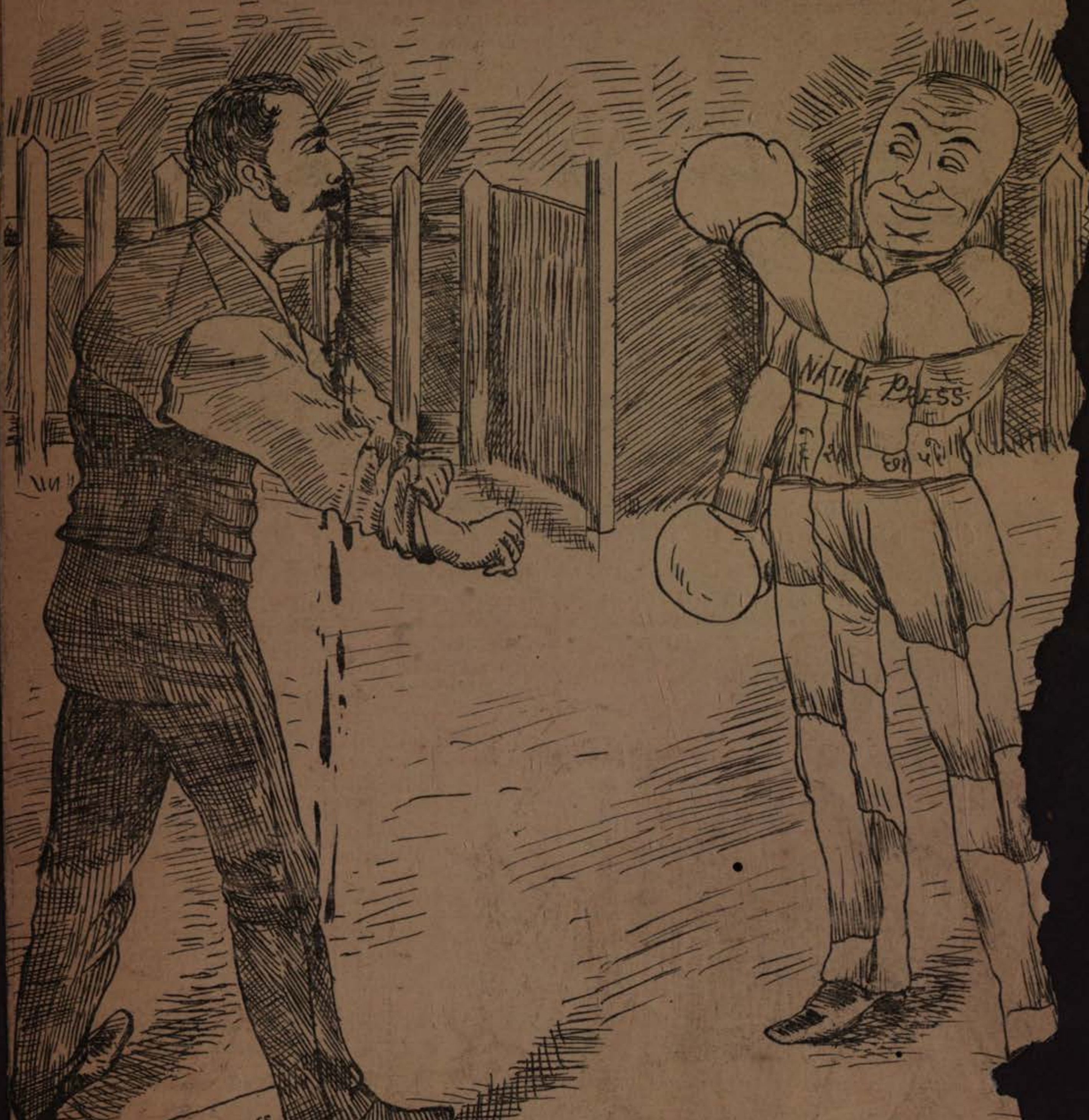
[Before his departure H. E. Lord Harris issued a resoluti[on …] the Government grant to the Municipal schools under the charge [of the …] Schools Committee from Rs. 25,000 to Rs 39,666, a step highly [approved] by the Press as one in the right direction.]

ભુખયાં હાંસ માટે છેલું ભોજન.

"બીજાંઓ ગમે તે બોલે, પણ મને તો મારા હાંસ હંમેશાં વાહા[લાં …] અને સદા મેં તેઓ તરફ માયાજ દેખાડી છે! હું જતાં તે આગમજ તે[…] ખવાડીનેજ જતો છું!"

[જાઈંટ સ્કુલ્સ કમીટીને હસ્તકની મયુનીસીપલ નીશાળોને [… રૂ.] ૨૫૦૦૦ની ગરાંટ મળતી હતી, તે નામદાર લારડ હેરીસે પોતાની વી[…] જ વધારીને રૂ ૩૯,૬૬૬ ની કીધી છે. તેનાં આ કામ તરફ છાપાએ અ[…] પસંદગી દેખાડી છે.]

"HARD HITTING!"



OR, A FIGHTING BOUT BETWEEN H
CHAMPION BUREAUCRAT, AND THE NAT

[Speaking about the Vernacular Press at the Bombay University Convocation on Tuesday, the 12th Feb., the Chancell Harris) said, "never mind what I think, or what Government officials think about the Vernacular Press. . . . Are yo your Vernacular Press as it is? Do you think it is aiming at a sufficiently high standard of accuracy, of expression, of critic circulation of news? . . . There are two sides to most questions, and you need to be prepared against your opponen ave marshallad your own attack. Therefore aim at completeness. *If you like hard hitting be prepared to be hard hit.*"]

જબરી મુકાબાજી !

અથવા, મુંબઈના ચેમપીયન બરોક્રેટ હેરી અને દેશી છાપા વચ્ચે "ફાઈટ".

[ગયા મંગળવાર તા૦ ૧૨ મા ફેબ્રુવારીએ મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટીના કાનવોકેશનમાં ભાષણ કરતાં ચાનસેલર લાર્ડ હેરીસે દેશી છાપા વીશે બોલતાં જ "હું અથવા સરકારી અમલદારો દેશી છાપા વીશે શું ધારીએ છીએ તે ઉપર હમણા ધ્યાન આપવાનું નથી. દેશી છાપો હમણા જે જાતનો ચાલે છે તેથી તમો સંતો તમે એમ ધારો છો કે, બારીક બારીક રીતે પોતાના વીચારો આપવામાં, ટીકા કરવામાં અને ખબરો ફેલાવવામાં પુરતી રીતે ઉંચું ધોરણ જાળવવાની તે નેમ રાખે છે ના સવાલોને બે બાજુ હોય છે અને તમે કીધેલી ટીકા વાજબી નથી એવું કેહેવાની તમારી વીરૂધ્ધ થનારાઓને તક નહી મળે એવી રીતે તમારે તઈયાર રેહેવું જોઈ ગતા ઉપર જવાની નેમ રાખો. તમને સખત ટીકા કરવી ગમતી હોય તો તેવી ટી ને પણ તમારે તઈયાર રેહેવું જોઈએ.]

THE MODERN PYGMALION.

(*With apologies to Tomahawk.*)

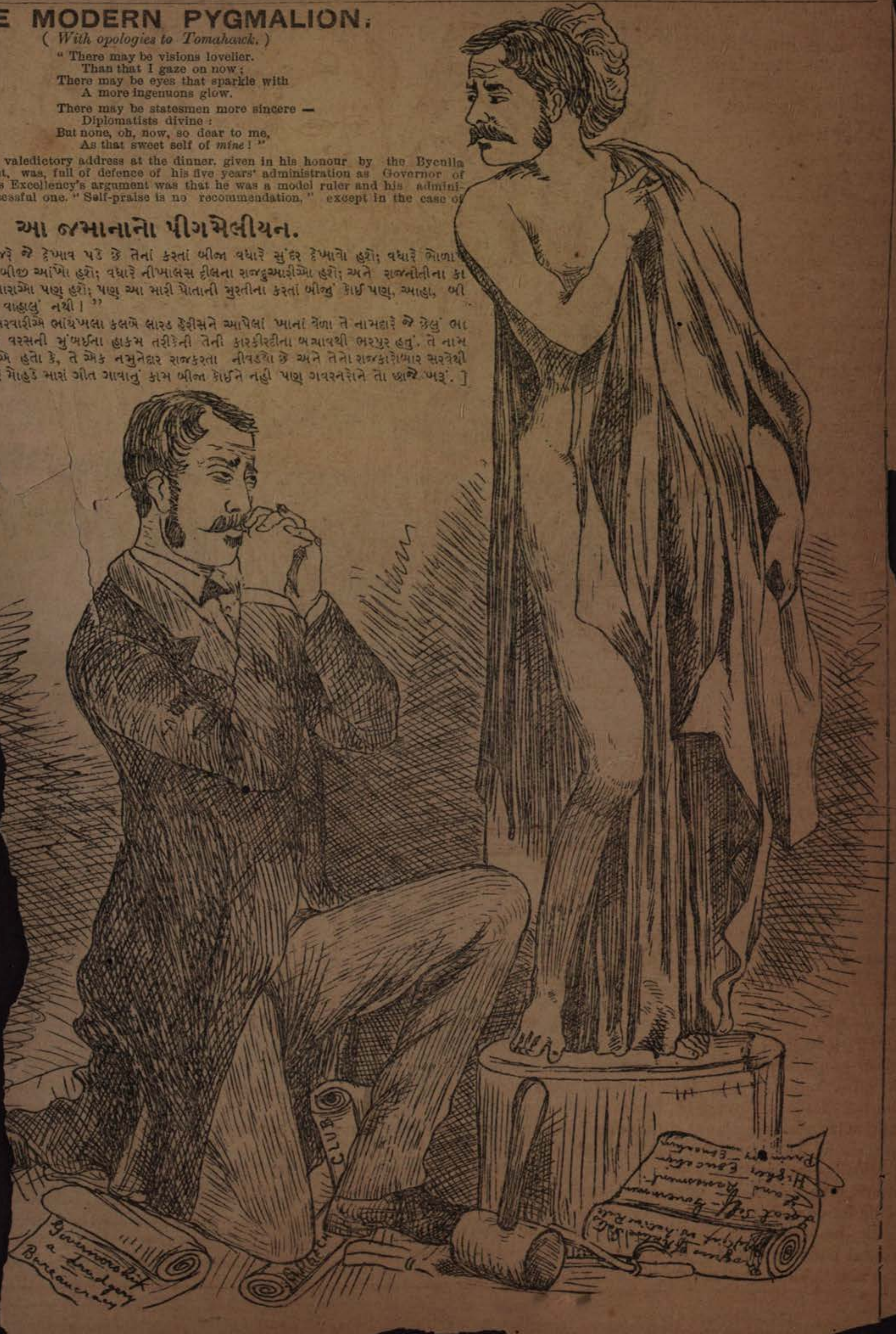
" There may be visions lovelier,
  Than that I gaze on now;
There may be eyes that sparkle with
  A more ingenuons glow.
There may be statesmen more sincere —
  Diplomatists divine:
But none, oh, now, so dear to me,
  As that sweet self of *mine*! "

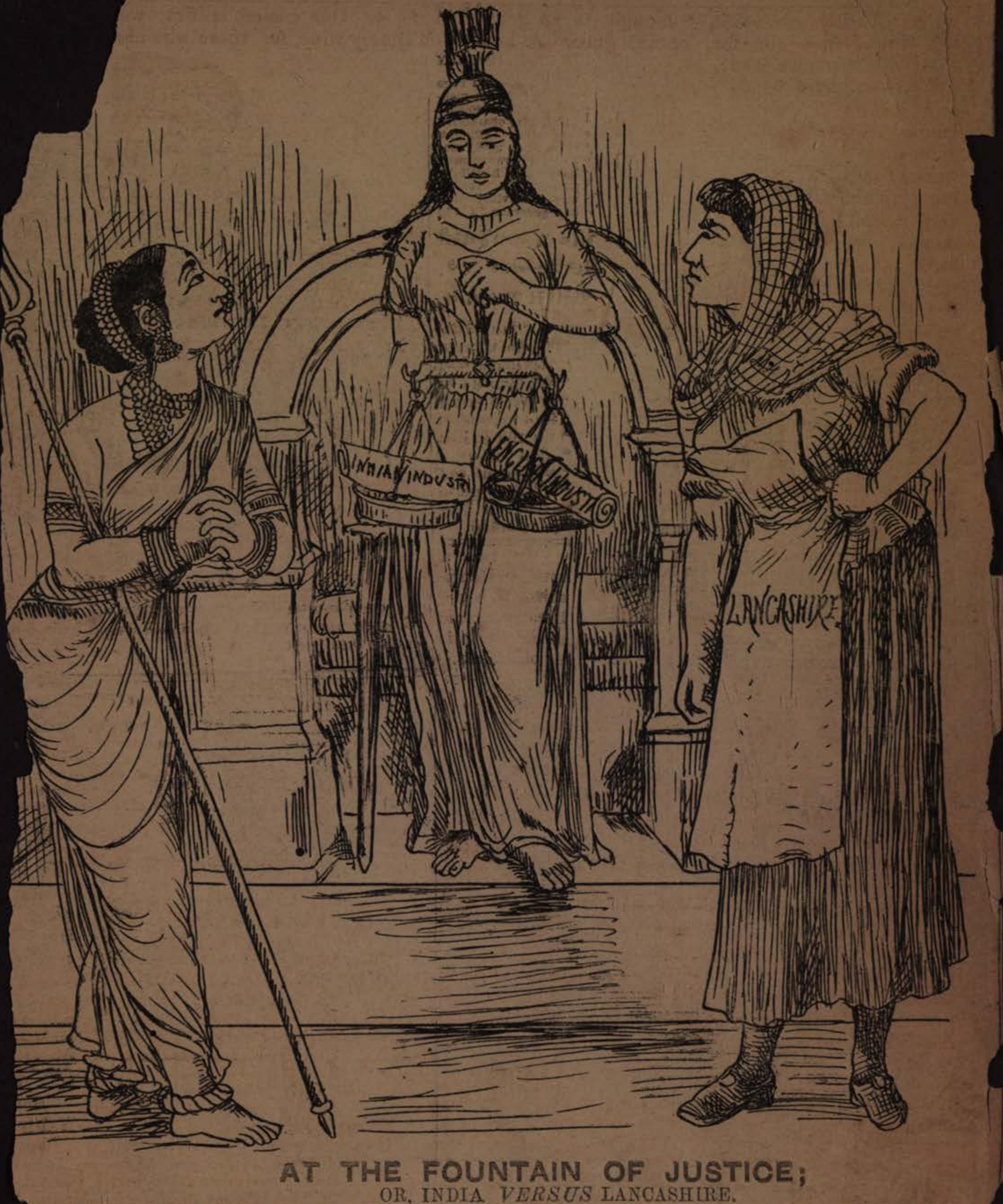
Harris' valedictory address at the dinner, given in his honour by the Byculla Feb. last, was, full of defence of his five years' administration as Governor of t of His Excellency's argument was that he was a model ruler and his admini- ost successful one. " Self-praise is no recommendation, " except in the case of

આ જમાનાનો પીગમેલીયન.

મારી નજરે જે દેખાવ પડે છે તેનાં કરતાં બીજા વધારે સુંદર દેખાવો હશે; વધારે ભોળા ચળકતી બીજી આંખો હશે; વધારે નીખાલસ દીલના રાજદુઆરીઓ હશે; અને રાજનીતીના કા તા ધરાવનારાઓ પણ હશે; પણ આ મારી પોતાની મુરતીના કરતાં બીજું કોઈ પણ, આહા, બી ને વધારે વાહાલું નથી! "

૧૪મી ફેબરવારીએ ભાંયખલા કલબે લારડ હેરીસને આપેલાં ખાનાં વેળા તે નામદારે જે કેલું ભા તે પાંચ વરસની મુંબઈના હાકેમ તરીકેની તેની કારકીરદીના બચાવથી ભરપુર હતું. તે નામ ાવારથ એ હતો કે, તે એક નમુનેદાર રાજકરતા નીવડ્યો છે અને તેનો રાજકારોબાર સરવેથી : મારે મોહડે મારાં ગીત ગાવાનું કામ બીજા કોઈને નહી પણ ગવરનરોને તો છાજે ખરૂં.]





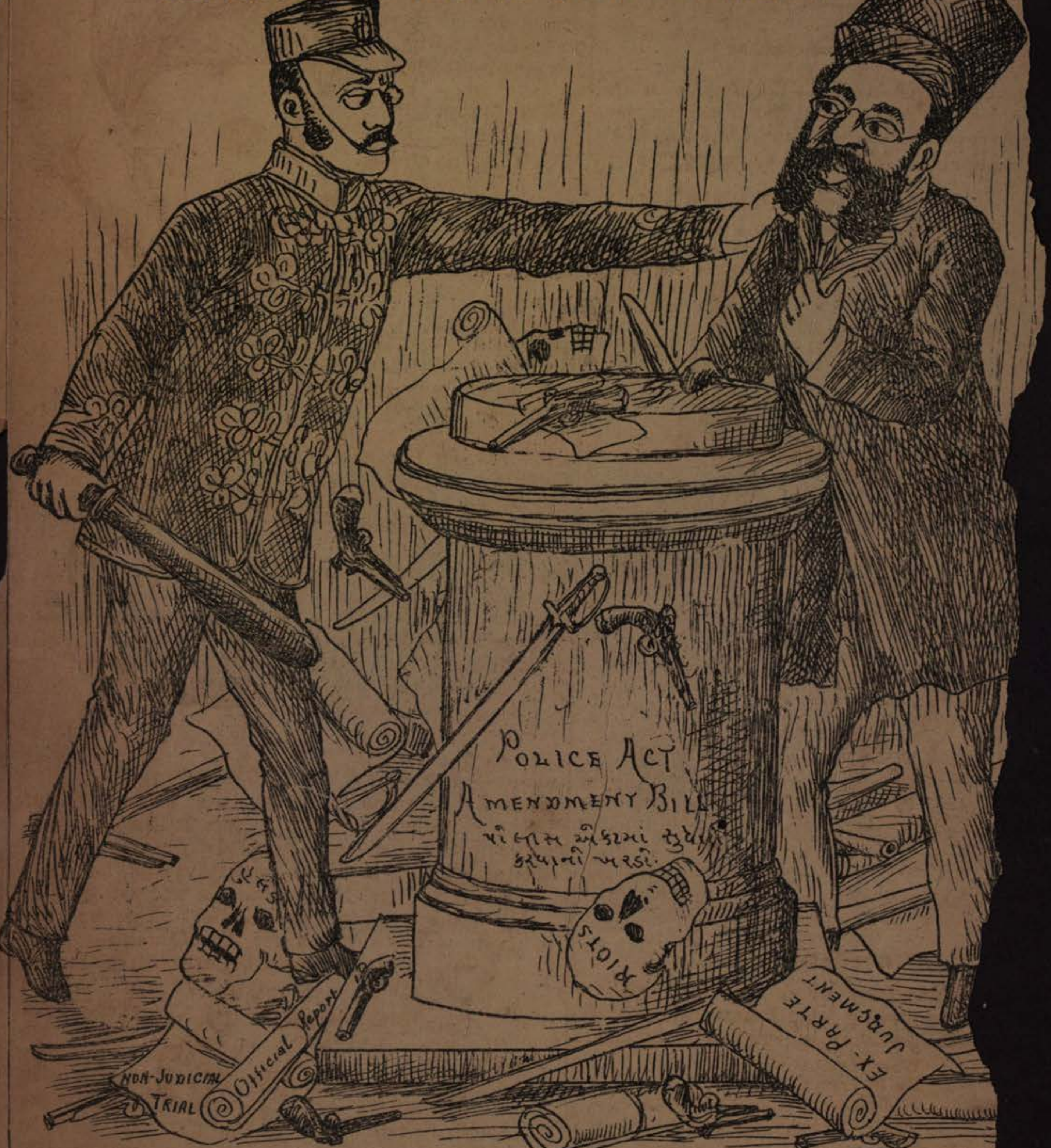
AT THE FOUNTAIN OF JUSTICE;
OR, INDIA *VERSUS* LANCASHIRE.

House of Commons, last evening the Right Hon'ble Sir Henry James, the Member for Bury, Lancashire, moved the adjournment of the House in order n to the recent fiscal measures passed by the Indian Legislative Council, and to inquire into the effect of the Indian Cotton duties upon the trade o n doing so, Sir Henry James said that that trade desired fairplay for mutual industries, and he charged the Secretary of State for India for giving gitators instead of consulting the Lancashire manufacturers before sanctioning the taxation. Mr. Fowler, in his reply, warmly denied this a cus- logized the action of Lord Elgin and Sir James Westland. On his part he did not shrink from censure, but reminded the House that it would be to the people of India for any adverse decision which it may arrive at to-night. Mr. Goschen said that it was imperative upon the House to take into on the feelings of India, and urged the Opposition to support the Government in the present instance. On a division, the motion for the adjournment se was rejected by 304 against 109 votes."—*Telegram, London, February 22.*]

ઈનસાફનાં વડાં મથક આગળ;
અથવા, હીંદ વીરૂધ લેનકેશાયર.

રૂવારે રાતના ઈંગ્લંડની પારલાર્મેંટની આમની સભા હજુર લેનકેશાયરના કાપડ ઉપર નાખવામાં આવેલી અયાત જગાત રદ કરવા માટે સર હેનરી જેમસે એક દરખાસ્ત ગુ તે ૩૦૪ વીરૂધ ૧૦૯ મતે રદ ગઈ હતી.]

DEFILING THE INDIAN STAR CHAMBER.



Policeman Westland—I arrest you for invading the sanctity of this Chamber and for questioning the attributes of the divi

[Sir James Westland has been severely taken to task by the Anglo-Indian and the Native Press alike for going in hysterics over the Ho M. Mehta's fair and legitimate criticisms on the Police Act Amendment Bill now before the Viceregal Legislative Council. Mr. Mehta cond as leaving very wide discretionary powers to pounce upon the liberties of the public in the hands of the Police and the district officers. Sir J umbrage at this and considered Mr. Mehta's criticisms as throwing mud against the whole of the Civil Service.]

હીંદી "સ્ટાર ચેમબર" ને અપવીત્ર કીધી!

પોલીસમેન વેસ્ટલેંડ—આ "ચેમબર" ની પવીત્રાઈપર હુમલો કરવા માટે અને ઈશ્વરી દરજ્જો ધરાવનારા સનદી ગુણો તરફ શક દેખાડવા માટે હું તુને પકડું છું!

[પોલીસને લગતા કાયદામાં સુધારો કરવાનો જે ખરડો વાઈસરાયની ધારાસભામાં હમણા લાવવામાં આવ્યો છે, તેના સંબંધમાં આનરેબલ મી૰ ફી મેહેતાએ વાજબી અને ખરા ટીકા કરવા ઊપરથી સર જેમસ વેસ્ટલેંડ નાહક ઉશ્કેરાઈ ગયા હતા, તે માટે દેશી તેમજ અંગરેજી છાપાએ સખત નાપસંદ લોકોનાં છુટાપણા ઊપર-તરાપ મારવાની બહુજ ત્રોહોલી સતા આ ખરડામાં પોલીસને અને જીલા અમલદારોને આપવામાં આવી છે તે ઉપરથી મી૰ મેહેતાએ ટીકા કીધી હતી. સર જેમસ વેસ્ટલેંડ આ ઉપરથી સુગાઈ ઉઠ્યો હતા, અને સઘળા સનદી નોકરો સામે કાદવ ઉશડવા સરખી મી૰ મેહેતાની ટીકા છે, એમ તો નહી.]



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 17.

OUR CONTEMPORARY

Wild with mad rage "at the trickery, mendacity and insolence "which have characterised recent attempts "of a few malignant "and hare-braned busybodies who have been "pleased in various "ways to vilify the late governor" (!!!)

મી૦ પંચનાફેનસી પોરટ્રેટ-નાં૦ ૧૭.

અમારો ભાઈબંધ,

જે "ગોડાક ફરીલા "અને ભેજાંથી ગયલા "ખાટપટીયાઓ જેઓ "એ તરેહવાર રીતે મા "જી ગવરનર લારડ હે "રીસને સતાવવાની કો "શેશ કીધી છે, તેઓ "ની લફંગાઈ, લબાડી "અને સોખાઈ જોઈ "ને" ઘેલા ગુસામાં આવી જંગલી હેવાન જેવો થઈ ગયો છે.

He took a house in Hampshire. Why? Because, he said he liked to visit his old Hants.

POOR FELLOW !!

The gentleman from Braypore in deep s[...] being left out in the cold, his services unrecog[...] unrewarded!



ગરીબ બીચારો!

ભુકણપોરના આ નામીચા ગરહસ્થ ભારે દુખ અને અફસોસમાં મને તદનજ પડતા નાખવામાં આવયા છે, અને તેવણની સેવાઓની ધ[...] નો લાયક બદલો વાળવામાં આવયો નથી!



A FACT.

Kolee Goráni—(*A match-maker*) Every one now-a-days asks for a beautiful girl, young and blooming,—and—er—and—er—(*pointing to herself*) as charming, and rosy and well-shaped as—as—as myself!

કોલી ગોરાણી—(કારજ કરનારી) માય, હમણાના છોકરાઓને તો કેની તે બસ પરી જેવી ખુબસુરત, પાતરી પાતરી ને ઊંચી સરોવર જેવી સીધી છોકરીઓ જોઈયેચ, ને—અં—ને—અં (પોતાના ગાલપર આંગળી ઠોકીને) ને તે લોક તો કેની મારા જેવા સફેદ રંગની ને ગુલે ગોલાબ જેવી સોવામણી ને ખુબસુરતામણી બઈરીઓ માંગેચ!



GHEE-HE[...]

"Oh Shri Ráma [...] and shiver! My tra[...] I'm doomed to s[...] death-penalty!"

[The Corporation has a[...] act to prevent adulterat[...]

ઘી—[...]

"ઓ[...] [...]વા ધુ[...] [...]જું છું [...] હવે માર[...] શે, અને [...] લાકડે લ[...] ઓઈ! ચે[...]

[ઘી[...] ળ અટક[...] ધારાનો [...] ને પસંદ [...]

V[...]

Hor[...] boy [...] been [...] info[...] his [...] th[...] "[...] thi[...] and [...] 'ors[...] tell [...] ain'[...] they [...] him[...]

FAREWELL TO LORD HARRIS.

MY LORD,—I wish you godspeed. The principal incidents of your Lordship's reign of five years will not readily fade from the memory of the people of this Presidency. They have heard your recent utterances patiently and with the most respectful attention and are grateful for explanations vouchsafed and kind words said at parting. Love of approbation, though in some the instinct is abnormally developed, is natural and, my Lord, you have possessed it in a large measure. This should be a source of gratification to you. Your Lordship's good nature has been conspicuous, and except perhaps in one instance—the "Common Sense" episode in the Deccan—you are known to have seldom lost your temper. As far as I know your Lordship has been peculiarly fortunate in having advisers and workers associated with you, who have never in your opinion been known to err, even in circumstances of exceptional difficulty. But as your Lordship's ill-star would have it, a strange fatality made some sections of the Indian community perverse, blind and suspicious, and their rashness somehow has cast a sinister shadow over the otherwise even tenor of your career in India. There is no unmixed good in this world, and if, as an evil, in your Lordship's regime, in the modern history of this Presidency, race-feelings have reached the point of intensity—there is the good to counterbalance it, namely, the stimulus you gave to manly sports for the benefit of the rising generation and the happy relations that have always subsisted between you and the members of the divine service. The British trait of mutual trust and confidence, to which you referred the other evening, has, it now appears, been helpful in considerably lightening the burdens of state that would have otherwise pressed heavily on your Lordship. The unappreciative Indian public has failed to grasp this point, and by their disapproval of your policy have shown a deplorable want of "common sense." Even crowned heads have before been stigmatized by unsympathetic satirists as "valets to their ministers" whose exploits dimmed the glory of their chiefs.

The action of these critics has undoubtedly caused you much irritation and anxiety. This was inevitable. The entertainments and demonstrations in your honour, that have followed in such quick succession, should console your Lordship for all the pain caused by the hard and cruel criticisms of the educated but poor misguided Indians and their Press. A thousand condolence letters and visits or the erection of pompous tombs and monuments cannot recall the dead; but all the same they have for the mourners a soothing influence for the moment! May you leave these shores with nothing but pleasant memories and live long in the enjoyment of perfect mutual confidence with your co-workers and in the innocence of the new-born babe, for of such indubitably is not only the "kingdom of heaven" but of this world as well!

My Lord, Farewell!

Bombay, 16th Feb. '95. HINDI PUNCH.

(*Hindi Punch*, 17-2-95).

CHOW-CHOW.

IT was a memorable day in the annals of India, the 16th day of February, 1895. Not a wink of sleep had we over-night. We took up our paper at early dawn. We looked, we stared, and we wondered. Seven columns of type! Could it be, we asked ourselves, the dead year, so soon or so late; were we asleep or awake? We rubbed our eyes, we looked, stared and wondered again! Yes, seven columns of type, dedicated, not to the departed year, but to the departing governor, under any number of heads, legislative, political, ecclesiastical, agricultural, social, and what not; a volume of solid work accomplished in the brief hours of relaxation from arduous and unceasing play! Some five years ago, on a similar occasion, it was a quarter column of "*Dutch*" sneer for really good, solid, healthy statesmanship! Now, it is all English butter for sportsmanship! Truly, our lot is cast on strange times, but such, after all, are the ways of the world, for,

> "Know you not, master, to some men,
> The times serve but as time-servers."

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THE grand event, however, when it did come off, fully justified the flourish of *leaden* trumpets with which it was ushered in the morning. Never before in the history of Bombay, of India, nay, of the whole world, has any Governor, Governor-General, King or Hero been shown such marks of respect as were lavished on Lord Harris on the day he bade good-bye, not for ever as many fondly hope, to these shores. From an early hour in the morning, the streets began to be alive with men, and the numbers went on increasing apace till, in the afternoon, it began to be feared that there would be the greatest difficulty in getting H. E.'s equipage through, and that the mail, which had been already considerably detained for the purpose of giving as many loyal hearts as possible the opportunity of seeing the great, good man by postponing the hour of his departure to the cool of the evening, would suffer still further detention. To avert this, there was a talk of sending out squadrons of sowars to disperse the surging mass, but those, who made the suggestion, knew very little of the character of the people they had to deal with.

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THE crowd on this occasion was not composed of the riff-raffs who were gathered together on some previous notorious occasions at the instance of "party" demonstrators, but was drawn out of the solid bulk of the people, whose instinctive respect for true greatness is proverbial. A cat may look at a King, the people say. But the people know as well that every cat is not fit to be seen by a King, and actuated by some such sentiment, the teeming hordes, who had kept the streets from dawn, slinked out of sight as soon as his lordship's carriage made its appearance. From behind trees, and bushes, and hedges, and walls, they peeped at the object of they adoration, but their respect forbade their doing and

more. H. E. consequently experienced none of that unruly press which passes for enthusiasm, nor were his ears dinned by those demoniac yells miscalled cheers. The carriages rolled rapidly through the empty streets to their destination, with but a few interruptions here and there from prominent members of the several native communities, who, justly considering that they were above the self-imposed restraint which lay on the people, allowed themselves the honour of decking H. E. with garlands and flowers.

* * *

Having thus received the quiet, but on that account none the less sincere and touching testimony of the people's respect and esteem, H. E. at last arrived at the Bandar, where a scene of quite a different kind awaited him. The élite of the town, assembled there, arose as one man to honour him, and being free, by virtue of their position, from all restraint, burst forth into pæans of praise so rich and thrilling that the neighbouring deep began to tremble with the sweet sounds, and Neptune and his train, surprised into ecstasy, left their native element to dance on the harbour-steps. The air—but we shall not proceed any further. It is very often said that truth is stranger than fiction; very few, however, remember the saying when it is most needed, and if we venture to recount at its full length this marvellous though veracious account, there is every danger of our narrative being styled the most audacious falsehood in the annals of journalism.

(*Hindi Punch*, 24-2-95)

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

One Too Many all Round.—Sportsman (shewing his horses to friend who has ridden over to see him): "Now, that's the cleverest little beggar I ever had in my life—obliged to sell her, though—got too many." (Insinuatingly.) "By the way, she would carry you!"—Friend: "By Jove! Why, that's the mare Crasher sold to Bolter—had too many, I remember—odd, ain't it? Bolter must ha' had too many and sold her to you!"

He was a very backward lover, and he was telling the girls he adored of the chance he had to get a good berth. "I shall," he said, "embrace the opportunity at once." "You'd better," said the maiden. "You seem never likely to embrace anybody—I mean, anything else." But he took the hint. And the next advertisement on the subject will conclude with the legend "No cards."

Water v. Spirits.—"Does McDauber drink?"—"I should rather think so. He is always at the whiskey bottle The only thing that surprise me is that, with his tastes, actually goes in for water-colour painting."—"Not strange after all. Look at Pinkter. He is a rabid teeth taler, and yet always uses a tremendous amount of spirit varnish on his oil paintings."

At the Children's Party.—Aunt: "What! Not have one of these nice cakes? How's that?"—Promising child (feebly): "F'lup."

In the Provinces.—The new Mayor (to the chief of the fire brigade): "I hope your men work well, Captain Higgins?"—Captains Higgins: "Well, your worship, I can hardly say that they do. You see, unfortunately, during the past year we have had very few fires."

Old Enough to be New.—Old sportsman: "My turn sir, I think?"—Surly imitation: "No, it's not; and what's more, I never give way to my inferiors."—Old sportsman (reining back): "I always do." [N.B.—Both were riding "chestnuts."]

A Pre-Cursory Cropper.—Miss Di (after Mr. Oldacres has remarked that he didn't think pretty women ought to ride alone): "There are plenty of women going about alone who are miles prettier than I am."—Young Bullion (who prides himself on saying neat things): "Yes, and miles uglier."

A Country Practice.—"Ho å's business?"—"Bad You see, the place is too near town. For instance, it was only the other day that old Lady Whittleposset instead of coming to me actually went up to London and paid three guineas to have a corn extracted. Why, dammy, I'd have mputated her foot for that."

At an "At Home."—She: "Who is that man with the long hair?"—He: "He's an awfully clever chap—a Doctor of Music."—She: "A doctor of music! How nice! Do you think he could tell me what's the matter with my banjo? I know it's out of order."

Father: "No, my son, human beings cannot see in the dark."—Little son: "Maud can."—Father: "What? Your sister?"—Little son: "Yes; the hall was dark last night, but she knew Mr. Jones had shaved his moustache before he said a worn about it."

The financial position in Newfoundland continues to cause much distress, but this is not the first time that difficulties have been experienced in connection with "the Banks of Newfoundland," as cod fishermen can testify.

After the Proposal.—Miss Million: "I'm sum are father won't let you marry me till you have made a good position for yourself."—Mr. Hardup: "But if I had thy good position, perhaps I might not want to be married."

Often Sober.—Wilkins (to applicant): "Yes, I, want a carter. The last man I had used to get drunk, and he had a smash-up yesterday. I must have a sober man. Are you sober?"—O'Connor: "Very often, your honour."

Possibilities.—First reformer: "After we close the public-houses and the music-halls, what will there be left for us to reform?"—Second ditto: "We might bring out theology up to date."

Mrs. R. wants to know where that old quotation come from, so applicable now— "And Freedom shrieked when Paderewski played!" Of course Freedom went into the free seats (if any) and shrieked with delight.

At the Fancy Ball.—"Good looks are not everything. Some plain girls make the best matches."—"Probably you contemplate becoming a duchess, my dear."

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINEANT.)

Thursday, 21st Feb.—

"Some like brandy,
Some like Ghee,
Some like water,
Clear like me"—

clear like the waters of a drinking fountain, when not wantonly disturbed or fouled. Two of these; a generous citizen offered to give us, one on Dadur Road and the other on New Sewri Road. Whether because New Sewri Road is already well off for water, or because its people have sworn, like our worthy M. C., not to touch a drop of it, or again because we never accept outside gifts, either of libraries or of fountains (fountains of learning or of water), except by halves, we decided upon having only one at the junction of Parel, Dadur and Bhoiwada. The people of Bombay, and their prototype in the animal world—the "dumb, driven cattle"—are thankful even for small mercies, and one is surely better than none. Nor is the one, in this instance, one too many. Water is a blessing, whatever Municipal Commissioners may say, and we can't have too much of *it*, though it is



THE MARCH TO THE BHIKHA BEHRAM WELL.

possible to have too much of *them*; water, Nature's own pure and unadulterated nectar, the only drink of the brute creation, taught by an unerring instinct to know the good from the bad, and of man, too, before civilisation deluged us with its thousand and one bottled decoctions in which lurk disease and death.

". . . . . . Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth:

If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boat's crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where truth is—in a well."

"Truth—in a well!" The words remind me



Drinoter Bombastes.

that after the peaceful spray of a playful fountain, we dashed into the stormy waters of a well—Bhikha Behram's well—the ownership of which has been for sometime the bone of contention. The Truth of it did indeed once seem to well up in the shape of a tablet, setting forth ownership, time, cost and all that. But the M. C. was too wary a bird to be caught with such chaff. His keen eye having detected in it an attempt to fabricate evidence, he removed the tablet forthwith. Or rather, he deputed his water-engineer (very appropriately, too, for who but one, accustomed to the limpid element, could dive into such depths) to remove it. He had done this, and would do it again, for he would be failing in his duty if he allowed additions or alterations to a well which, the Corporation's legal advisers had laid down, belonged to the Corporation and was under his sole control. He had asked the Police Commissioner to be present, in person or by proxy, to guard against a possible breach of the peace, for the Parsees were known to be dreadful fire-eaters, who wouldn't think twice before breaking their own, or, when they can, other people's heads, and the Police Commissioner had thought it his duty to comply in this instance, and would comply, if asked again. Further the M. C. declined to go into the matter. He wouldn't take even us into his confidence, for it would be folly to show one's hand to the other side, and if people felt aggrieved at, or questioned, his proceedings, there were


The lowing herd going to law.

the law courts open to them, where it was quite a luxury to him to go, armed, as he would be, with our purse. All this was very grand, quite after the M. C.'s known autocratic manner, somewhat too in the style of Bombastes Furioso, only instead of hanging up a pair


Wanting to know.

of boots and challenging people to displace them, he was prepared to have it out with those who would have the temerity to replace the removed tablet:—

"Whoso this tablet dares replace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face!—
Thus do I challenge all the Parsee race!"

It is, then, clearly going to be a case of law, and we must enlist ourselves under the M. C.'s banner, whether we will or no, and perhaps also pay through the nose, with our ayes as we have done on some previous occasions, unless (which is not likely) the well-people choose to let well alone. The autocrat is inexorable and refuses to admit the bare possibility of a settlement out of court. In consideration of our passive obedience to his will, he might have agreed to tone down the language of his report, which, to some of the most patriotic among us, seemed to cast an unmerited reflection on the known peaceful, law-abiding character of the Parsees. But no, the words were in the report, and there they must remain, irrevocable as the decree of fate! Poor Parsees! This is not the first time that they have been harshly treated by the rude insolence of power. And yet they allow themselves to be sat upon with all the yielding pliancy of a spring sofa!

We have granted the Commissioner a year's furlough from 6th April next, and his "friends and admirers" will soon be busy with memorial meetings and evening parties. Perhaps if the well is filled up at last, the vacant site may be used for his statue, a fitting companion to Sir Richard's on the opposite side.

A number of persons from Khetwady came up to us complaining of the drainage as a fruitful source of mortality in that locality. Mr. Roughton dismissed them with the remark that the remedy sought for was not "nominated in the bond," I mean, the budget, and there the matter ended. Something may be done for them another time. Until then, they must try and keep off death as they best can.

The vexed Police question again vexed our weary souls. Another little demand from the Government, who never are, but always to be, paid. Mr. Watcha grumbled, Mr. Cotton growled, even Mr. Cotton who had, some time since, assisted at the side-splitting farce shown up by Mr. Mehta. Dr. Cowasjee remarked that he had it on high authority that the Government had written to our President to know if the Corporation would join in an enquiry for the adjustment of the Police account. Here was hope at last, and we looked at our Chief, expecting to hear that the communication, referred to, had been handed to him on the memorable day on which he ushered us into the august presence of the two governors! But he knew of no such letter. Worse luck! "Who then was Dr. Cowasjee's informant?" asked Mr. K. M. Shroff, who is always wanting to know, you know. "Don't you wish you may know it," retorted the mocking doctor, and striking a dramatic attitude, with the thumb of his right hand resting on the tip of his nose and the remaining fingers extended like an open fan, he sang till our sides ached with laughter:—

"Under the tamarind tree,
By moon-shine alone,
Meet me by moon-shine alone,
And I will tell you the name."

(*Hindi Punch*, 3-3-95.)

CHOW-CHOW.

For a brief space of time all good folks must patiently put up with the foul odour that is now pervading the air. It is the season of the unholy Holi—the saturnalia during which is permitted, once a year, the flushing and cleansing of all moral impurities pent up and poisoning the system of the community for the past twelve months. The filth is perhaps not so offensive now as before, thanks to the cleansing and purifying processes at work. May the bonfires to be lit this evening burn to ashes all impurities that have defiled either mind or body of those that are to throng round it and shout and spurt out the foul things! To the guardians of the city's health, Mr. *Punch* would advise a visit from their clean and sweet residential quarters to the back-slums and squalid by-lanes of the native town, and for a day at least revel in dirt with the poor. It will open their eyes and broaden their minds with sympathy. And if they desire to learn and profit by their *Shimga* inspection tour, Mr. *Punch* would direct them to Khetwadi, the nether regions of *Urbs Primá in Indis.* A good ducking in the open side gutters or "elongated cess-pools" in the 3rd Lane of that neglected locality, will teach them a practical lesson in the art of constructing simple drains, not to speak of the still greater lesson in effective sanitation! In this wise, whilst they enjoy the revelry of the *dhūl* and the gutter with the enthusiastic devotees of *Shimga*, they will profit by instruction as well!

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Why is so much fuss made about the University hissing incident? Is unpopularity incompatible with great learning and an unimpeachable character? Have not greater men than our Vice-Chancellor been hooted before in civilized countries? You cannot clap with one hand. There is no smoke without fire. The "Harris Memorial" meeting and Convocation affair apart, was the feeling that found expression in hisses the other evening altogether absent before those events? In the horn of plenty—or a handár—the student world evidently misses something it would give much to find there!

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The spirit is once more abroad and bent upon mischief as in the days of the Arabian Nights. It is the life-blood of the Rajas and Chiefs of Hindustan that it is seeking to tap. O! for a charmed vessel bearing Solomon's seal or the mystic and potent letters "C. I. E." to shut up and stow away at the bottom of the Nerbudda that genius or "Jin" of Broach!

***

"By the bye, what sort of a relation is a dear-in-law?" asked Mrs. Ram of a friend who was visiting her. "I don't know, I'm sure. Who ever heard of such a thing?" "Why, didn't you read that Mr. Justice Jardine had been elected a dear-in-law?" "A Dean in law, you mean," kindly suggested the other. "By no means. I mean what I say. You smile, knowing how treacherous my memory always is. But if I am wrong this time, the fault is not mine, but

that of the paper." So saying, she proceeded to spread out the day's *Times of India*, trembling in spite of her confidence. But there was no need for it, for as sure as r is r, the paper showed that Mr. Justice Jardine had been elected a dear-in-law. "Ha!" said the friend, "I was mistaken. This is as it should be Mr. J. has always been dear in law, dear at one time to his clients, dear now to the legal faculty in particular and to the learned of this country in general."

(*Hindi Punch*, 10-3-95).

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

NURSERY RHYME FOR THE NEW WOMAN.

(When Literary.)

I HAD a brutal husband, as is our sex's doom,
I put him in a problem-novel; then I made it boom!
I bought a little "Log-roller" who twaddled up and down,
Discovered it, and slavered it, and made it take the town.
But meaner beauties of my sex declared I wore blue hose,
And at my Gospel of Revolt cocked each a pretty nose.

AN AUTHORITY ON FASHION.—Jones (who has come to stay the night at Little Peddlington Hall, and finds he's forgotten to bring his white ties): "I want some white evening ties, please."—The village draper: "I'm sorry we 'aven't got any in stock, sir. You see the white tie season has hardly commenced!"

A PROBLEM INCAPABLE OF SOLUTION.—She was going to take part in some private theatricals, and had a choice of three parts—a parlourmaid's, a hospital nurse's, and a widow's. As she looked equally charming in any one of three caps she would have to wear, she was sorely puzzled which part to select. N.B.—When last seen she was still doubtful.

THE SPORTING INSTINCT.—"Come along, Bobbie! Don't lag behind!"—"Wait a minute, mother. There are two soldiers going to meet. I just want to see the battle!"

FEDERATION FOR THE SNOW-SWEEPERS.—Leader: "Now, don't forget, the union rate of part is four pence a doorway. Any chap workin' for less is a bloomin' 'blackleg'!"

HE WONDERED WHY.—Juggins, jun.: "Are 'muffs' going out of fashion, Miss Brown-Jones?"—Miss B. J.: "I don't think so: I wish they were."

THE OYSTER'S COMPLAINT.

The melancholy oyster,
Turning in its bed,
Opened wide its mouth,
And thus the mollusc said:

"I know not where I are,
Nor do I ever see
What difference 'twixt *native*
And *settler* there can be.

"I'm sure I feel quite well,
However they may treat me,
And looking—well, so nice
That anyone might eat me.
"They say that I am bad,
But that is done to cozen,
For the sole complaint I suffer from
Is—four-and-six the dozen."

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.—10.20. Fell in with a chucker-out. 10.25. Fell out with a chucker-out. 10.30. Fell out with the assistance of a chucker-out.

THE NEW GENERATION.—Tommy: "Please, ma, give me a penny for charity."—Mother: "What charity?"—Tommy: "That poor man over there looks very cold and weary, and if I buy two ha'penny oranges he will feel more cheery and encouraged."

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS—AND DICTATORS.—Mr. O. P. Syde (after the rehearsal): "Where are you off to now?"—Miss Vera Barne-Stormer: "To the Mile End Athenæum, to read a paper on 'Imagination in Tights. And you?"—Mr. O. P. Syde: "Oh, I'm going home to prepare a lecture on 'Acting as a Divine Mission.'"

TOO EXACTING!

N. Love, if I work for you, think for you, fend for you.
Spend for you health, money prospects and time.
What will you give as a guerdon?
M. I'll mend for you
Buttonless shirts with devotion sublime.
N. Nay, will you come to me, cling to me, sing to me,
Bring to me all that I'm ordered to take,
If I am stricken with sickness?
M. A King to me,
Dearest, you'll be with the merest headache.
Aye, and I'll mourn for you, weep for you, sigh for you
Keep for you, widowed——
N. Your heart ever green?
M. Hardly so foolish, my love, but I'll buy for you
Such a fine headstone as never was seen.
N. Love, I will think of it, dream of it, hear of it,
Scheme of it, tho' I am bound to confess,
Saving your presence, that now the idea of it
Isn't so pleasant as—
M. When I said yes?

THE Khedive's infant daughter has been named Emina. Emina suggests Emin, and Emin does not suggest anything of particularly good omen for Egyptians. We hope the name will bring its owner luck; but it is not exactly *de bon aloi*.

THE NEW SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—Lady T.: "Well, good-bye, my dears; I leave my character behind me—(loud laughter)—which is more than some of you can do, for they've gone before."

SHE: "I hear Mrs. Allshaw is going to enter the lecture field. Has she had any experience?"—He: "Oh, yes, rather. Her husband's been a member of the Cannibal Club for over 10 years."

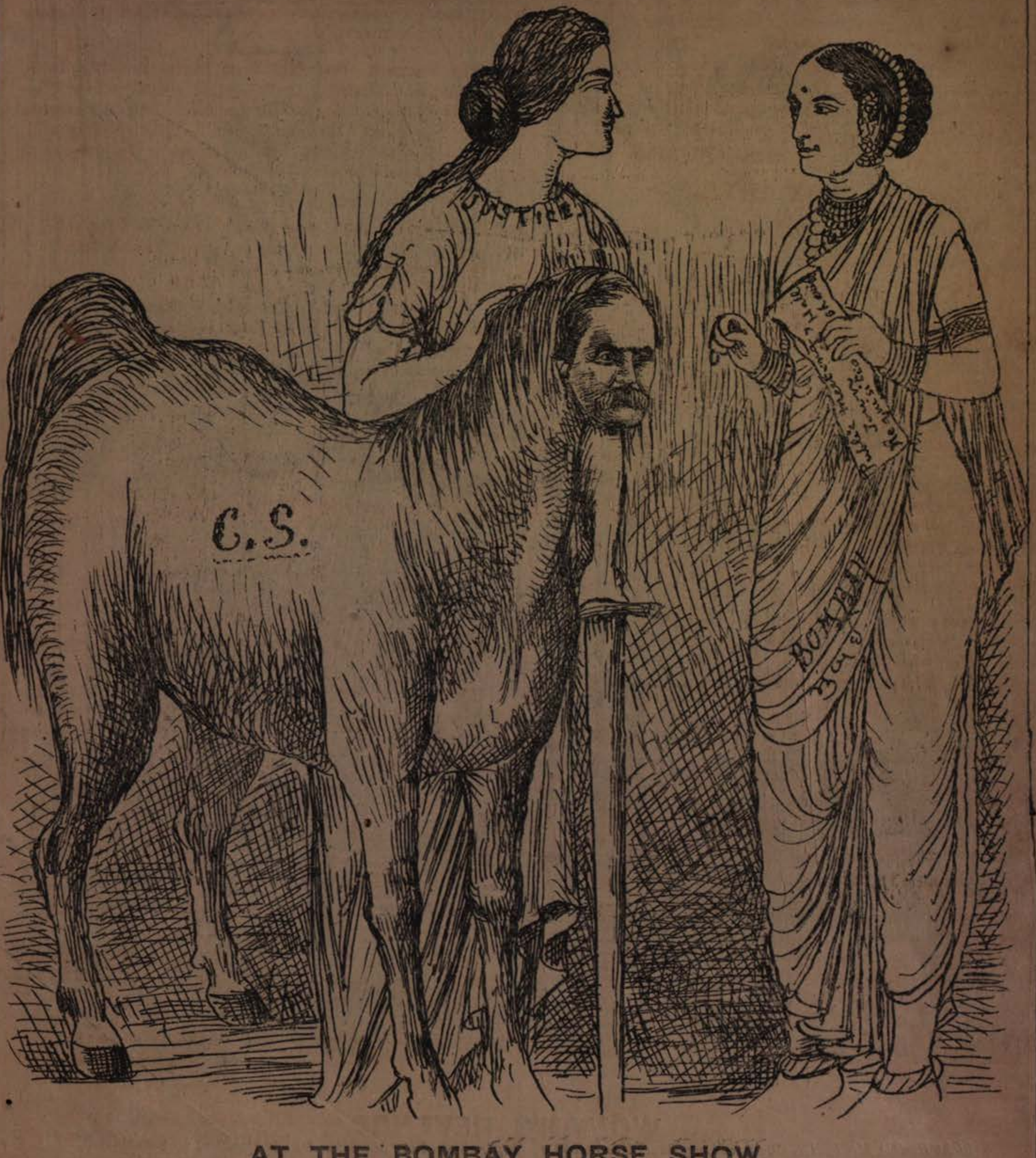
THE Lord Chief Justice is among those who have lately resigned membership of the Jockey Club. In fact, it is the Russell of the leaves.

DURING the frost, in the fish-market, there has been no change in the price of soles; but it may be noticed that skates have been in exceptional demand.

AT THE BALL.—He: "Won't your *fiance* be jealous at this interview?"—She: "Not when he sees who I'm with."

MAUD: "What did you do when he kissed you?"—Ethel: "I was up in arms in a moment"

A STANDING grievance: That of shop girls who are not allowed to sit down during the day.



AT THE BOMBAY HORSE SHOW.

Miss Justitia—My "Sargent" is a fine thorough-bred English horse and I have always relied on him.

Miss Bombay—And I've selected him for the first prize, m'am. He is my prime favourite, and receives his due at my hands.

[The inhabitants of Bombay will assemble in a public meeting, to be called at the Town Hall by the Sheriff, to do public honours to Sir Charles Sargent, the Chief Justice of the Bombay High Court, who retires next month.]

મુંબઈમાં થયલાં ઘોડાના પ્રદર્શનમાં.

મીસ જસ્ટીશીયા—મારો "સારજંટ" ઘણો અછો, પુખત અને ખરાં અંગ્રેજ લોહીનો ઘોડો છે, અને ઈનસાફના મેદાનમાં મેં હંમેશાં ઉપર ભરૂસો રાખ્યો છે.

મીસ મુંબઈ—અને મેં એને પેહેલાં ઈનામને લાયકનો ધારીને પસંદ કીધો છે, બાઈ સાહેબ. એ સરવેમાં મારો માનીતો છે, અને એને લાયકનો બદલો હું એને આપું છું.

[મુંબઈની હાઈ કોરટનો વડો જડજ સર ચારલસ સારજંટ આવતે મહીનેથી ઓધો છોડી જતો હોવાથી તેને જાહેર માન આપવાને મુંબઈના રેહેવાસીઓની એક જાહેર સભા શેરીફની મારફતે અતરેના ટાઉન હાલમાં [illegible] આવનાર છે.]



WOMAN'S REVENGE.

Right Hon'ble Mr. Fowler—Well, well, my dear, I've helped you to the best of my power, and I have tried to do your rival Hind as much injustice as I decently could !

Miss Cottonopolis—No, sir ! You ought to have allowed me the whole hog ! But now that I find you've trifled with my wishes and—and—my commands, I'll have my revenge at the poll *!*

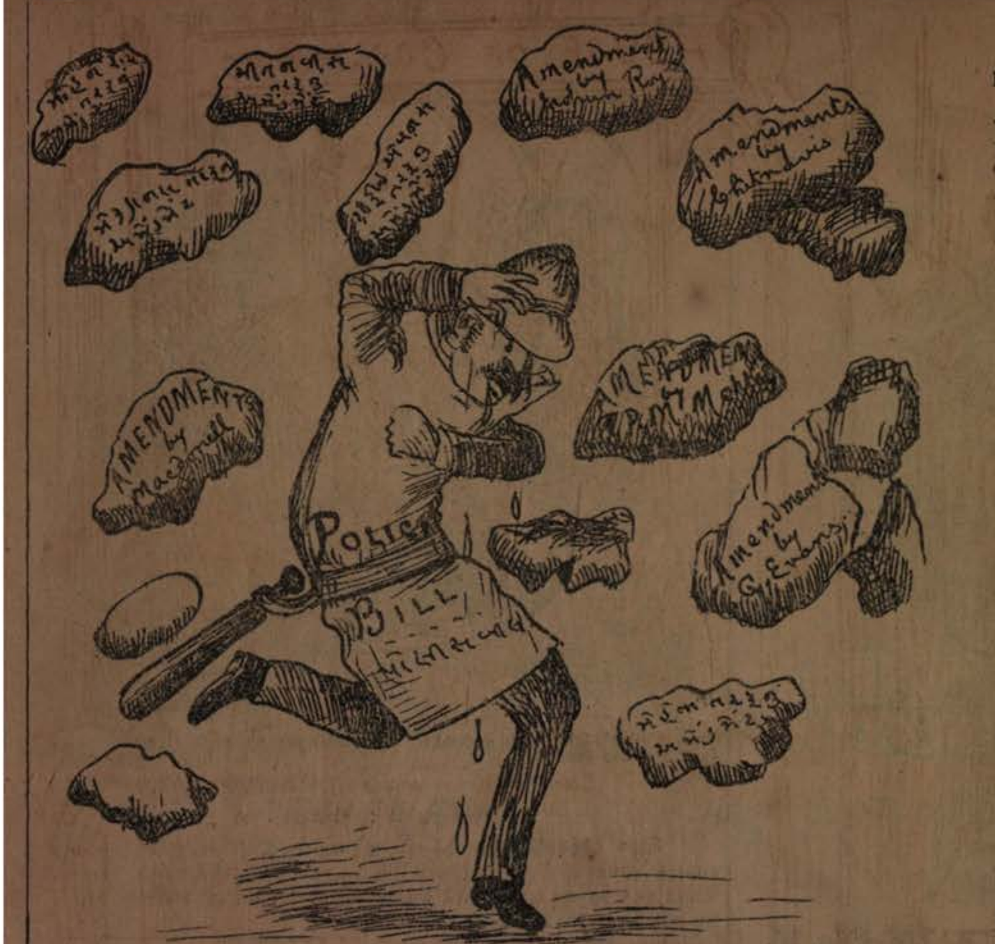
[The agitation against the Indian import duty on cotton goods is gathering force in Lancashire and threatens considerable embarrassment to the Liberal Government. There is little doubt that many votes will be lost in Lancashire to the Liberal party at the next General Election. The voting on the cotton duties question in the House of Commons on the 21st February last showed that 109 members voted against the re-imposition of the duties. All the members,—Liberals, Conservatives and Unionist—representing Lancashire, combined together with a view to bring pressure on the Ministers.]

ઓરતનો કીનો.

રાઈટ આનરેબલ મી૦ ફાઉલર—અરે, અરે, મારી વાહાલી, તું એમ ગુસો ના કર ! જો, મેં તો તારે માટે બનયું તેટલું બધું કીધું છે, અને મારે હાથે સાર રીતે જેટલોબી થઈ શકે એટલો બધો ગેરઈનસાફ તારી હરીફ હીંદને કરવામાં મેં કશું બાકી રાખ્યું નથી !

મીસ કાટનોપોલીસ—નહી ! તેં બધુંજ મારી મરજી પરમાણેનું કરવું જોઈતું હતું ! પણ હવે હું જોઈ ચુકી કે તેં મારી ઈછાઓનોજ નહી પણ વળી સાથે સાથે મારા—અં—મારા હુકમોનોબી અનાદર કીધો છે ! એ બધાનો તુને બદલો આપવો પડશે અને હું મારો કીનો આવતી ચુંટણી વેળા લેવા વગર રેહેવશ નહી !

[લેનકેશાયરનાં કાપડ સુતર ઉપર નાખવામાં આવેલી અયાત જગાત સામેની ઉસકેરણી ત્યાં વધતીજ જાય છે, અને પારલામેંટની આવતી ચુંટણી વેળા લીબરલ પક્ષને ઘણાં મત ખોવાં પડશે એ ચોકસ દીસે છે.]



STONED—BUT NOT TO DEATH!

"Oh for a hand to crush the life out of him!"

[The obnoxious Police Amendment Bill, which has created a deal of opposition in all parts of India, was passed in the Viceregal Council on the 28th Feb. last after having been hotly discussed. While the amendments proposed by the Hon'ble Mr. Mehta, Hon'ble Mr. Chitnavis, and Hon'ble Babu Mohiny Mohan Roy were either lost or withdrawn, those proposed by Sir Griffith Evans and Sir Antony MacDonnell were agreed to.]

પથરનો વરસાદ વરસયો–પણ મુવો નહી!

અરે કોઈ એવો છુટા હાથે પથર નહી મારે કે એની જીંદગીનો આંકોજ આવી જાય!"

[પોલીસને લગતા કાયદામાં સુધારો કરવાનું બીલ, જેની વીરૂધ આખા હીંદુસ્તાનમાં ભારે ચરચા ચાલી છે, તે ઉપર જબરી ગરમાગરમ તકરાર ચાલવા પછી ગઈ તા૦ ૨૮ મી ફેબર તે વાઈસરાયની ધારા સભામાં પસાર કરવામાં આવયું છે. તેના સંબંધમાં આનરેબલ મી૦ મેહેતા, આનરેબલ મી૦ ચીતનવીસ, અને આનરેબલ બાબુ મોહીની મોહનરાયે જે અમેંડમેંટો રજુ કીધાં હતાં તે રદ ગયાં હતાં અથવા પાછાં ખેંચી લેવામાં આવયાં હતાં, પણ સર ગ્રીફીથ એવનસ અને સર એનટની મેકડાનલે રજુ કીધેલાં પસાર થયાં હતાં.]

"ARE you comin' 'ome?"—"I'll do ellythik you *like* in reasol, M'ria—(*hic*)—Bur I *won't* come 'ome."

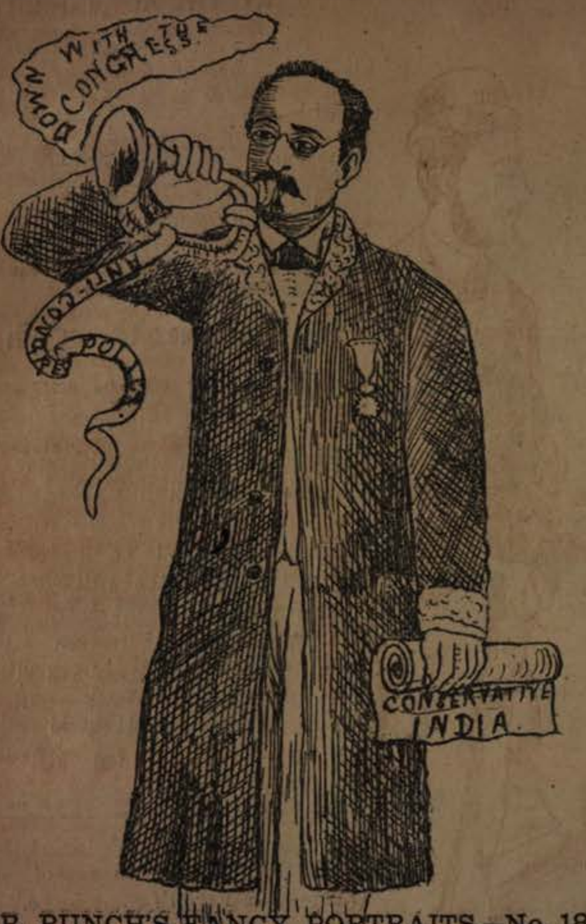


ROAD-WATERING IN BOMBAY ON THE NEW SYSTEM.

Every new reform has its blessings,—and curses too! Poor Mr. and Mrs. Mehelashah! They had dressed for the Art Exhibition, and were going to enjoy Art, when their ardour is unexpectedly damped by a cool bath!

નવી રૂઢી પર મુંબઈમાં સીપવામાં આવતું પાણી.

બા દરેક નવો સુધારો કરીયે તેનાં સુખની સાથે દુખભી લાગેલાં હોયજ હોય તો! ગરીબ બીચારા મી૦ અને મીસીસ મેહેલ્લાશાહ! તેઓ આરટ એકઝીબીશનમાં જવા માટે ભપકો કરીને ઘેરથી નીકળયાં, અને ચીત્રકળાની મોજ ભોગવવા માટે બહુજ ઉલટમાં હતાં, પણ નખોદ જાય એના પાણી સીપનારનું તે, તેણે તેઓ ઉપર થંડાં પાણીનો ઝારો છોડી દઈને તેઓની ઉલટને થંડીગારજ કરી નાખી!



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 18.

MR. MUNCHERJEE MERWANJEE BHOWNAGREE, C. I. E.,

"A Conservative Parliamentary candidate from India!"

મી૦ પંચના ફ્રેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાં૦ ૧૮.

મી૦ મંચેરજી મેરવાનજી ભાવનગરી, સી. આઇ. ઈ.,

"હીંદુસ્તાન તરફથી પારલામેંટ મારેનો કન્સરવેટીવ ઊમેદવાર!"



RAMMED!

[The Police Amendment Bill having been severely criticised by the Press, the power to exempt persons or classes or sections of inhabitants from bearing the cost of additional police or paying compensation has been transferred from the Police authorities to the Local Government.]

ધક્કાપર ધક્કા!

ખુબ મજબુત ઘાલ્યો તો ખરો, પણ—?

[પોલીસને લગતા કાયદામાં સુધારો કરવાના ખરડા સામે હીંદી છાપાએ બહુ સખત ટીકા કરવાથી તેમાં ફેરફાર કરવામાં આવ્યો છે, અને પરજાના જુદાપણા ઉપર છુટ્ટા મેજીસ્ટરેટોને સતા આપવાને બદલે સ્થાનીક સરકારના હાથમાં તે મેલવાની ગોઠવણ તેમાં કરવામાં આવી છે.]

BUTTER

Sha Butterdass—Here's butter,—purest, softest and sweetest—for you, sir! I



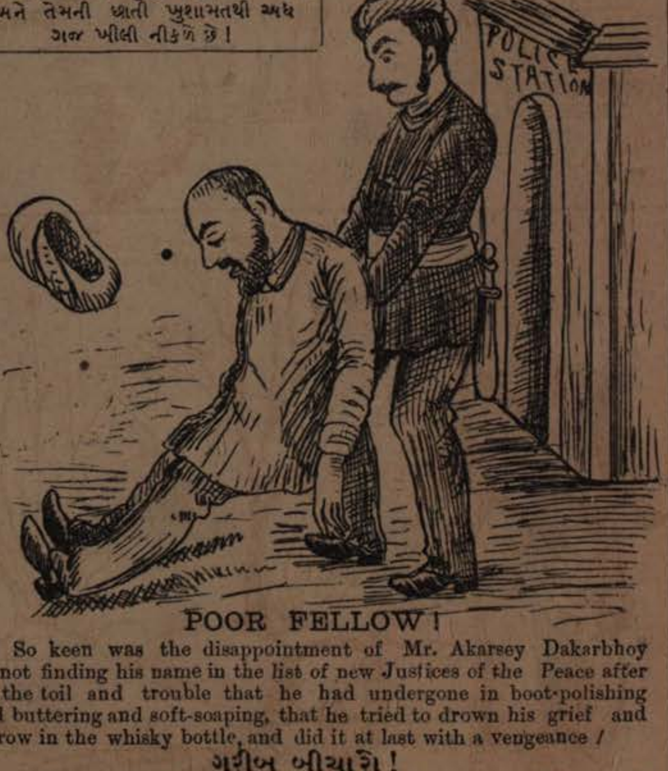
hope it will delight saheb, and saheb will butter me up and get me elected a Justice of the Peace!

[*Mr. Soft Soape is extremely delighted and feels highly flattered!*

મસકો લેરે મસકો!

શા૦ મસકાદાસ—શાએબને માટે આ બહુ ઊંચું, સોજું, મીઠું અને નરમાનરમ માખણ લાવ્યો છું! શાએબને તેથી બહુ આનંદ થશે, અને શાએબ મારા જેવા પોતાના દાસને માખણ લગાડીને તેને જસ્ટીસ આફ ધી પીસ બનાવવા ભલામણ કરશે તો બહુ બહુ ઉપકાર થશે!

[મી૦ સાફ્ટ-સોપ બહુ હરખે હરખાઈ જાય છે અને તેમની છાતી ખુશામતથી અધ ગજ ખીલી નીકળે છે!



POOR FELLOW!

So keen was the disappointment of Mr. Akarsey Dakarbhoy at not finding his name in the list of new Justices of the Peace after all the toil and trouble that he had undergone in boot-polishing and buttering and soft-soaping, that he tried to drown his grief and sorrow in the whisky bottle, and did it at last with a vengeance!

ગરીબ બીચારો!

જસ્ટીસ આફ ધી પીસ થવા માટે મહીના ને મહીના ને વરસ સુધી જુટીઓ ઝાટકી, ઘેરેઘર ધક્કા ખાધા, માખણપર માખણ લગાડયું અને બહુ બહુ ઢોંગ ધતુરા ચલાવ્યા, પણ ગરીબ બીચારા મી૦ અકરસી ડકરભાઈનું નામ નવા જસ્ટીસોનાં બાહાર પાડવામાં આવેલાં લાસ્ટમાં તો મળેજ નહીં! તે જોઈને તે બીચારાની નાઉમેદી અને નીરાસીનો કંઈ પારજ રહયો નહી, જેથી પોતાની દલગીરી અને ગમગીનીને વીસકીની બાટલીમાં ડુબાડી દેવાનીજ તેણે કોશેશ કીધી, અને તેમાં ભારે ફતેહ સાથ તે પાર પડયો!



AT THE ART EXHIBITION.

Scene—Corridor of the Council Hall.

Homee—Splendid pictures! You're quite charmed, are you not?

Jari—Certainly. I wish I were an artist of the type of Mrs. Uloth or Ravi Varma.

Homee—You might have been one if you had utilized a few hours from the time you have been wasting on your toilet.

Jari—Well, that is Art too in a sense. It's not every one that can dress tastefully, and my time too may be said to have been well spent.

ચીત્રોનાં પ્રદરશનમાં.

દેખાવ—સેક્રેટરીએટના કાઉનસીલ હાલની અગાસી.

હોમી—કેમ પીકચરો કેવાં છે? તે જોઇ ને તું તો ખુશજ થઈ ગઈ હોસે.

જરી—ખચીતજ. હું બી મીસીસ. યુલોથ કે રવી વરમા જેવાં ચીતરો પારતી હોતે તો કેવું મજેનું!

હોમી—તું તો ઘણી હુસીયાર આરટીસ્ટ થતે, પણ જો તારો વખતજ તું ખાલ હોરવા માં ને દરેસ કરવામાં ગુમાવે નહીં તો!

જરી—ને તેબી એક આરટીસ્ટના "આ રટ" ના જેવોજ હુનર છે. કંઈ દરેક જણથી સારા ટેસ્ટ અને અછી છટાથી દરેસ થઈ શકે તો નથી હું. ને હું તેની પાછલ જે વખત કહાડું છું તે કંઈ અમસ્તો નથી. તેબી એક હુનર ખીલવવા પાછળજ જાય છ!



THE HISSING SERPENT.

The girl needn't be afraid, for the little serpent only hisses, but is powerless to poison and kill.

[The responsible heads of the Conservative party have sanctioned the candidature of Mr. Muncherjee Merwanjee Bhownuggree, C. I. E., in the Unionist interest at the forthcoming General Election. In an interview with a representative of the *St James's Budget*, Mr. Bhownuggree said, "I have a profound conviction of the mischief which is being done by those who are the adherents of the (Indian National) Congress to the cause of order and good government by their unmerited abuse of officials and their unreasoning opposition to Government measures."]

ફુંફારા મારતો સરપ.

એ બાપાડી ગરીબ અબલાને બીહવાની કંઈજ જરૂર નથી, કારણ એ નાનકડો સરપ માત્ર ફુંફાડાજ મારે છે, પણ તે ઝેર દેવા કે ડંખ મારીને મારી નાખવાને અશકત છે.

[પારલામેંટના આવતી ચુંટણીમાં કનસરવેટીવ તરફના એક ઉમેદવાર તરીકે મી૦ મંચેરજી મેહેરવાનજી ભાવનગરી સી. આઈ. ઈ. ને કનસરવેટીવ પક્ષના આગેવાનોએ કબુલ રાખ્યા છે. "સેંટ જેમસીસ બજેટ" ના એક પરતીનીધી સાથ વાતચીત કરતાં મી૦ ભાવનગરીએ જણાવ્યું હતું કે, "હીંદી નેશનલ કાનગરેસના લાગતાવળગતાઓ સરકારી અમલદારોને અઘટીત રીતે ગાળ ભાંડીને અને સરકારનાં કામો સામે ખોટા વીરૂધતા બતાવીને સુલેહશાંતી અને સારી રીતે રાજ ચલાવવાના કામમાં જે નુકસાન કરે છે તે વીષે મારી પકી ખાતરી થઈ છે."]



THE ART EXHIBITION.

Mr. Punch—I am quite pleased, nay charmed, with your work and industry, and I wish you and yours a bright future.

[The annual Art Exhibition, held at the Secretariat under the auspices of the Bombay Art Society and closed on the 2nd March, was a great success this year.]

મુંબઈનું ચીત્રોનું પ્રદરશન.

મી૦ પંચ—(મુંબઈની આરટ સોસાયટીને) તારૂં કામ અને તારો ઊદયોગ જોઈ હું બેહદ ખુશ થયો છું એટલુંજ નહી, પણ મોહીત થયો છું, અને હું તારે અને તારાં સરવેને માટે ચળકતું ભવીષ વરતું છું.

[મુંબઈની આરટ સોસાયટી તરફનું સેક્રેટરીયટમાં ભરવામાં આવેલું વારસીક ચીતરોનું પરદરશન જે ગઈ તા૦ ૨ જી મારચે બંધ થયું છે, તે આ વરસે બહુ ફતેહમંદ ઉતરયું છે.]



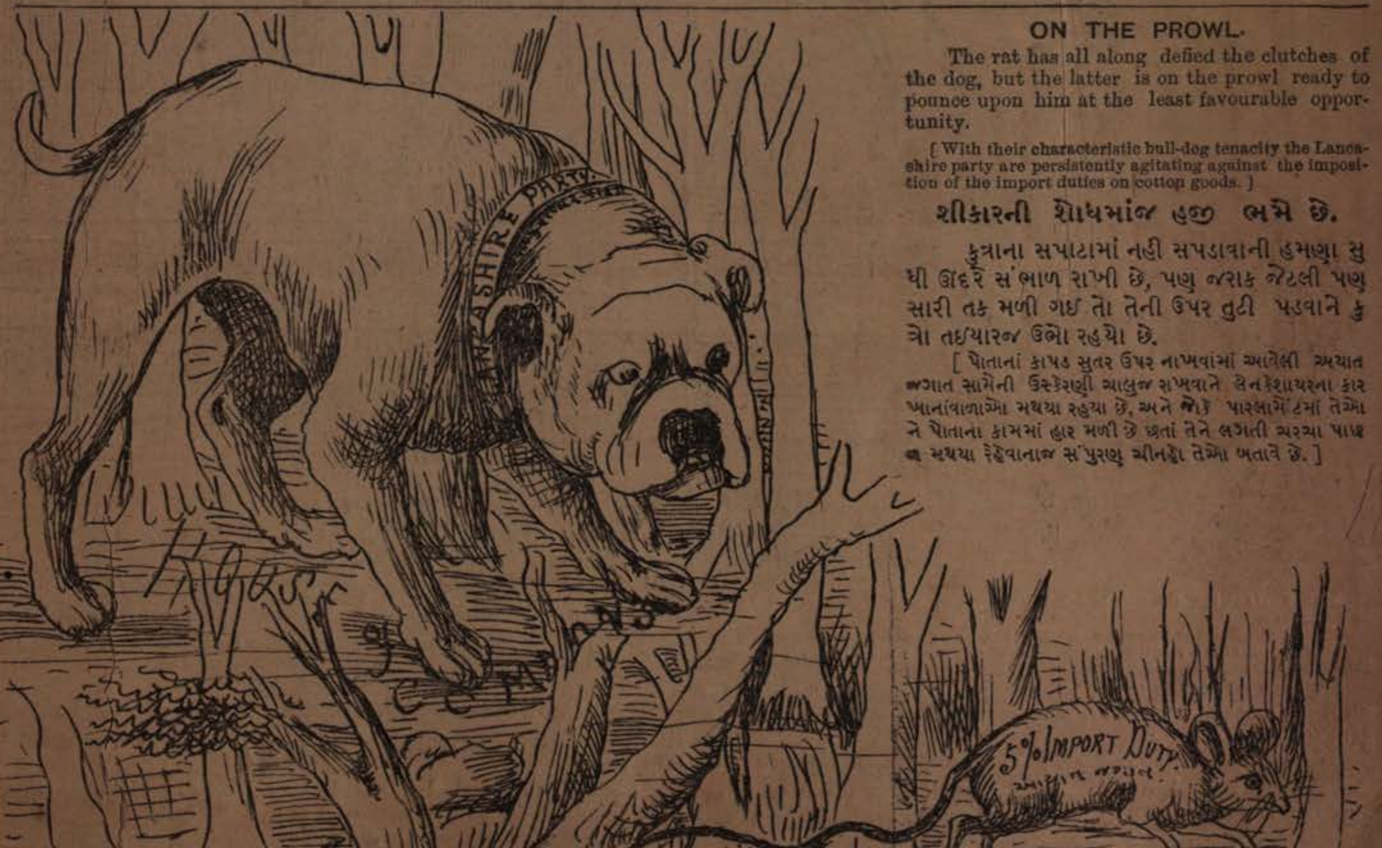
AN OFFERING TO THE *HOLI KOOND.*

[Under the auspices of the Junior Constitutional Club, Lord Cross presiding, Mr. Muncherjee Merwanjee Bhownaggree delivered an address on Conservative India, in which he ran down the Indian National Congress and abused the Congress adherents, apparently to his heart's content and to that of his hearers.]

હોળીના ખાડા માટે હોળીનું નાળીયર.

[લાર્ડ ક્રાસના પ્રમુખપણાં તળે જુનીયર કાનસ્ટીટયુશનલ કલ્બમાં મી૰ મંચેરજી મેહેરવાનજી ભાવનગરીએ "અસલી વીચારનું હીંદુસ્તાન" એ વીષય ઉપર એક ભાષણ આપયું હતું, જેમાં તેઓએ હીંદી નેશનલ કાનગ્રેસને સારી પઠે ઝાટકવાની અને તેને પસંદ કરનારાઓને પેટભરતી ગાળ દેવાની તક લીધી હતી.]

FIRST GIRL: "When are you 'coming out'?" —Second Girl: "Just as soon as I grow into mamma's dresses."



ON THE PROWL.

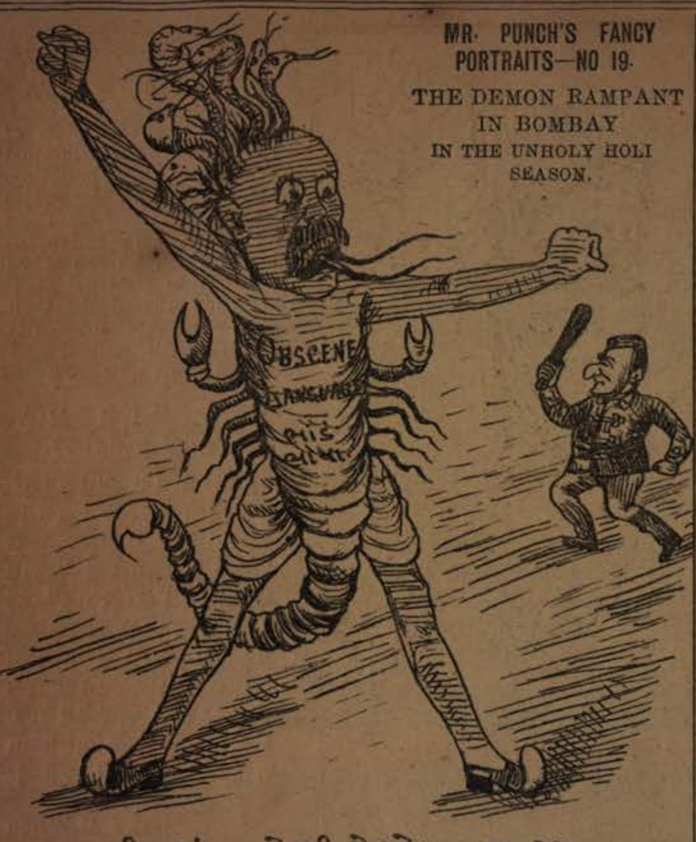
The rat has all along defied the clutches of the dog, but the latter is on the prowl ready to pounce upon him at the least favourable opportunity.

[With their characteristic bull-dog tenacity the Lancashire party are persistently agitating against the imposition of the import duties on cotton goods.]

શીકારની શેાધમાંજ હજી ભમે છે.

કુત્રાના સપાટામાં નહી સપડાવાની હમણા સુધી ઊંદરે સંભાળ રાખી છે, પણ જરાક જેટલી પણ સારી તક મળી ગઈ તેા તેની ઉપર તુટી પડવાને કુત્રેા તઈયારજ ઉભેા રહયેા છે.

[પેાતાનાં કાપડ સુતર ઉપર નાખવાંમાં આવેલી અયાત જગાત સામેની ઉશ્કેરણી ચાલુજ રાખવાને લેનકેશાયરના કારખાનાંવાળાઓ મથયા રહયા છે, અને જોકે પારલામેંટમાં તેઓને પેાતાના કામમાં હાર મળી છે છતાં તેને લગતી ચરચા પાછા મથયા રેહેવાનાજ સંપુરણ ચીનહેા તેઓ બતાવે છે.]



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS—NO 19.
THE DEMON RAMPANT IN BOMBAY IN THE UNHOLY HOLI SEASON.

મી૰ પંચના ફેનસી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાં૰ ૧૯.

હોળીની અપવીત્ર મોસમમાં મુંબઈની નીતીભરેલી હવાને પોતાના ઝેરી દમથી ખરાબ કરનારો

નીતીભ્રષ્ટ રાક્ષસ.



MRS. POTIANDASS, the wife of a J. P., has taken Master Potiandass to the hair-dresser's.

Master P.—Boo-hoo !-Boo-hoo-oo ! Boo-hoo-oo-oo,oo-oo-oo !

Mrs. P.—Do it very gently, please, so as not to make the boy cry. Like his father, he carries a very soft head on his shoulders !

મુંબઈના જસ્ટીસ આફ ધી પીસ મી૰ પોતીયાંદાષનાં ધણીયાણી મીસીસ પોતીયા હાથ પોતાના લાડકવાયા [illegible]રીયા માસ્ટર પોતીયાંદાષને બાલ કાપનારા વેલાતી હજામની દુકાને લઈ ગયાં છે.

મસ્ટર પોતીયાં—બુ-હુઉ! બુ-હુઉ-હુઉ! બુ-હુ-ઉ-ઉ-ઉ-ઉ-ઉ-ઉ-ઉ-ઉ

મીસીશ પોતીયા—અરે ભાઈ, જરા હળવેથી ચલાવ કે મારો પોરીયો રડે નહી! એનુ માથુ બહુ પોચું છે એના બાપાના જવુંજ! એના બાપાના માથાને પણ જરાએ આંગલી ન લગડાય, તે એનુ પણ એવુંજ છે!



COMING DOWN GRACEFULL[Y].

A THRILLING FEAT THAT HAS SECURED THE ADM[IR]ATION OF THE WORLD.

[After a series of successes the Japanese Government has [al]lowed peace negotiations to be opened, and the Viceroy Li-Hung-Chang [ha]s started for Japan, via Tientsin, the Japanese Government having accepted h[is c]redentials.]

આખી દુનયામાં હેરત ઉપજાવી રહેલી એક[ર]માહ ભારત જેપાનીસ કસરત.

આ કસરત કરનારી બહાદુર જેપાનીસ ખેલાડીની હેરત[ન]ઈને તેણીનાં માન, આબરૂ અને શોભામાં આખી દુન્યામાં જેવો [તે]વો વધારો થયો નથી.

[ચીનાઓ ઉપર સીલસીલાબંધ ફતેહો મેળવ્યા પછી સુલેહના ઠેકરાવો કરવાને લગતા સંદેશા ચલાવવા દેવાને જેપાનની સરકાર કબુલ થઈ છે, અને [ત]ે ટાનટસીનને મારગે જેપાન જવાને ચીનાઈ સરકાર તરફનો પરતીનીધી લીહુંગચંગ ઉ[પડી] ચુકયો છે.]



PICK-ME-UP.

Peelee—Why, M e h e r i, what's the matter? You don't look very well. You're seedy and cross.

Meheri—Want of work. I don't know what to do with myself.

Peelee—Don't you! Then pick this up of a Sunday, and you will find in it a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

પીલી—એ તુને શું થયું, મેહેરી ? કંઈ તારા જીવ બીવને સારૂં નથી સું ? એમ બધાં સાગે ચીથરાં સાના ફેરથા કરેચ ને કુબ્જી થઈને સાની બેસેચ ?

મેહેરી—તો કરૂં સું ?-કંઈ કામકાજ નહી મળે તે !

પીલી—તો કામકાજ નહી હેય તો આગ્મે પંચ વાંચતી કાંય નહી ? દર આતવારે એ વાંચયા કરસે તો બધું તારૂં દુખ દરદ દૂર થઈ જસે આખો દાહાડો હસતો રમતો જસે, ને એવું સોવઈ જસે કે બસ નહી. વખત કેમ પસાર થસે તેબી જ ણાસે નહી.

IT is sad to see family relics sold at auction; but the most painful thing under the hammer is generally your thumb-nail.

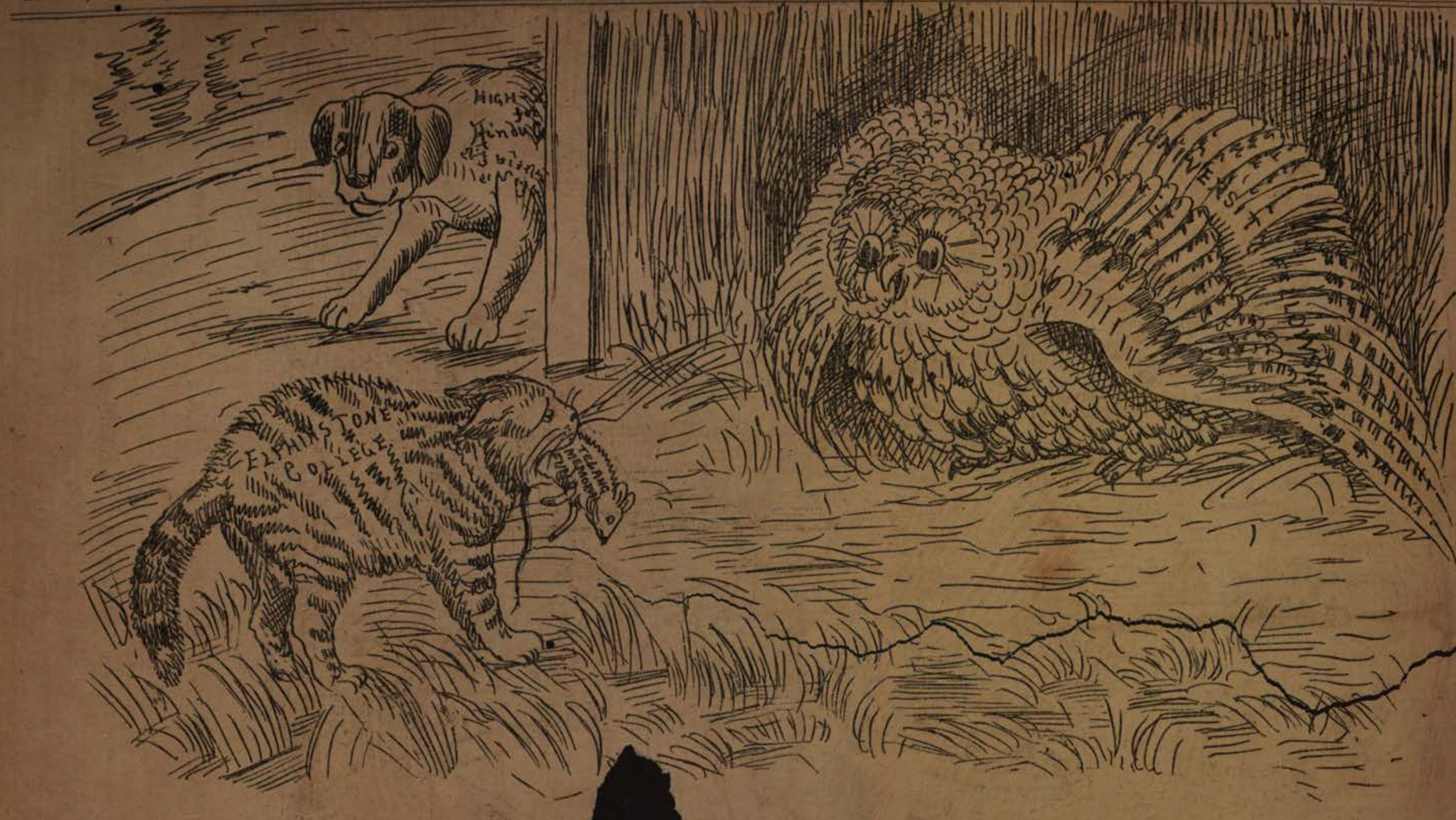


STABBED IN THE CRADLE

[The Bill to amend certain sections of the Civil Procedure Code and disallowing imprisonment as a mode of the enforcement of decrees for the restitution of conjugal rights has been abandoned by the Viceregal Council, the Select Committee having reported that several sections of the community strongly objected to th e proposed change. The *Indian Spectator*, the champion of the Bill, is very wroth at this result.]

હાય! હાય! હજી તો પોરીયો પાલણામાં પોઢે તેટલાંજ તેને પોંહોંતો કરી દીધો!

[શાહાદવાટને લગતા મુકદમાઓમાં કોરટના હુકમનો અનાદર કરનારી બાયડી કે ભરતારને તુરંગની સજા કરવાને લગતી જે સતા સીવીલ પરોસીડયર કોડમાં જાજ્યોને આપવામાં આવી છે, તે કહાડી નાખવાને લગતો કાયદાનો ખરડો વાઇસરાયની ધારાસભામાં લાવવામાં આવ્યો હતો. પણ એનો ફેરફાર કરવાની સામે હીંદુઓનુ સખત મત હોવાથી સીલેકટ કમીટીએ તે ખરડાની વીરૂધ રીપોર્ટ કીધો હતો, જેથી તે પડતો નાખવામાં આવ્યો છે. "ઇંડીયન સ્પેકટેટર," જેણે આ ખરડાની ભારે હીમાયત કીધી હતી, તે આ પરીણામથી બહુ ગુસ્સે થઈ ગયું છે.]



BETWEEN TWO FOES.

[*With apologies.*]

[It has been for the present decided to ut[illegible] the Telang Memorial Fund in adding a wing to the Elphinstone College quarters if the Government give exactly half the sum for the purpose. There were proposals for utilising the fund for a High School for Hindu Girls and for founding University fellowships; but they have fallen to the ground for the present.]

બે દુશમનોની વચે.

[મરહુમ મી૦ જસટીસ કાશીનાથ ત્રીમબક તેલંગની યાદગારીનાં ફંડનો એવો ઉપયોગ કરવાનું હાલ તુરત ઠરાવવામાં આવ્યું છે કે, જો સરકાર અરધા પઇસા આપે તો એલફીનસ્ટન કાલેજના વીદ્યારથીઓ માટેનાં રેહેઠાણમાં એક નવી ઇમારતનો ઉમેરો કરવાને એ ફંડનાં નાણાં ખરચવાં. હીંદુ છોકરીઓ માટે એક હાઇ સ્કુલ ઉભી કરવા અને યુનીવરસીટીના સંબંધમાં ફેલોશીપ સ્થાપવાની દરખાસ્તો બાહેર મેલવામાં આવી હતી, પણ હાલ તુરત તે ભોંયે પડી છે.]



A VERY MISCHIEVOUS PLAY WITH CHINA.

[After capturing Ping Yang, Port Arthur, Wei-hie-Wei, &c., the victorious Japanese have crowned their series of successes against the Chinese by the capture of New Chang.]

ચીનીકામના કકડા બુકલા.

[પીંગ–યાંગ, પોરટ આરથર, વે–હાઇ–વે, ઇત્યાદીનો કબજો લેવા પછી ફતેહમંદ જેપાનીસોએ ન્યુચાંગના બંદરનો હમણા કબજો લીધો છે, અને તેમ કરીને ચીનાઓ સામેની પોતાની સીલસીલાબંધ ફતેહોને સંપુરણ કરી છે.]



THE HOLI CAVALCADE OR *VARGHODA* IN BOMBAY: 10TH MARCH, 1895.

Purifying the unholy Holi and restoring the harmless *Vasantotasava* of the Aryas.

મુંબઈમાં હોળીનો વરઘોડો : તા૦ ૧૦ મી મારચ, ૧૮૯૫.

અપવીત્ર હોળીને પવીત્ર કરી, આરયોનાં નીરદોષ વસંતઓત્સવને પાછો હસ્તીમાં લાવવાની કોશેશ સફળ થાઓ !

WHY do the Chinese and Japanese at the present moment represent a remnant sale at milinery establishment?—Because they are ready for pie(a)ce negotiation.

THE BEST INDIAN HALF-AND-HALF—*Professor Bhandarkar's Double Convocation.*

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 7th March.—Mr. Lee-Warner's able ventriloquist, who has been making it unusually hot for some persons over at Calcutta, applied for another month's leave of absence, which we readily granted, although we cannot very well spare him, for we thought it would be cruel to take him away from the sparring he is managing with such consummate tact. We hope he may be able to come to us at the house-warming next month, when he may depend upon a warm reception. We refixed those venerable fixtures—our ancient auditors—to go through another year's accounts for us. They are so used to our ways and we to theirs, that it would be a pity to change them.



Fearless and bold.

"The stone that is rolling can gather no moss,
For master and servant oft changing is loss."

An attempt was made to give to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name," but the Government had no specially qualified air analyst to send us, and while we were looking about for one in other directions, Dr. Viegas, always eager to air his superior knowledge, told us that an analysis of air would not assist sanitary schemes—unless built in the air. We therefore dropped our search for the analyst, but soon found that we had not quite done with air, for currents of it flowed from the direction of Dr. Katruck, and in such quantities that for the moment we were confounded and confused. Armed with ventilating shafts, and vent pipes and double-chambered ventilators, he blew loud and hard, blew 72 per cent. of winds from this quarter and 82 per cent. of winds from that quarter, and wound up with any number of influences, all bearing on the sewers of Bombay. Altogether a most formidable *influenzal* business, which, though it would mostly fall on the Commissioner, made us to shiver and shake, to shake and shiver till we almost worked ourselves into a fever. Dr. Katruck himself, wholly occupied with the production of gases, had no eye for us, but the other doctors soon discovered that it was a touch of the influenza—the fashionable globe-trotter who has come over to us on a flying visit from England. Only a touch, the further development of which was happily checked by Dr. Katruck's having been prevailed upon to bottle up his influenzes until the Commissioner has reported on the report of the House-connection Committee.

Another circumstance, which tended to cool down our fever, was the consideration of an elaborate report on the construction of cold rooms at the Crawford Market. Mr. Hamilton, having noticed the destruction of large quantities of food and vegetables for want of such rooms, had suggested the enquiry, and Mr. Cuffe, though against any very large outlay, would certainly try them on a small scale, if only for securing a regular supply of fish all the year round. Dr. Cowasjee, who did not appear to be particularly hard up for this article of food, wanted no cool rooms, and Mr. Cotton, cool as cucumber, being of the opinion that it was rather cool asking the Municipality to undertake what was clearly the business of private individuals, the report was simply recorded, or pigeon-holed, as Mr. Cuffe sorrowfully put it. No great hardship, however, fortunately, for strange and incredible though it may sound for the climate of Bombay, we are going to have a rather long spell of Snow. You may not believe it, though I assure you it is so, "Sing, welcome, then, to the drifting Snow!"

The drifting Snow! So imminent that, as I sat dreamily picturing to myself the gorgeous beauty of the unaccustomed scene and wondering how our palace would look bound up in perpetual Snow and if we should ever again enjoy the genial—often too genial—warmth to which the departing Mr. Drinoter treated us, I feared that the ink in my ink-bottle might freeze up. Eagerly I dipped my pen into what still remained of



Cool as cucumber.

the writing fluid, to record a somewhat weighty matter—the adjustment of a pendulum in our



Adjusting the pendulum.

Joint Schools to mark the ceaseless flight of time. Would we could do away with it altogether!

> "Out upon time! who for ever will leave
> But enough of the past for the future to grieve."

CHOW-CHOW.

LIKE the busy bee improving each shining hour Lord Sandhurst, our new Governor, has been making the most of his time in the city before the approaching flight to the hills. He has been culling information and instruction from the various institutions he has so far visited. Before starting for India, he confessed he had much to learn about this Presidency and that he would "do his best to make himself acquainted with the various communities, their customs, their requirements and their aspirations." He has begun well. The noble Lord has aimed high in selecting his exemplar. "There had been many excellent Governors of Bombay," he told his English audience, "but amongst them all one name stood out above the rest as still revered and honoured there—the name of Mountstuart Elphinstone—and he should aim at taking him as an ideal and an example." The seed sown by the sympathetic hands of Elphinstone has already borne good fruit in this land and the tree is yet capable of great development under its new environments provided a master-*mali* tends it with love and sympathy. And who best can look after it with that tenderness than the nobleman who has elected to follow the footsteps of that great ruler of men? May His Lordship continue like the bee to cull honey from every letter, minute and despatch of that sympathetic statesman for the good of the present generation, to the glory of his noble exemplar, and to the honour of the British name!

THE HUMOURS OF PARLIAMENT—MAN AND BROTHER.

(*From the Note-Book of Lika Joko, M. P.*)

Tuesday, Feb. 3.—Room, kindly, for Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, *alias* ex-Skipper Salisbury's "Black Man." Dadabhai, as Varacious Diarist free to admit, a trifle "off colour" to-night. Still, by no means so swarthy as Humourist of Hatfield—in what Earnest and Convinced Radicals call one of his "bursts of blazing indiscretion"—once made him out to be. But, when all's said and done, the ex-Skipper didn't put his foot into it so dismally as Biographer-General-George-Russell a couple of Sessions ago when he paralysed well-informed men of Pundit Paul type by holding up the Whiteygrey Man to public observation as "a Hindoo of the Hindoos." (*N.B.*—Which would be much the same as calling Billykilbeg Johnston "a Papist," of the Papists," or Northampton Gabby "a crusted Tory of the true Stilton-cheese Knatchbull-Huggessen or J. C. Talbot type."



The member for India a little off colour

Naoroji, as even the Biographer-General ought to know—despite chilling tenure of salaried ease as India Office under-strapper—not a Hindoo at all, but a Parsee. What, then, more fitting than that he should submit himself to our notice to-night as very mild critic of Parsee-monious conduct of Government in all matters concerning financial treatment of Brightest Gem in British Crown? This indiscreet intervention gives opportunity to Pomposity Fowler, as temporary custodian of Gem in question, of posturing at large as a Personage who knows things. (*Mem.*—Which his training in combined capacity of provincial Attorney and trustee of Nonconformist Conscience naturally entitles him to assume.) Nevertheless, can't deny that Right Hon. Pomposity takes up sound Rule-Britannia sort of position against demands of Naoroji, who doesn't know any better, and of ex official Wedderburn, who ought to. Moreover, has advantage of thick-and thin support from Curzon Khan—fresh from wanderings in Central Asia—which, needless to say, settles entire business. At worst of times, a nod and a wink from the Khan, being a Superior Person, puts everything straight. Then, who the dooce can say nay to Gallant Youth in question when he swoops down on Babble Shop with overpowering authority of one-who-has-seen-it-all-with-his-own-eyes-don't-you-know?

Accordingly, well-meaning little Parsee gently snuffed out, and we pass on to next caravan—that's to say, to next amendment on paper.—*Lika Joko*, Feb. 23.

POSITIONS REVERSED.

[The Government of Bombay have rectified their mistake after two years, by taking away the superfluous right given to the Karachi Chamber of Commerce of electing a member for the Bombay Legislative Council and giving it instead to the Central Division.]

પાસું ફેરવાઈ ગયું !

[બે વરસ પછી મુંબઈ સરકારે પોતાની ભુલ સુધારી છે, અને કરાંચીની ચેમ્બર આફ કામરસને મુંબઈની ધારાસભા માટે એક અધીકારી પસંદ કરવાનો જે હક તેણે આપ્યો હતો, તે લઈ લેઈને તેને બદલે મધ્ય વીભાગને તે આપ્યો છે.]



In 1893—The dog wishes he may have it.

૧૮૯૩ માં—કુત્રો બહુ ઈનતેજાર આંખે હાડકાં તરફ જોય છે અને તેપર તરાપ મારવા ઈછે છે.



In 1895—He gets it, and the cat goes without.

૧૮૯૫ માં—તેની ઈછા અંતે બર આવે છે, અને બીલાડાને હાડકાં વગર ખુણે જવું પડે છે.



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS—No. 20.
SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN.

The snake in England vomiting venom of the deadliest type.

મી૦ પંચના ફેનસી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાં૦ ૨૦.
સર લેપલ ગ્રીફીન,
જે ઝેરી સરપના જેવું ઝેર ઓકવામાં કંઇ બાકીજ રાખતો નથી.



OUR FASHIONABLE FANNY'S SLEEVES.

The Parsee girl of the period imitates her English sister with a vengeance!!!

અમારી ફેશનેબલ ફેનીના પોલકાની બાંહ તો જુવો.

અમારી આ જમાનાની પારસી છોકરી પોતાની અંગરેજ બેહેનપણીની નકલ વામાં કેવી બાહદર છે!!!



THE PELICAN'S PREY.
A TALE WITHOUT WORDS.

[The expenses of the Waziristan Expedition will swallow away any little surplus that may remain in the Indian treasury by the end of the official year.]

"પેલીકન"નો શેકાર.

એક વારતા, જે વરણવવા માટે કાંઈ પણ શબ દોની જરૂર જ નથી.

[સરકારી વરસની આખેરીએ હીંદી તીજોરીમાં જો કાંઈ ગાડી ઘણી ફાજલ વધે ... વઝીરીસ્તાનપર મોકલવામાં આ વેલી ચઢાઈના ખરચમાં ઘુસી જશે.]

HUSBAND: "I am just in the mood for reading something sensational and startling—something that will make my hair stand on end. Have you anything handy."—Wife: "Yes, here is my last milliner's bill."



WELL DONE.

[The annual New Vadi Holi *varghoda* passed off on on the 10th March last with great success.]

Mr. Punch—(*To the Prabhu of New Wadi*) That's right, my friend. Year after year it is a genuine pleasure to me and to my *Praja* to see you increasing in fun and frolic and in usefulness. You are furnishing to the masses an object-lesson of the most wholesome kind, the value of which cannot be overestimated. Teach the brutes who wallow in the mire of obscenity, the difference between innocent and harmless pleasures, which please the eye and gladden the heart, and vile libertinism which shocks modesty.

શાબાશ !

[હોળીનો વારસીક વરઘોડો ગઈ તા૦ ૧૦ મી મારચે નવી વાડીમાંથી કહાડવામાં આવ્યો હતો, અને તે ભારે ફતેહ સાથ પસાર થયો છે.]

મી૦ પંચ—(નવી વાડીના પરભુને) મારા દોસ્ત, દર વરસે તું નીરદોષ રમુજ અને રમત ગમતમાં જે વધારો કરતો જાય છે અને અજ્ઞાન વર્ગને જે નકલ કરવા જોગ કીમતી દાખલો તું આપે છે, તે જોઈ મને અને મારી પંચ પરજાને બેહદ ખુશાલી ઊપજે છે. હોળીના દીવસોમાં નીરલજપણાં અને ભાંડપણાના કાદવમાં જે જંગલી હેવાનો આળોટે છે, તેઓને ખરેખરી નીરદોષ અને આંખને ઠંડક પમાડનારી તથા દીલને ખુશ કરનારી મોજ શું છે તે દેખાડીને, નીતીનો ભંગ કરનારાં ભાંડપણાં અને નીરદોષ રમુજ વચે શું તફાવત છે, તે તેમને શીખવવાના તારાં કામમાં હું તુને હંમેશાં જશ અને ફતેહ ઈચ્છું છું.



HUMOURS OF THE BILLIARD TABLE IN INDIAN CLUBS.—NO. 3.

Shamla Bhat—And how many points will you give me, my boy, in a game of 100 !

Marker—Only 75, sir ! ! Can't afford to give more than that to such a crack player ! ! !

Shamla Bhat—Crack player ! Ha ! Ha ! You know there's tough work before you then ! All right, fire away, and if by a fluke you win I'll stand you a thimbleful of *bevda* ! ! !

દેશી કલબોમાં બીલીયરડ ટેબલનાં ફટકો—નાં૦ ૩.

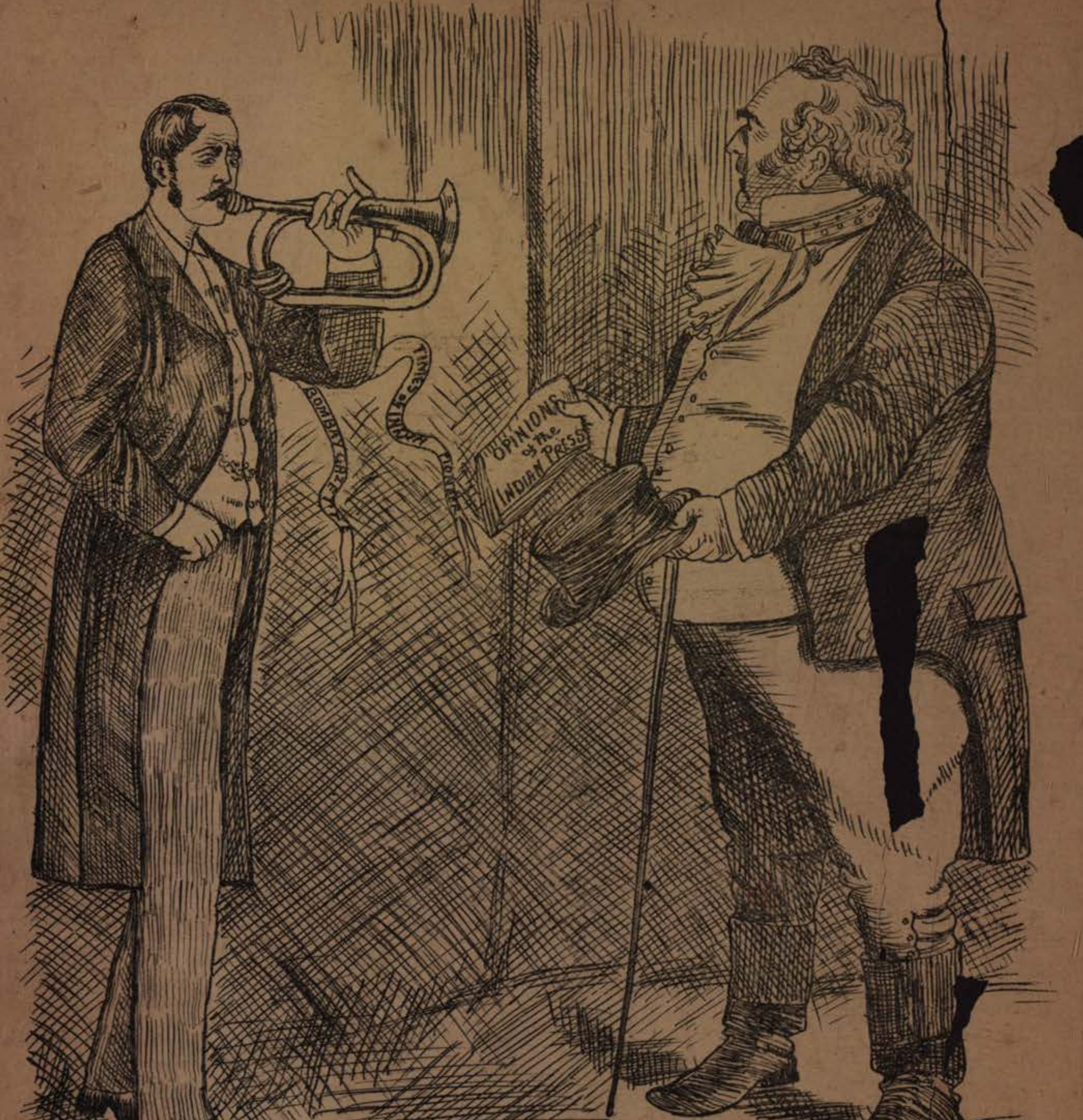
શામલા ભટ—બોલો, એકસોકા ગેમમેં તુમ અમારેકુ કીતા પોંઈંટ દેઓગા ?

મારકર—સાહબકું પોણોસો દેગા ! તુમારા સરખા બોહોત અછા પલેઅરકુ ઈસે જાસતી દેનેકુ અપણ નહી શકતા ! ! !

શામલા ભટ—હમ બોહોત અછા પલેઅર હય, કે એ ! ! અછા, જબ ચલાવ. દેખો તુમ હાર નહી જાયગા ! પણ જો કુમ 'ફલુક' સે તુમ જીતેગા ! તો અમ તુમકુ દો દેશીઓના બેવડા પીનેકુ દેએગા !

A YOUNG man who keeps a collection of locks of hair of his lady friends calls them his "hair-breadth escapes."

LORD HARRIS IN ENGLAND.



(Communicated by "Funnograph" from "Favour-Sham.")

John Bull—A loud enough blast, certainly, but I doubt if the note is a true one. Look here, my Lord.

Lord Harris—Oh, I know. I brought it home with me. But don't you allow yourself to be misled by it. It is the reptile Native Press, whose censure is the best proof of the sound common sense and character of the person on whom it is bestowed. Ask my friends and admirers, and they will tell you how, like the conqueror of old, I *went*, I *played* and I *won*!

John Bull—H'm! There's no denying that. But I thought you went over as a statesman—not as a mere sportsman!

લાહાટ સાહાબ હેરીસ ઈંગ્લંડમાં.

જાન બુલ—બાપુ, તેં પુરાં ઘણાં ફુકાઈ ચુકાં, પણ મને તો નહી લાગતું કે તેમાંથી નીકળતા રાગડા ખરા હોય. જોની, આ શું ?

લાહાટ સાહાબ—અરે એ તો હું બધું જાણુંચ. મારા ગાંસડા પોટલામાં એ ચીથરૂં હું સાથે લેતો આવ્યો છું. પણ એવાં ઝેરી દેશી ચીથરાંઓ જ્યારે મારા જેવા સામે ઘણી બકબક કરે ત્યારે તો તમારે ખચીતજ સમજવું કે અંદર બધું પોકળ છે. મારા દોસ્તો ને વખાણનારાઓને પુછી જુવોની. તેઓથી તમારી જરૂર ખાતરી થઈ જશે કે સેવકે રમત ગમતમાં કેવું નામ કહાડયું છે અને કેવી ફતેહ મેળવી છે !

જાન બુલ—અંહું ! તે વાતમાં કંઈ શકજ નથી. પણ બાપુ, હું તો એમ સમજતો હતો કે એક રાજદ્બારી તરીકે તું રાજ કરવા ગયો હતો—કાંઈ માત્ર રમતગમતતા ખેલાડી તરીકે મોજ કરવા નહી ગયો હતો !

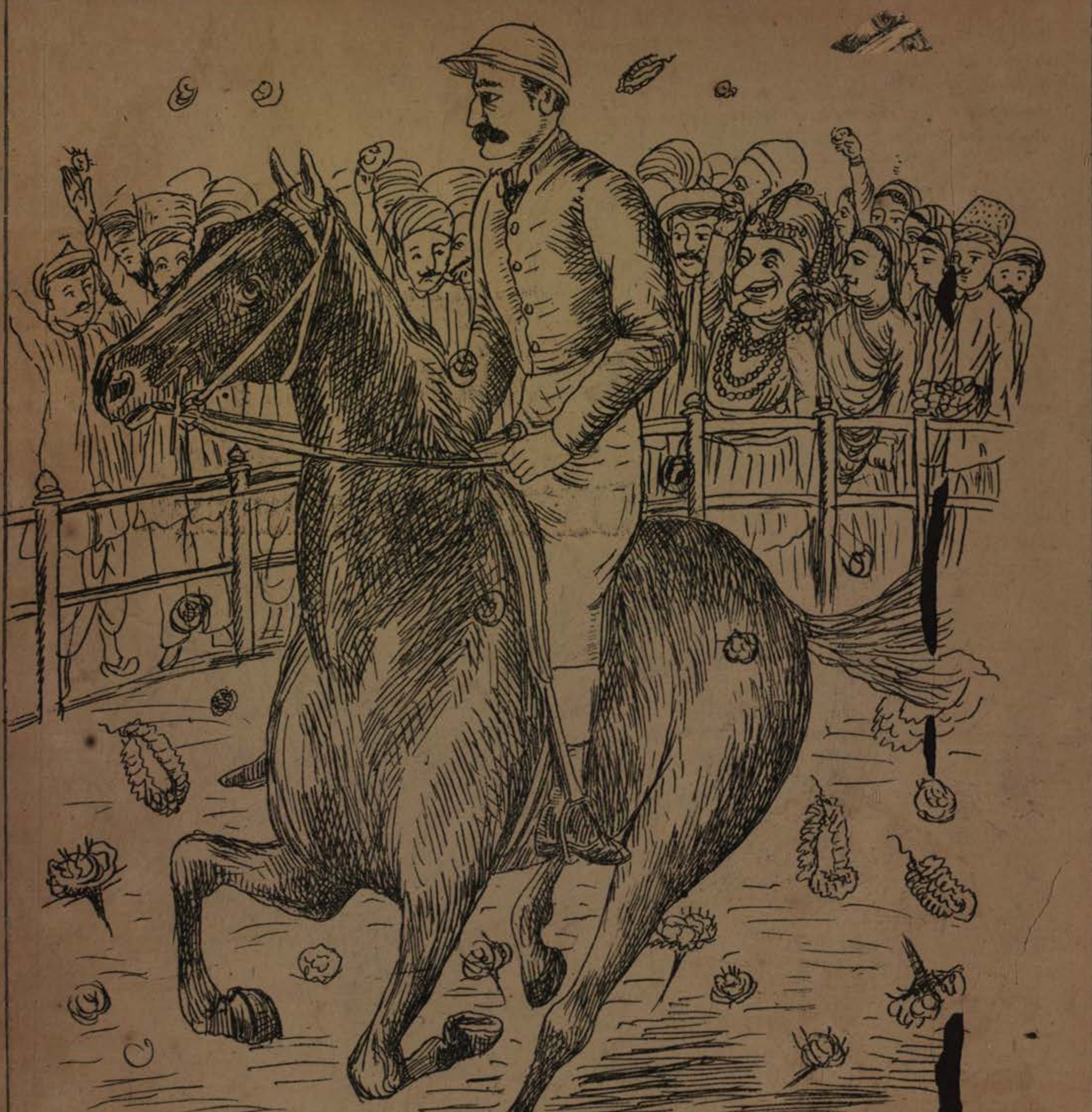


IN TROUBLED WATERS.

[The Budget forecast for the new year 1895-96 is very disappointing. The Waziristan expedition will very probably swallow up a large portion of the Military Expenditure, and it would be surprising indeed if there should be no deficit.]

ઉછળતા મોજાઓ વચ્ચે ઝોકા ખાતું હોડકું.

[૧૮૯૫-૯૬ નાં વરસ માટેના હીંદુસ્તાનની આવક જાવકના અડસટાની જે આગાહી કરવામાં આવી છે, તે અસુભસુચક છે. લશકરી ખરચનો મોટો ભાગ વઝીરીસ્તાન ઊપર મોકલવામાં આવેલી ચહાઇના ખરચ પાછળ ઘુસી જશે, અને જો વરસની આખેરીએ તીજોરીમાં ખોટનો ખાડો દેખાશે નહી તો તે માત્ર અચરતીનીજ વાત ગણાશે.]



THE NEW JOCKEY.

With the best wishes of Mr. *Punch* and the *Punch Prajá* the jockey comes out on the Bombay Race Course and hopes are entertained that he will make his mark and win laurels.

[Lord Sandhurst has been busy visiting public institutions and attending public functions, and has so far won golden opinions in Bombay.]

નવો ઘોડેસ્વાર.

મી૦ પંચ અને પંચ પ્રજાની ભલી ઇછાઓ અને દુવાઓ સાથ મુંબઇના શરતના મેદાનમાં આ નવો ઘોડેસ્વાર બાહેર આવ્યો છે, અને શરતના મેદાનમાં નામ કહાડીને પોતાની નામના વધારયા વીના તે રેહેશે નહી એવી તેને માટે ઊંચી આશાઓ બાંધવામાં આવે છે.

[લારડ સેંડહરસ્ટ હમણા જાહેર ખાતાંઓની મુલાકાતો લેવામાં અને જાહેર મેળાવડાઓમાં હાજરી આપવામાં રોકાઈ ગયો છે, અને તેણે હમણા સુધીમાં તો પોતા માટે ઊંચું મતજ આસપાસ ફેલાવ્યું છે.]

A BRAINY YOUTH.—Mr. Richmann: "I don't demand that my daughter shall marry wealth, but I do insist that the man she marries shall have brains enough to get along in the world."—Young Slimpurse: "Well, I think I've shown pretty good judgment in selecting a father-in-law, don't you?"

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

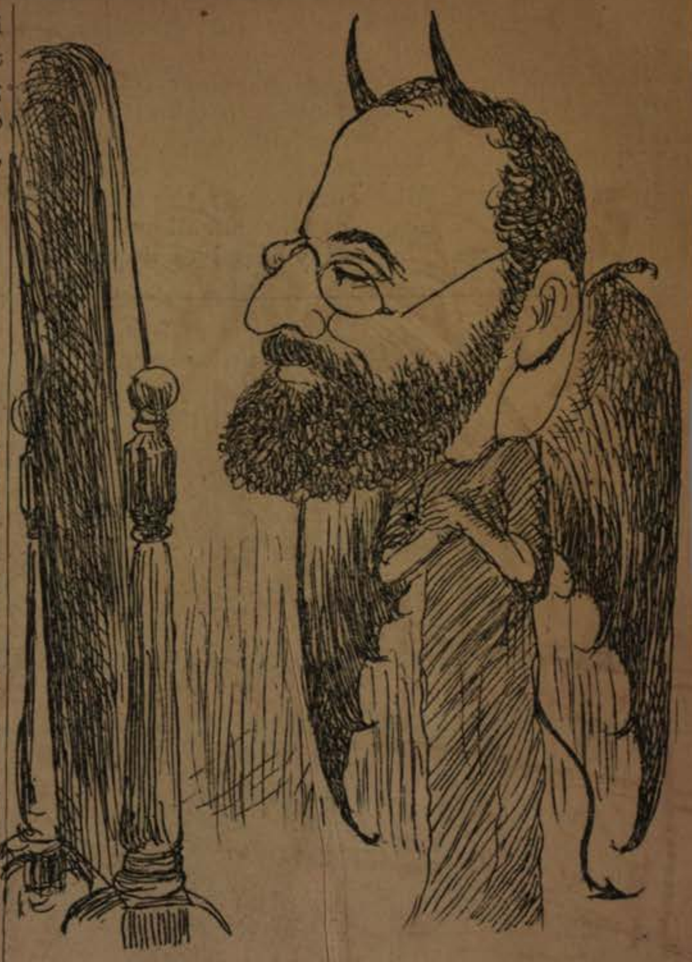
(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 14th March—We have arranged to build a market in Bhuleshwar—a *Marché*, as the French would say—and on the same premises the Government are going to locate a school, very properly too, for *mens sana in corpore sano* is a wholesome maxim and where food for the mind goes side by side with food for the body, the result cannot but be highly gratifying. The Government, however, are a slow, deliberative body, and while they are busy with the Trust Deed in connection with the proposed school, our energetic Commissioner wanted to steal a march—in this instance, a *marché*—and commence operations at once. We fell in with his wish, in accordance with the well-known law of nature which provides that the body must first be fed before the mind's wants can be attended to. Trusting the Government, then, to mind the latter when their trust-deed is ready, we have taken the former in hand without delay. There cannot be a moment's doubt that our vegetables will find a ready market; if the School finds as ready and willing customers, the poet's complaint, so far as Bhuleshwar is concerned, will be pointless:

> . . . . "What is a man
> If his chief good and *market* of his time
> Be but to sleep and feed?"



Mr. Seraph



Playing the Devil.

For here he can feed as well as learn, and sleep too for a while, if so inclined; only let him not vegetate.

Trust not appearances. Here was Mr. K. M. Shroff, who, I thought, was always a seraph, actually playing the devil with us over miles and miles of roads in Agripada and elsewhere. Nothing daunted by his comical adventure at the Tamarind tree, he was still bent upon knowing, and wanted the Commissioner to give us chapter and verse for every inch of road constructed, or to be constructed. I thought Dr. Cowasjee's too ready finger was again itching to touch the tip of his nose, but if he was, we were not, going to be rude, and we allowed Mr. *Seraph* to have his way, or rather his roads, which, seeing that some twenty-four lakhs are sunk in them, are not made to be lightly passed over.

The Commissioner, not willing to be out-shone by Dr. Katruck's influenzial performance of the pre-

vious week, fired a volley at us—a parting volley, as it proved to be—on the Shone Pneumatic System, and provided with air-compressing machinery, air mains and sealed sewage mains, wanted to take us, for an airing, to the South of Sewree village, past De Lisle Road to the West of Love Grove. Whether because the atmosphere did not suit us, or because the end, which has been coming, had come at last and, all our energies exhausted, we were going to lay ourselves down to die,

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

Major Tomtit : "Yes, she does sing divinely Proud of my wife, sir."—The Colonel : "I suppose you know the mean things the boys say about you ?"—Major Tomtit : "Certainly They call us 'Beauty and the Beast.' Now, what has my poor wife done to be called a beast ?"



Leave-taking.

none of us wanted the proposed airing, even with Love Grove at the end of it! Leaving the area of the city then to be sewered on any system it pleases, we shook hands all round and, with eyes over-flowing with the "inundation of tears," each seemed to say to the other,

"If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made."
(*Hindi Punch*, 24-3-95.)

Miss Withers : "When I was born my grandmother predicted that I would never live to be old."—Sillington (wishing to be pleasant) : "Ha, ha, ha ! Ho, ho, ho ! What a good joke you must have on your grandmother."

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician said. "If I'd always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be ?"

A Flight of Genius.—Maxim's Aeroplane.



LOVE'S FETTERS!

Dorab—Hullo, Homee, what's this? Where are you taking him to? Is he a lunatic and are you in charge?

Homee—In charge, certainly,—but he is no lunatic. He has his wits about him, knows the value of money and all that, but he has a nasty trick of running away, and as he is my son-in-law elect, this is how I mean to keep him in hand until the ceremony is over. Or he might give me the slip at the last moment.

પ્યારની જંજીર.

દોરાબ—એાહેા, હેામી, એ આએ સું કેાટક ? એ ધરાણુને કાંહુ લઈ ચાલ્યેા ? કંઈ ચસકેલ બસકેલ છે કે સું ? કાંહુ, કેા લાએ મેડ હાઉસમાં લઈ જાયચ કે ? કેાણુ નેા માલ છે બા, ને કેાણે તુને એ બીસેા શીને સેાંપી દીધેાચ ?

હેામી—બાવા મારા, મારા હસ્તકમાં આવીને એ પરયેાચ તેા ખરેા, પણુ કંઈ ચસકેલ બસકેલ નથી હેા. તુને ને મને બે ઉને મેડ કરે તેવેા છે, ને વળી પઈસા કેમ કેહડાવવા ને તેની કદર કેમ પીછાનવી તે સઉ ભઈને થણું સારી રીતે ખબર છે. પણુ એ નખેાડના ગાંચામાં એક એબ છે, કે બસ કહયા કારયા વગર વટેાણા વાવા જવા. એ બા મારેા જમઈ છે,—મારી દીકરી સાથ અહરઈ ચુકેલેા છે, પણુ લગન થવા નાં છે, જેથા અસરવાદ સરઈ રેહે તાંહ સુધી એને મારી સાગેનેા સાગે ફેરવવાનેા છે. નહી તેા વળી છેલ્લા ઘડીએ રવસવા બવશવા જાય તેા કાંહ મરવા પરૂં !

CHINA has lost her only sailor. May he rest in peace. Poor Ting!



FROM MUD TO BUTTER.

(A SKIT FOR THE EDIFICATION OF THE BOMBAY RATE-PAYER.)

[An eve[illegible]rty in honour of Mr. H. A. Acworth, Municipal Commissioner, leaving Bombay on the 6th April next, will be given before his departure, at "Gulestan," the residence of Khan Bahadur Muncherjee Cowasjee Murzban.] (*Hindi Pun[illegible], March 24th.*)

કાદવમાંથી કાહાડીને મસકામાં.

(મુંબઈના છાપેા ભરનારના ખાસ અભયાસ માટે એક ચીત્ર.)

[મ્યુનીસીપલ કમીશનર મી० એકવરથ તા० ૬ ઠી એપરીલે વેલાત જાય તે આગમજ તેના માનમાં ઈવનીંગ પારટાેનાે એક મેળાવડાે ખાન[illegible] મરઝબાનના "ગુલેસ્તાન" મકાનમાં કરવામાં આવનાર છે.] (હીંદી પં[illegible]



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 21.

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, M. P.

The Spider weaving an enticing web.

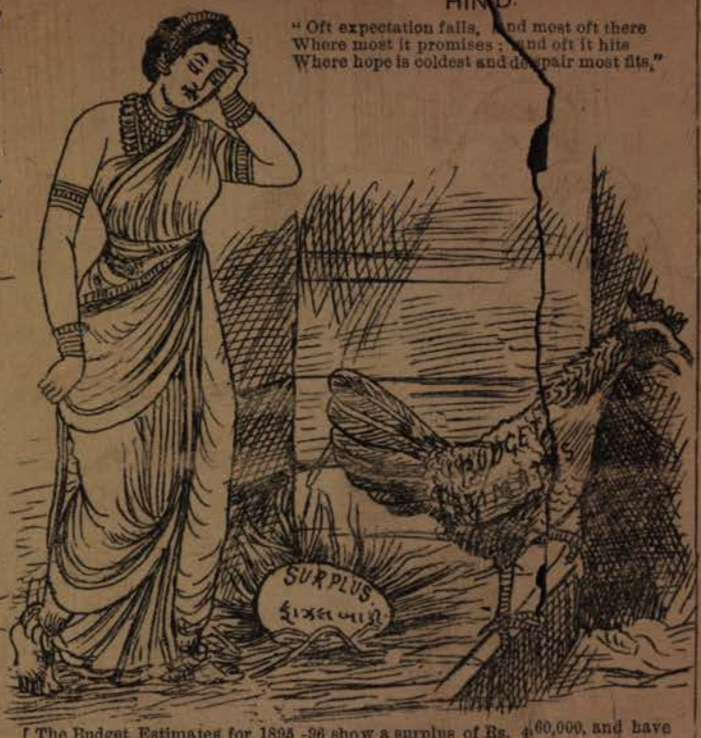
મી૦ પંચના ફેનસી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાં૦ ૨૧.

સર રીચરડ ટેમપલ, એમ. પી.

કરોળીઓ કેવું લલચાવનારૂં પડ વણે છે.

A SURPRISE FOR MADAME HIND.

" Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits."



[The Budget Estimates for 1895 -96 show a surplus of Rs. 4,60,000, and have " disappointed the expectations of the prophets of disaster."]

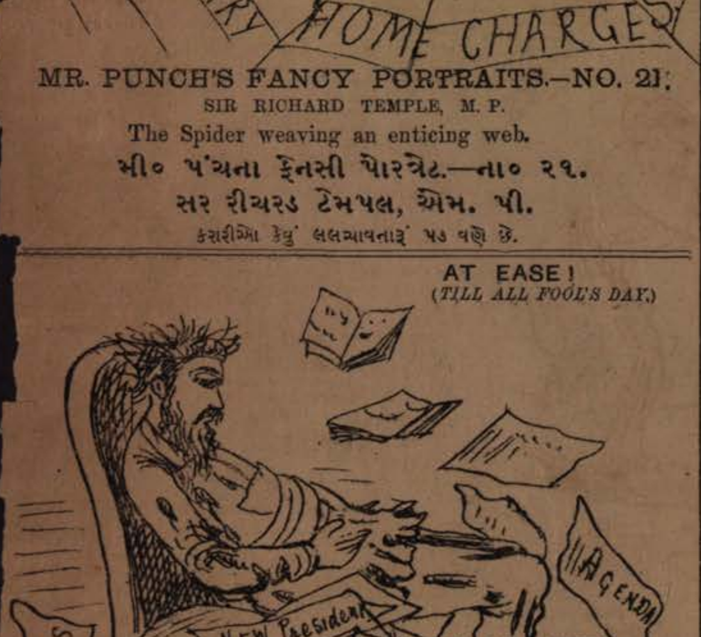
હીંદબાઇ માટે એક વીચીત્ર હેરત.

નહી વકી રાખેલું વારંવાર બને છે, એ શું ખરૂં નથી ?

[૧૮૯૫–૯૬ નાં વરસના હીંદુસ્તાનની આવક ખરચના અડસટામાં રૂ ૪,૬૦,૦૦૦ ની ફાજલ વધવાની ગણતરી કરવામાં આવી છે, અને જેઓ ખોટના ખાડાની વકી રાખતા હતા તેઓ ખોટા પડયા છે.]

AT EASE!

(*TILL ALL FOOL'S DAY.*)



[The first meeting of the new Corporation does not come off till the 4th ... n the first business will be the appointment of a new President and ... f eight members of the new Standing Committee.]

નીરાંત અને આસાએસ!

(એપરીલ ફુલ સુધી.)

... સભા તા૦ ૪ થી એપરીલે મળશે, જે વેળા પેહેલું કામ ...ે નવી સ્ટાનડીંગ કમીટી માટેના આઠ સભાસદો ચુંટી ક...ર છે.]



A NIGHTMARE!

Mr. and Mrs. Shamla Bhat Potiandass find the demon Cho... the ...ir *shak bhaji*!!!

[Dr. Weir, the Health Officer, urges people using wa... to wash it carefully, or it may prove dangerous, as some portion of it ...y is grown on land irrigated with sewage from buildings at Parel.]

એક સ્વપનો!

ઓઈ! ઓઈ! ઓઈ! મી૦ અને મીસીસ શામલાભ... પોતીઆંદાષ પોતાની શાક ભાજીમાં કોલેરાના દઈતને પરોણો ઉતરેલો જુવે છે! અલલકલકલક!

[" વોટર કરેસ " નામની સાલીડ ખાનારા લોકોને મુ...નો હેલથ આફીસર ડાકટર વેઅર આગરાહ કરે છે કે તેઓએ તે સંભાળથી ધોઈને ખાવી ...તો તે બહુ ભયભરેલું નુકસાન કરશે, કેમકે મુંબઈમાં તે જે જમીનમાં ઉગે છે તે જમ...માં પરેલ ખાતેનાં ઘરોનાં નરકનું ખાતર પુરેલું હોય છે.]



WANTED.

"O for a hand to chase away the 'vampire' that hovers over the head of the handsome girl!"

[The directors of the Alexandra Native Girl's English Institution repeat this year their regret that the number of pupils on the roll is under one hundred and that though the Institution is open to the different native communities, it is only the Parsees who take advantage of it.]

જોઇયે છે.

આ સુંદર નાજનીનનાં સર આગળ ભમતાં "વેમપાયર" વાગલાંને હાંકી કહાડવાને કોઇ માયનો પુત નહી નીકળી આવે?

[અલેકઝાંડ્રા ગરલ્સ સ્કુલના ડાઇરેકટરો આ વરસે ફરીથી દલગીરી દેખાડે છે કે, એ શાળાનો લાભ લેતી છોકરીઓની સંખ્યા એક સોની અંદર છે, અને જોકે તે સરવે વરગની દેશી છોકરીઓ માટે ખોલ્લી રાખવામાં આવી છે, તોપણ તેનો લાભ માત્ર પારસી છોકરીઓજ લે છે.]

SABLE furs are still the favourite fashion for ladies' necks. It is not every girl, however, who is sable to get them.



SOLÁKÁKÁ'S SODA-WATER BOTTLE.

(1) Attacks the bottle with a stick! (2) "Try, try, try, again"!! (3) Mrs. Solákáká to the rescue!!! (4) Tableau!!!

સોલાકાકાની સોડાવૉટરની બાટલી.

(૧) બાટલીનો બુચ બેસાડવા માટે એક લાકડીના ટુકડા વડે તેઓ કોશેશ કરે છે અને તેપર પોતાનું જોર અજમાવે છે! (૨) તેમાં નહી ફાવ્યાથી ફરી ફરીને તેવણ કોશેશ પર કોશેશ કરે છે!! (૩) અંતે થાકીને મીસીસ સોલીકાકીને મદદે બોલાવવાની તેવણને ફરજ પડે છે!!! (૪) અને પછી જોઇજ લેઓ તમાશો!!!!

LITERARY LINEN.—(A gentleman sued a laundress in the Bloomsbury County Court for damage done to his collars and cuffs by putting too much blue in them. She declared that if they were injured it was because he wrote all he had to say on his shirt, collars, and cuffs with a blue pencil. His Honour gave judgment for the laundress.)—Publisher: "Hallo! washing! what is the meaning of this?"—Laundry-maid: "Please, sir, it's Mr [illegible] MS. of his noo volne, and 'e [illegible] to wait while it's being set up, so I can take it on to the laundry."



IN THE TEMPLE OF SARASVATI.

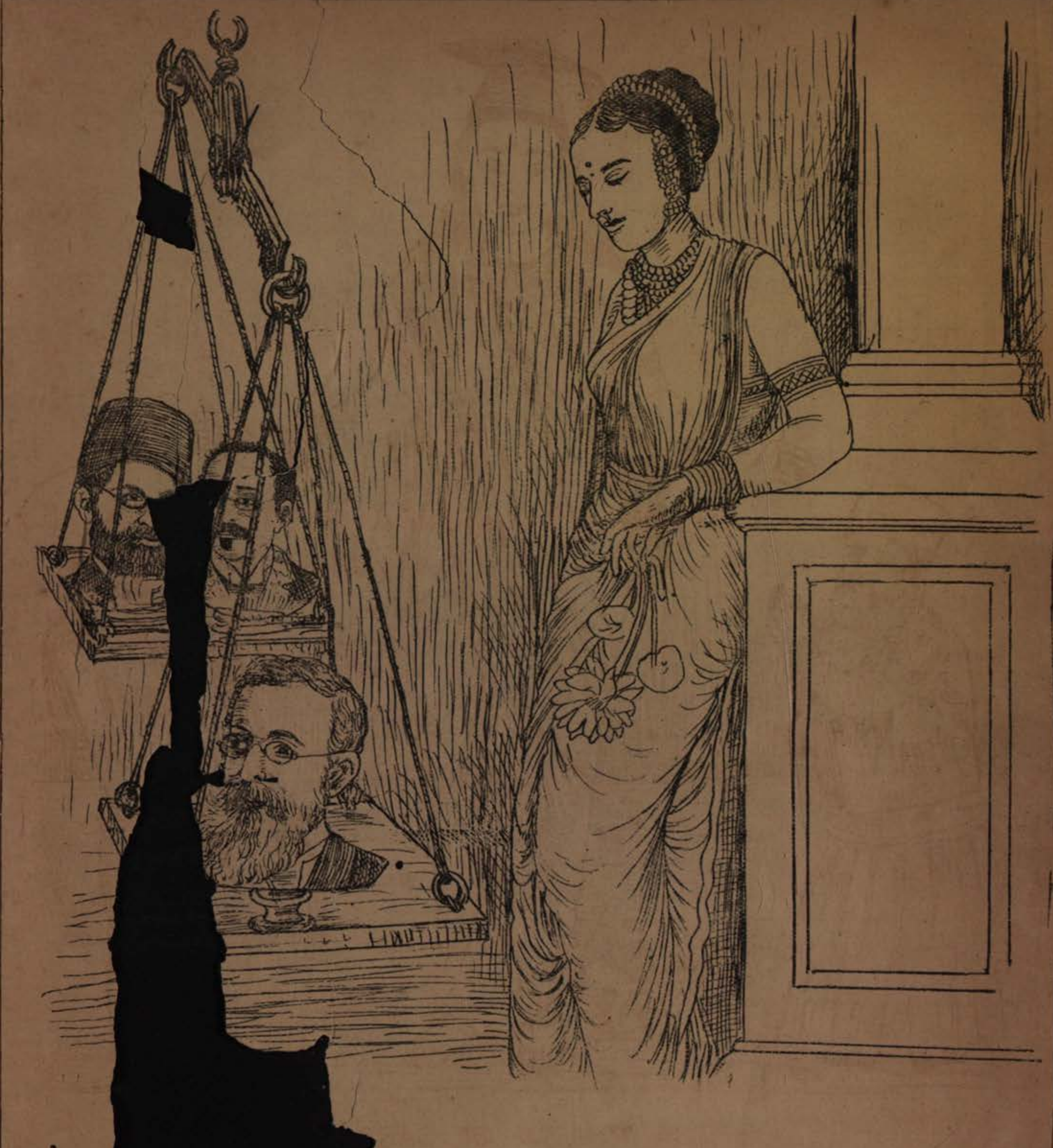
Goddess of Learning—My blessings on you, my children. May you grow and prosper and revive all the ancient glory at[illegible]o your name !

[The Senate of the Bombay University has resolved to recognise the Avesta and the Pehelvi languages, along with French, Persian aner classical languages, for the Previous, Intermediate and B. A. Examinations.]

સરસ્વતીનાં મંદીરમાં.

વીદયા દેવી—મારા આશીસ તમને સફળ થાઓ, મારાં બચાંઓ. તમને હું સુખ અને આબાદી ઇછું છું, અને ઇછુકે તમારાં નામ સાથ જોડાયલી તમારી અસલ કીરતીને સજીવન કરવા તમો શકતીવાન થાઓ !

[મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટાની પરીવીયસ, ઈનટરમીજીયટ, અને બી. એ.ની પરીક્ષાઓમાં ફ્રેંચ, ફારસી અને બીજી પુરાતન ભાષાઓની સાથે ઝંદ અને પેહેલવી ભાષાઓનો અભ્યાસ પણ દાખલ કરવાનો ઠરાવ યુનીવરસીટાની સેનેટે કીધો છે.]



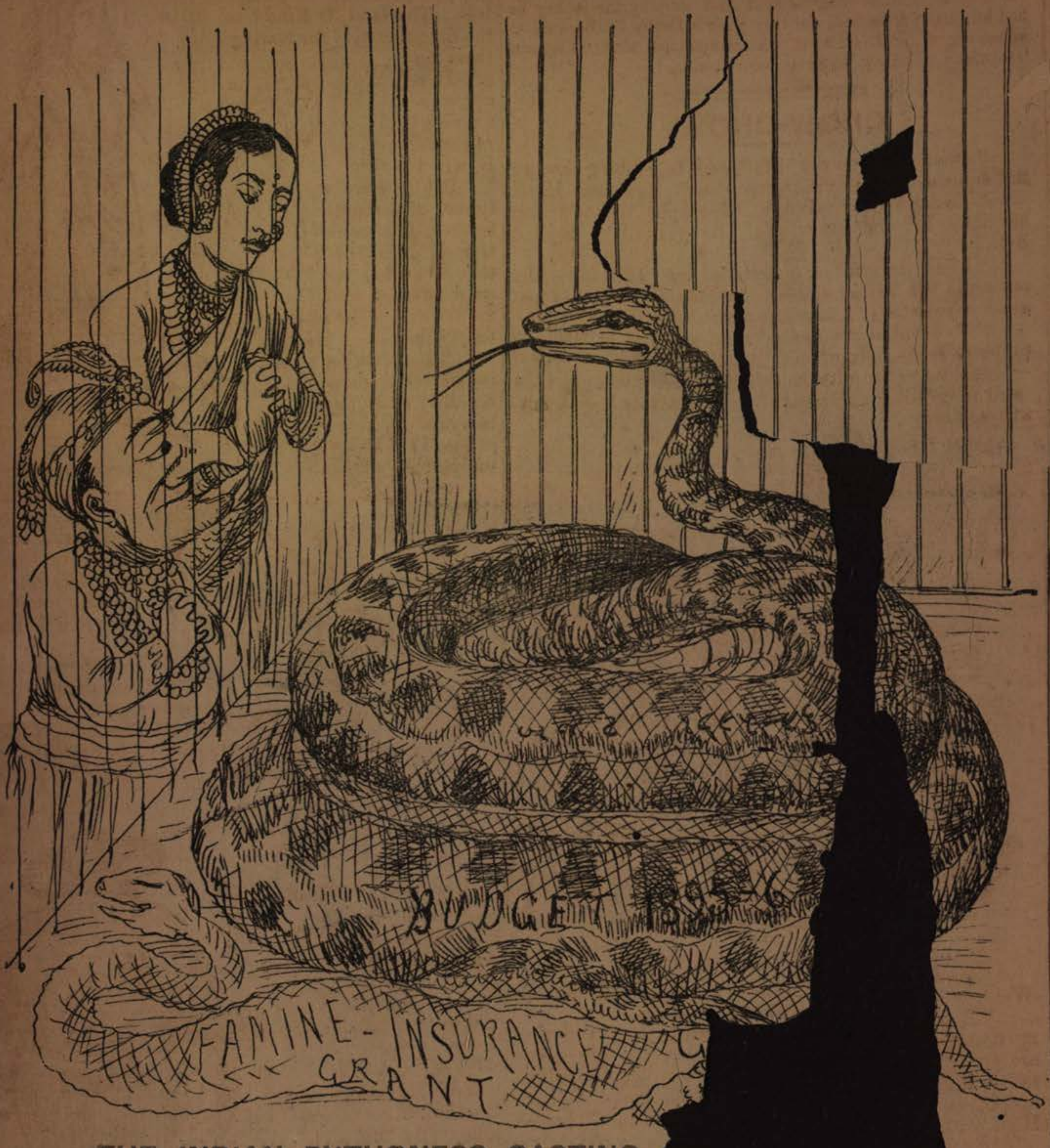
[illegible] BRASS; OR, THE REAL WEIGHT.

[The ca[illegible] M[illegible]nji Bhownaggree and Moulvi Raffiuddin Ahmad has been very adversely criticised in India, the general opinio[illegible]hat they [illegible]e the representatives of any section of the people of India in the sense in which Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji is, and th[illegible] will never co[illegible] the mark of the latter gentleman in point of patriotism, self-sacrifice and liberality of views.]

સોનું અને પીતલ;

અથવા, ખરૂં વજન કોણનું છે?

[મી૦ મંચેરજી મે[illegible]ાવનગરી અને મોલવી રફીઉદ્દીન અહમદે ઈંગલંડની પારલામેંટમાં દાખલ થવા માટે જે ઉમેદવારી કીધી છે, તે સામે હીંદુસ્તાનમાં બહુ ટીકા થઈ છે. તેઓ માટે સામાનય રીત[illegible]ત આપવામાં આવયું છે કે, મી૦ દાદાભાઈ નવરોજી હીંદના પરતીનીધી તરીકે જે રૂપમાં ગણાય છે, તે રૂપમાં તેઓ કદા પણ ગણાઈ શકશે નહી, અને મી૦ દાદાભાઈ જેવું દેશા[illegible] અંગત લાભના ભોગ આપવાનો ગુણ અને ઉદાર વીચારો ધરાવે છે, તેની બરાબરીપર તેઓ કદી પણ આવશે નહી.]



THE INDIAN PYTHONESS CASTING

["I stated last year—and I repeat it now—that we cannot call our financial position safe until ... upon s... rplus to warrant our renewing the Famine Insurance Grant. We believe that under present circumstances it is better to go with... han to in... tion for the purpose of providing the surplus, which is necessary before we can renew it. And, meantime, although we are as... om a complet... on of our fortunes, I think we may claim to have made a fair amount of progress towards their restoration."—*Sir James Westland... inancial Statement fo...*]

હીંદી અજગરે ઉતારી નાખેલી કાંચલી.

["ગએ વરસે મેં કહયું હતું અને હમણા પણ હું પાછો કહું છું કે, દુકાળના વીમા ફંડની રકમ ભરી દેવાને બની શકે એટલી પુરતી ... પણ હાથમાં રેહેવાની ગણતરી થાય નહી ત્યાંસુધી આપણે આપણી નાણાં સંબંધી સ્થીતી સલામતી ભરી કહી શકયે નહી. અમે માનયે છીયે કે, એટલી પુરાંતની ... કરવાને માટે કરમાં વધારો કરવાના કરતાં હાલના સંજોગો વચે તે ફંડ વગર ચલાવવું બેહેતર છે. આપણી સ્થીતી સંપુરણ રીતે સુધરી નથી તોપણ હું ધારૂં છું કે, ... સંબંધી સારી હાલતમાં આવી શકાય એવી રીતે આખું વરસ કામ લેવાનો દાવો સરકાર કરી શકે."—સર જેમસ વેસ્ટલેંડનો ૧૮૯૫-૯૬ નાં હીંદી બજેટ વીષેનો ખુ...

SPORTING QUERY.—Why is it pretty certain that Captain Gratwicke, of the National Rifle Association, will not run a horse, or if he does he will not employ the jockey he had originally intended, for this year's Derby? Because at a meeting of the N. R. A. it was announced that "Captain Gratwicke withdrew his proposed rider."

CHOW-CHOW.

"DROP by drop my life-blood is ebbing away: this transfusion must kill me soon!" groaned Hind.

"Look at the railways, telegraphs, schools and hospitals I have given you. Be grateful," replied Bull.

"I am brimful of gratitude and will sing thy praises to the last; but cease the bleeding, O good and great benefactor!" meekly urged poor Hind.

"Remember the peace and security of life and property I have given you," retorted Bull.

"True, O mighty Angriz; but have you not been well rewarded for all that?" submissively argued the afflicted lady.



[illegible]eaven help you!

"Grea[illegible] demand high remuneration. Western p[illegible]ot cheaply bought!"

"But [illegible] nigh a bankrupt, O guardian of my destiny, [illegible] ill afford any luxury. My needs are simple [illegible] supplied. Coarse but nourishing food will g[illegible]ay with me; but stop this transfusion, for [illegible] sake. I am fainting!" prayed Hind plaint[illegible]

"Cheer[illegible] girl; ponder well upon all the good and gr[illegible]gs I have done for you—railways, [illegible]d hospitals!"

[illegible]ghty arm! my granary is empty. [illegible]u gorge those dogs of war and [illegible]midly questioned Hind.

[illegible]e dogs, child, would be to weaken my right arm, to dim my glory and to render thee helpless. Thy land, O Hind! is the fittest nursery for rearing these very useful creatures!" remarked Bull.



The Untamed Shrew.

"If they are a tower of strength to thee, O incarnation of Justice! then wherefore not share equally with me the cost of their feed?"

"Remember my valuable guardianship, child, and be grateful. Think of the railways, telegraphs, schools and hospitals! If these fail to give y[illegible]strength, Heaven help you!" gently remonstrated the Great Optimist.

The scene then closed. For a full commentary on the above read the speeches of Mr. Fowler and Sir D. Macfarlane in opposing Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji's amendment to the address in which he pleaded the poverty of, and financial justice to, India.



Bándrá.

***

THAT Shrew, the Police, is apparently on the mending path and can yet be reclaimed. Mr. *Punch* bases his high hopes on the intuition of his friends, the



Padri.

Parbhus of *Navi* (new) *Vadi*. (May this oart, by the by, never know wear and tear.) The "Proclamation" had solemnly summoned Petruchio to the scene and every eye was strained to have a view of the Great Tamer in that "Holi Cavalcade ;" but he was nowhere to be seen. Some of the merry-makers thought, Petruchio considered discretion the better part of valour, and would not face the Shrew; those who "know" thought otherwise and gave credit to the Shrew for her future good intentions. Let us wait and see!

* * *

HAPPY Bandra! or Bandora? which is it? "Bandra" or વાંદરા clearly stands for monkey. This is rather significant, judging from the aping propensities of the aborigines. These good people are proud of their land, and extremely jealous of outsiders settling among them. Their conversion from Hinduism to Christianity by the Portuguese does not appear to have greatly altered their primitive manners. They have thrown off all allegiance to Portugal and feel insulted if dubbed "Portuguese" or even "Goanese." Against much opposition from their Roman Catholic compatriots, these denizens of monkeydom have elected to call themselves "East Indians" to the great disgust of the Eurasian and *pucca* East Indian communities. On the whole, they are a peculiar race worthy of study by antiquarians. The members of the Bombay Anthropological Society should look to it and start in search after Darwin's "missing link" in this monkeydom so close to the great and ancient city of "Maha maya," "Maha Amma," "Mohoma... "Manbai" or, as the moderns will have it,—"BOMBAY." And Bandora? Decidedly a corruption of the classical Pandora, the carrier of the casket of evils! Now that a local Padri, having successfully passed through the ordeal of Municipal elections, has joined the civic fraternity, and in a way given effect to His Highness the Pope's latest encyclical, the children of the soil need have no fear as to their physical wants. He will see to it that the fatal casket of disease and want is sealed for ever!

(*Hindi Punch*, 31-3-95.)

* * *

IT was Westland who went into sulks the other day and chafed and fumed at Mehta's incisive reasoning about the fallibility of the heavenly District Officials. To-day it is Fowler of the "mandate" celebrity, who is petulant and denounces old Dady as a sinner against the canons of good society for attempting to draw towards Hind the British hearts which melt so readily at the wrongs of Armenia! Even a portion of the hysterical Anglo-Indian Press has expressed surprise at the phenomena. If moderate and measured expressions from eminent Indians sitting in great Councils of Sttate become unbearable to the highest officials in and out of India, what of the less discriminate among the smaller fry of critics and the criticized? Small wonder then that the muzzling the Indian Press is being persistently advocated by men like Chesney and Lepel Griffien. Such impatience and intolerance of criticism can find its parallel only among the spoilt darlings of the nursery where the use of the salutary rod is unknown! *Tobah*!

* * *

THE new Municipal Councillors for this great city enter upon their duties on All Fool's Day. May their deliberations be guided by wisdom. There are basket loads of these worthies from whom it ould be as easy to weed out some as it is for the good housewife to reject bad cabbages. Mr. *Punch*, however, will not quarrel with the men—it is the work, the measures, he is concerned with. The elephant, the horse the ox, and the ass, all come in nseful for carrying burdens.

* * *

THE *Sarkari Khoorchi* in the People's Palace has a charm and a fascination which it is difficult to resist. Even the illiterates and imbeciles feel attracted towards the glittering chairs, provided their purses are full. How gracefully, O ye powers, do these men fill up the cushioned seats! What gravity, what pose! What powers of obstruction and hard hitting without for once opening their mouths or grasping the situation! What soft-soaping, incense-burning and mute adoration for their idols on the other hand! Oh the sight of these animated semaphores taking and repeating signals and often wrecking the train of u...
motions and measures! Wonderful indeed a...
virtues, O *Sarkari Khoorchi*!

(*Hindi P...*

FROM HIS HEART.—There are se...
table, the contents of which had not be...
his little mouth had quite watered for...
his bringings up would not allow hi...
when he was asked to say grace, he, af...
the untouched dishes' direction, comm...
what we might have received—."

વીસકી અને બ્રાંડી સામે ભાં...

[જુઓ ચીત્ર પાનું ૩૬...

ભાંગ અ... ...ાંડી-(સાથે) અમે અ...
ખસવાના નથી ... તુને અમારી જગા...

[ભાંગ અ... ...ા કમીશનનો રીપોર્ટ હમણાં...
દી સરકારે પોતાને ... કરતાં જણાવ્યું છે કે, એવું...
પરજામત શું છે ... ...વાને સરકારે સંભાળ ભરયા...
રમની લાગણી સાથ તાલુકો રાખનારી બાબતમાં તેણે...

ભાઈનો ભરમ ફુ...

[જુવો ચીત્ર પાનું ૩૬...

ધણીયાંણી-નહી રે, ડીયર, હું તો...
ત્રાલ જવા દેવાનીજ નહી. છોભરાયાએ કો...
જોયલું નહી, ને ચીત્રાલ કાંહ જવા નીકલ્ય...
થઈ જાએ!

ધણી-પણ હું કંઈ હવે વધારે વખ...
માંગતો નથી! હું તો બસ લર...
માવીને એકદમ દોલતના દલ્લા...

ધણયાંણી-પણ-પણ-એ...
બધી દોલત આપરા બેઉના ના...

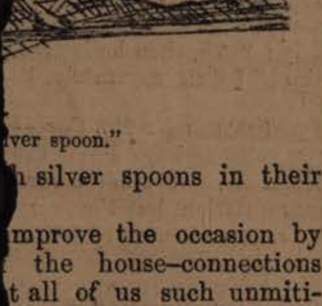
ધણી-તો-તો-હું અં-તો-...
તું કેહેતી હોય તો-તો-હું અ...

KNEW WHAT HE WAS ABOUT.—Jimson (hotly): "I want to sue Dr. Dosem for £50 damages."—Lawyer (briskly); "Yes, sir—yes, sir. What for?"—Jimson: "I bought a bottle of his toothache drops, paid a sovereign for 'em, and they didn't do a bit of good."—Lawyer: "Hem! Isn't £50 rather high damages to claim?"—Jimson: "Yes; but I suppose your bill will be about £49, and I want to get my sovereign back."

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINEANT.)

Monday, 8 th April.—We did but little in the way of business today, and no wonder, for it was only the second day of our existence. What merely human child, while yet "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," would or could do as much? We ascended the Vehar and Tulsi outlet towers with a view to improving them—a daring and dangerous feat at our age, but it must not be forgotten that we are imbued with the spirit of our predecessors, and, as it would appear, ...eir generosity too, for we boldly gave away a ... of thirty-two thousand, which shows that we



...ver spoon."

...n silver spoons in their

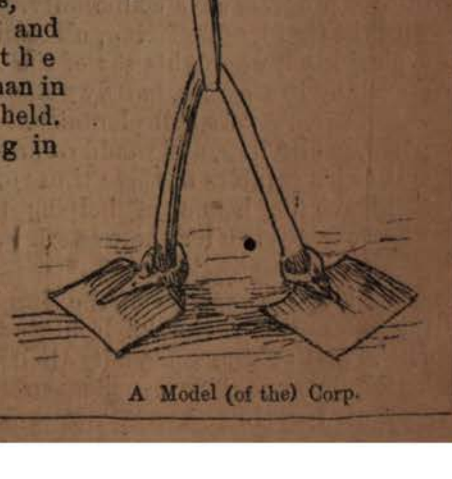
...mprove the occasion by
... the house-connections
...t all of us such unmiti-
... us have very old heads
...w in a general way that
...e order. But not how
...ened us out of our wits
...connections might take
...is, as well it might, gave
...pared to make Bombay
...omaster said it would be
...mpleted, at such a cost.
...btless very good in their



"Who calls me faddist?"

way, but some of us had the sense to remember that it was possible to buy even a sovereign dear. All the same, we gave Dr. Blaney credit for "benevolent intentions," and fully agreed with him that it was absurd to call those men *faddists* who wished to live and die honest citizens.

How very simple of Mr. Bomaster to expect that Bombay's drainage would be completed before the millenium, when England herself, even civilised England, after centuries of steady progress, finds the question still on her hands unsolved! This astounding truth was communicated at the Town Hall meeting the other day by Dr. Cowasjee Hormusjee. He in turn had it from no less an authority than our deservedly popular Chief Justice, who has just left us, leaving behind him a name endeared with the recollections of a life-time of honest, earnest, impartial, unostentatious work. The meeting at which Dr. Cowasjee made the remark, was, it may be mentioned in passing, a meeting of—the "friends and admirers," if you like, of Sir Charles Sargent, but of friends and admirers whose name is legion, not of friends and admirers confined within the narrow limits of a clique. It was a truly representative meeting too, representing Bombay's aristocracy—the aristocracy of intellect and the aristocracy of riches, not a packed meeting consisting of a handful of busy-bodies, supported and kept in countenance by ignorant mill-hands, Marwaree brokers and the like! And the meeting shows the man in whose honour it is held. We had a meeting in honour of Lord Harris, the ex-governor, and we had a meeting in honour of Sir Charles Sargent, the



A Model (of the) Corp.

ex-Chief-Justice! What a difference between the two? Need I say more?

It was at this same meeting in Sir Charles' honour that Dr. Cowasjee warmed all Corporators' hearts by the remark that, in Sir Charles' opinion, we were a "model Corporation." Thanks, Sir Charles, for this certificate. *A Model Corporation*! Curiously formed too and a bundle of inconsistencies!

"We are a strange contradiction! We're new and we're old,
Oft mindful of our pennies, oft lavish of gold.
We're brown and we're gray, we're black and we're white,
We're grave and we're gay, we're heavy and we're light.
In form too we differ, we're thin and we're thick,
We're soft as butter, and we're hard as brick;
We've more pipes than the plumber, more water'n we can drink,
We oft act like machines, often pause and think.
We're English, we're Moslem, we're Parsi, Hindu,
Now meek and docile, now untam'd like the shrew;
We often hug and embrace, oft tear each other to tatters,
Now wise as Solomon, now mad as hatters;
We speak pure English and we speak mixed Dutch,
We love the people fondly and we slight them too much;
We often run too fast, often crawl too slow,
And in the midst of summer we are in Snow!"

CHOW-CHOW.

The humours of the Jury List.

A LOCAL English daily considers it a grievance for the European community to be rather unduly impressed for service as jurors. A disproportionately large number of them is said to figure in the Special Jury List, and though as Common Jurors their number is small, a host of them is summoned at every Sessions. This is no doubt rather rough on some, but Mr. *Punch* doubts whether the majority of the Europeans and Eurasians so empanelled ever regard themselves as martyrs. Surely, the ample refreshments provided for these good citizens, the novelty of the situation, the occasional break in the monotony of desk work, the dignity of position enjoyed for a time, are all sufficient attractions to a class that has perhaps nothing to lose in the shape of business. And then take into account the patriotic thought of having served the Crown! The Parsi, who has no scruples to share the bounty of the refreshment table, is equally at ease: his adaptability to environments is notorious and is a factor in his progress as a community. But it is otherwise with the timid, self-effacing, abstemious Hindu of the typical kind, who fights shy of the well-laid table and, crouching in a corner, hastily gulps down his indifferent *halva, barfi, laddoo* and plantains. He, at any rate, feels bored, poor fellow, and would rather save the Crown the cost of his eatables in these times of financial pressure, and leave the honour of helping the bench to those who have a relish for the western lunch.

* * *

As to the vagaries of the Special Jury List, why, there is nothing remarkable in that. Is the Bombay J. P. List or the University Fellows' List free from fault? It is regarded an honour to be placed on the *Special* Jury List. The fortunate beings so selected, if they happen to be men of position and influence, must feel considerably elevated by the thought that the world regards them as more cultured and above board than their brethren of the *Common* Jury List. There is the Hall mark. Those living on the lower plane should, on the other hand, see to it that they are not designated clerks, head clerks or chief clerks. They should put themselves down as head assistants or secretaries, and—their impartialtiy for dealing with difficult sessions cases and their intellectual capacity are immediately gauged, assessed and assured. Perhaps other hidden qualifications are also needed; but there can be nothing special in *them*; they apply equally to Fellows, J. Ps. and other honorofic titles so common and yet so much coveted in these days!

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

"HAVE you taken anything for your complaint," the doctor of a long, lank, hungry-looking man, who to him, complaining of being "...
verifying his words,—"...
thing, Doc—that is, nothi...
o' Pinkham's bitters a wh...
invigorator, with a coupl...
lot o' quinine, and some da...
I've got a mustard plaister...
on, an' I'm wearing an 'le...
oil four times a day, with...
other day; 'ceptin' for that...

QUITE A CATCH.—Young...
party to covert): "Yes, ...
Now, if you believe me, I ...
other day for a mere song. B...
thing to smash. Bid the fel...
she is!" [Old party begins...
where 'e are" or will be pr...

WHICH SETTLES IT.—Ove...
confidentially of his absent fr...
absent friend is going to pr...
his praise. He is an excepti...
lady: "Ah, then he is 'too g...
him!" [Exit separately.]

FILLING UP THE CUP.—...
you going to have a new dres...
daughter: "I don't know...
appropriation, but I'm very...
He's opposed to every bill we...

A FIN-DE-SIECLISM!—L...
Brown at home?"—Servant...
ing lawn-tennis next door."...
young ladies at home?"—S...
church!"

THE COMING MODE.—H...
to your eyes, Miss Musing?"...
We are to look as much like J...

PRIOR CLAIMS.—Harold...
love you very much; but I lov...
cally.) "You see, I met her...



A POLICE GUARD OF HONOUR FOR THE SON-IN-LAW ELECT

to keep ward and watch at the entrance of the wedding *wádi* on the wedding day.

પોબારા ગણી જવાની ટેવ ધરાવનારા જમાઈના માનમાં પોલીસની ગાર્ડ આફ આનરની ટુકડી.

લગનને દાહાડે લગનની વાડીના દરવાજા આગળ ચોકી કરવા માટે.

THE MODERN HERCULES.

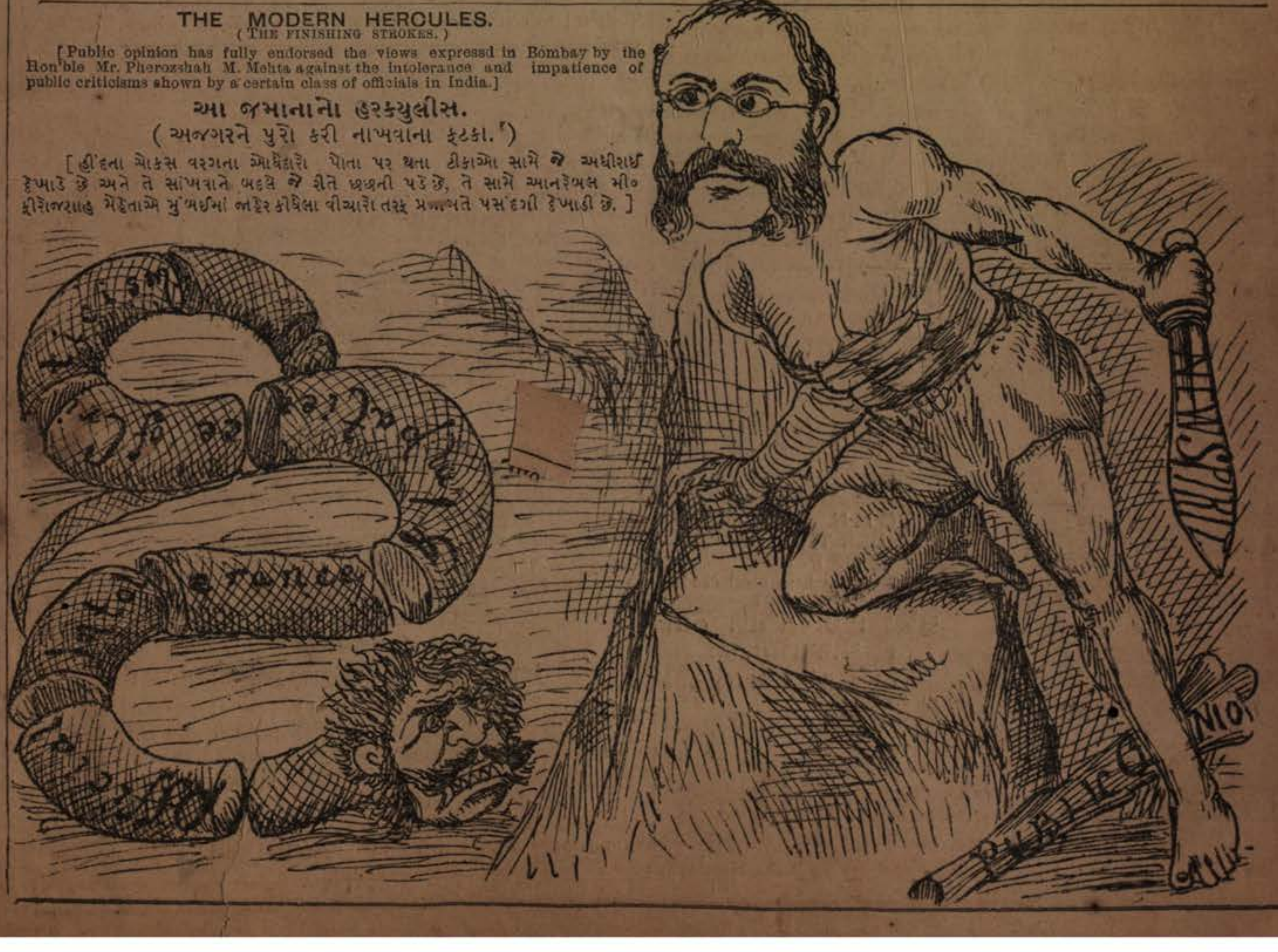
(THE FINISHING STROKES.)

[Public opinion has fully endorsed the views expressd in Bombay by the Hon'ble Mr. Pherozshah M. Mehta against the intolerance and impatience of public criticisms shown by a certain class of officials in India.]

આ જમાનાનો હરક્યુલીસ.

(અજગરને પુરો કરી નાખવાના ફટકા.')

[હીંદના ચોકસ વરગના ઓધેદારો પોતા પર થતા ટીકાઓ સામે જે અધીરાઈ દેખાડે છે અને તે સાંખવાને બદલે જે રીતે છછડની પડે છે, તે સામે આનરેબલ મી० ફીરોજશાહ મેહેતાએ મુંબઈમાં જાહેર કીધેલા વીચારો તરફ પ્રજાએ તે પસંદગી દેખાડી છે.]





JOHN CHINAMAN UNDER THE SHADOW OF PEACE.

[Peace has been concluded between China and Japan.]

સુલેહના છાંયડા તળે જાન ચાયનામેન.

[ચીન અને જેપાન વચ્ચે સુલેહ ના કોલકરાર થયા છે.]



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

(At the Gaiety.)

"Are those husband and wife, I wonder, in the Stalls yonder? What could the Peri of Paradise see to love in that horrid black-a-moor?"

"It's only her ebony casket for jewels and gold! The fellow inherits a large fortune, and money makes the mare go, you know!"

ગેઇટી નાટકશાળામાં.

"એ પેલું સ્ટાલ્સમાં હાંસબદન ને ગુલબદનનું જોરૂં જોયું કે ? એ કોણ ? માટી બઈ એર છે શું ? હું તો ઘણો હેરત થાઊંચ કે એ સીધીભાઈ આદ્દામુદીપર પરેસ્તાનની પરી મોહી કેમ પરી હોસે ?"

"એ તો બા હીરા ને મોતી ને સુનાં ને રૂપાંની વાતનો ભેદ છે ! એ છાવાની માચ ની મમઈ હમણાજ ધપી ગેઈ ને દીકરીની દીકરીના દીકરાને દીકરો કરીને જબરો દલ્લો આપી ગેઈચ ! પછી પઈસાને નહી કોણ પરણે ?"



KHOJA PUNCH IN EXCELSIS!

[The meetings of the subscribers to the Khoja Relief Fund and the Jairajbhoy Peerbhoy Khoja Benevolent Fund were held the other day, when it was observed that the funds have been very useful in serving different charitable objects.]

ખોજા પંચ રંગ રાગમાં !

[ખોજા નીરાશ્રીત ફંડ અને જેરાજભાઈ પીરભાઈ ખોજા બેનીવોલંટ ફંડમાં નાણાં ભરનારાઓની મળેલી સભાનાં કામકાજ ઉપરથી માલમ પડે છે કે, એ બંને ફંડો ખોજા કોમનાં ગરીબોને આશરો આપવામાં બહુજ ઉપયોગી થઈ પડયાં છે.]



"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:

Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

Aunt Peeloomae.—What's it you have been chanting this half hour, Jari?

Jari.—My Gujerati prayers—so sweet and so intelligible!

Aunt P.—But you mustn't pray in Gujerati. Zend is our sacred language, and—

Jari—Sacred and secret too, a sealed book. But don't fear, aunt. I rattle Zend off first to satisfy the conscience, and then sing the translation for the more intelligent expression of the soul's earnest desire.

Aunt P.—I don't care what you do after, so long as you say Zend first.

માસી પીલુમાય—જરી, એ તું અરધો કલાક થયો સાના રાગરા કહારેચ ?

જરી—એ તો હું ગુજરાતી ગાયનમાં બંદગી કરતીતી. કેવી મીઠી મધુર તે લાગેચ ને બરાબર સમજી ને ભણવાથી કેવું દીલ સાફ ને મન મોકલું થાયચ, માસીજી.

માસી—પણ તું ગુજરાતીમાં સાની બંદગી કરેચ ? આપરા લો કે તો પાક જંદ અવસ્તામાં બંદગી કરવાની ને—

જરી—હા માસીજી, પણ તેમાં તો કંઈ સમજણ નહી પરતી તે. પણ તમે કંઈ ગભરાતાં નાં, હું પેહેલાં જંદમાં બધું વગર સમજને ભરભર ભરડી જાઉંચ ને પછી તેના તરજુમા ગુજરાતી ગાયનમાં ગાઉંચ, કે જેથી હું સું ભણી ગેઈ તેની મને બરાબર સમજ પરે ને ખોદાતાલા તરફ વધારે પ્રીત ને હેલ લાગે.

માસી—તારે તો કંઈ નહી. તું પેહેલાં જંદમાં બંદગી કરેચ એ હસે બસ. પછી તારાં ગમે તે કર, તેમાં તુને કોણ આરા હાથ કરેચ. આપરી અસલ બંદગી તો છોરચે જ નહી હું, દીકરી.

~~THE WHITE~~ ELEPHANT OF THE BOMBAY CIVIC FATHER.



Owner of the Elephant—Ah! You've been all along a sad burden on my purse! I wish I could get rid of you.

[The Corporation gave its sanction to the renewal of the lapsed grant on account of the Pawai Water Works, amounting to Rs. 2,08,284, in order to allow of the immediate payment of the compensation payable to the owners of the land taken up for the construction of the works.]

મુંબઈના શેહેરી બાવાનો સફેદ હાથી.

હાથીનો માલેક—આહ ! બસ તું તો મારાં ગજવાંપર જબરો બોજો કસ્તારોજ થઈ પડયો છે ! એવો તું આવી પડયો છે કે તારૂં શું કરવું ને શું નહી તેનીબી મને સમજ પડતી નથી ! તારી પીડા પતાવવાને કેવો હું ઈંતેજાર છું ! પણ–પણ–પણ–!

[પવાઈના તળાવનું બાંધકામ કરવા માટે જે જમીન લેવામાં આવી છે, તેના માલેકોને બદલો આપવા માટે રૂપયા ૨૦૮૨૮૪ની રકમ તાબડતોબ પગાર કરવાને કારપોરેશને મંજુરીયાત આપી છે.]

A SOFT ANSWER.—Stranger (to young Fitzbudd, who, having come a cropper, though still holding his reins, seeks to hide his mistake by pretending he's lost something): "Hullo! What's up? What have you lost?"—Fitzbudd (*sotto voce*): "'What's up'? I'm down. And I've lost my seat, you silly old bounder!"



A PARTING KICK.

[Mr. Acworth has left behind him a minute handling very roughly the report af the House Connections Committee, and taking severely to task the majority of the members, represeniting the medical faculty.]

જતે દાહાડે કકડાવી કહાડેલી એક લાત.

[ઘરો સાથ ગટરોનાં જોડાણ કરવાની બાબત ઉપર વીચાર કરવાને નેમવામાં આવેલી કમીટીએ કીધેલા રીપોર્ટ સામે મી૦ એકવરથે ઈંગલંડ જવા આગમજ એક મીનીટ કીધી છે, જેમાં તેણે રીપોર્ટ સામે સખત ટીકા કરવા ઉપરાંત કમીટીના ડાકટર મેમબરો ઉપર હુમલા કીધા છે.]

A PLEASANT ENCOUNTER.—Simpkins : "Oh, I'm so pleased I've met you, Marsnall. You didn't hear the end of that story of mine at the club last night, and it's too good for you to miss. I'll tell it you now, and to have the thread continuous I shall begin again at the beginning."

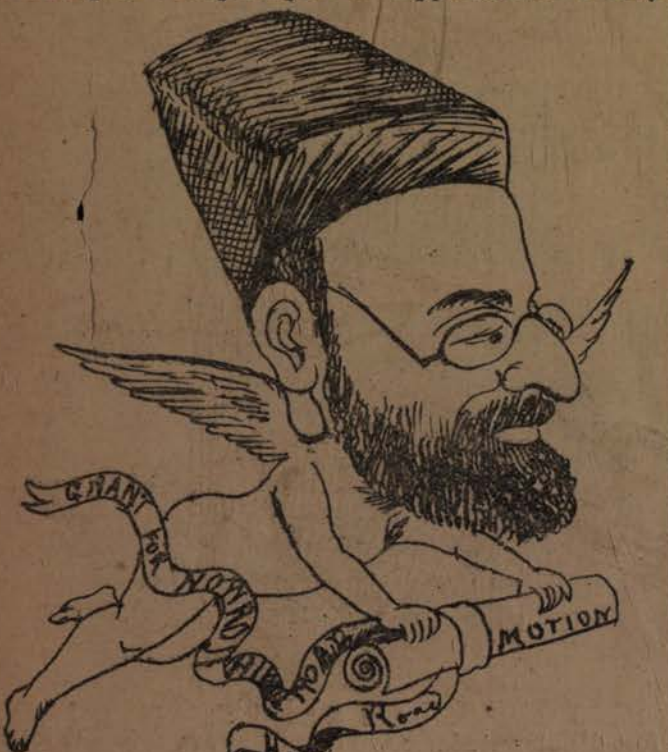
MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 18th April.—Mr. Seraph on his feet. "On his *wings*, you mean," I hear my readers good-naturedly correct me.

"Thanks, gentle readers, for all your care,
But S. loves not always the clear, cool air."

And really now, after such a long acquaintance, I might be credited with knowing the proper element of an angel. But perhaps it is supposed that I envy



Seraph as he might be.

Mr. S. his wings and wish to clip them. Not I. I admit that his Agripada prank did not wholly agree with my old bones. Nevertheless, I am always for giving the devil his due, much more so to an angel. If I did not therefore give Mr. S. his wings on this occasion, it was because he did not choose to use them. He kept them closely folded, and planting himself firmly on his feet like any one of us, demanded if there was any possibility of the grant for the construction of a road through Nowrojee Hill being utilized during the year. If there is none such, he remonstrated, why keep the money idle so long? Why not rather *divert* it? This, translated into the plain English of mortal beings, meant that we should play ducks and drakes with it. Diversion enough! What enjoyment it would be to the poor locked-up coins! So far unsophisticated innocence. Then came worldliness in the person of Dr. Cow-Horn, who assured us that there really had been no such delay as had been sought to be made out. The work in question had been undertaken at the instance of the late



Worldly Dr. Cow-Horn.

Mr. Nowroji Fardoonji; only yesterday, you know, and the slight delay that had actually taken place was what was inevitable! Rome was not built in a day. No, nor roads on Nowrojee Hill either. Besides, it was a purely seraphic notion to suppose that money suffered by lying idle. Activity may be good in a higher sphere. But indolence and leisure were the first requisites of the well-being of money as of man and all other things belonging to man. Emboldened by this common sense view of the matter, Mr. Ebrahim Rehimtula rose to express his disapprobation of the latter part of Mr. Seraph's proposition. "*Diversion* indeed! It may be diversion to you, but to the people who live around Nowrojee Hill, it is—well, it is diversion too, but of quite another sort. It means going considerably out of their way, when a short cut is tantalisingly held out before them by a cruel municipality, for no fault of theirs that they are aware of. I move therefore that the latter part of the proposition be deleted. Ceterum censeo Karthaginem esse delendam." D—n it, this is deleting with a vengeance, as sure as the destruction of Carthage.



The Snow Man.
(Fancy Portrait of our own new M. C.)

At this stage of the proceedings, we began to feel a queer sensation all over our bodies. A soft "sound as of rain and bees murmuring" made itself heard. The floor whitened, our heads lost all dis-

tinction of age and before we were well aware of it, we were deep in Snow! When we had recovered from our surprise, we began to understand that our new M.C., falling in with the deletion-proposal, had chosen this summary—or, shall we say, wintry,—manner of restoring the paper to its original purity. What a beautifully poetical notion! We highly applauded it. But there are some Dryasdusts among us, and Dr. Viegas, clearing his head and spectacles as hurriedly as he could of the disagreeable stuff, took us severely to task for meddling with things we did not understand. Hills, like ills, rose and sunk but at the bidding of doctors, and we had his word of authority that the operation on Nowrojee Hill could not be delayed too long. Thus handled on all sides, Mr. Seraph hastened to make a disavowal of any intention of disparaging the work in question, and as he shifted ground, I fancied I saw his pinions flutter and his opinions falter. I trembled to think that, disgusted with the perversity of human nature, he had determined to leave the earth like Astræa of old, and abandon us to our fate. This, however, was only a delusion, for the next moment saw him safe in the arms of—his municipal chair.

Paw! hai! my eye! what a paw! "Didn't I tell you, gentlemen, in the past," said Mr. Bomaster, "not to have anything to do with this Paw-high beast, but you wouldn't listen to me, and now see how he has grown on your hands! How he fattens on your bounty and threatens to eat you out of house and home! Throw him into the Arabian Sea, gentlemen, and he will suck up all the water! Would you nurse him to suck up all your money? A white elephant, the like of which I never saw before!" "Didn't you then? Why, what are the Pawai Engines but



A big drink.

a second white elephant? Some three years ago, we wanted to sell them, but they are still with us, idling and rusting," said Mr. Seraph, with a rustle of his wings and a pious horror of everything that is lying idle, money included! Dr. Cow-Horn was understood to indulge in some witticism about the Deewalee, which sent us—easily tickled Corporators—into fits of laughter. Wouldn't it be a nice thing, thought I, if the two white elephants—both Mr. Bomaster's and Mr. Seraph's—were stuffed full of crackers and blown up; of course, the elephants alone without their owners! It would be celebrating the Civic Father's Deewalee with eclat, all the merrier for being done at other people's expense!

What a charming example has Mr. Drinoter, our late dearly loved Commissioner, left behind him of per-



Civic Father's Dewalee.

fect disinterestedness and thorough regard for the interests of his successors in office. We all know full well—however much the pessimistic Bomaster may doubt it—that thousands will not tempt the autocrat back among us, and that it must now be a matter of perfect indifference to him whether the Commissioner gets a thousand or ten thousand a month. All the greater to his credit then that, after having managed, in his own contented way, to eke out a scanty subsistence with the pittance that we have been allowing him, he should be so solicitous of others and make their welfare his first—or rather, his last—care! In that beautiful letter he has left us, he recommends us, in his grandmotherly manner, to see that, in view of the mental strain and worry to which Municipal Commissioners are subjected, their pay is fixed at starting at Rs. 2,500 to Rs. 3,000 per month, increased after 3 years to Rs. 3,500, and again after 6 years to Rs. 4,000 !!!! And mark his consideration for our purse! He stops at the last figure,

when in his generosity he might have at least doubled it! Captain Walshe asked us to record the letter, and we were going to, when Mr. Bomaster, with that mixture of comicality and seriousness for which he is so famous and which, whenever he is on his legs, makes "laughter hold both his sides," told us to beware! "Suppose we recorded the letter, and that tempted by the glittering bait (for even Commissioners are human, though they may drink no water) he returned to claim our implied promise, where should we be?" Where indeed! And, by the bye, where were you, Mr. Bomaster, when the Lion of India roared the other day in such unqualified praise of the late Commissioner, you who speak out so boldly now? Where too was Mr. Dew, who now, with equal boldness, asks us to consign the letter to the waste basket? Well, never mind where they were, the lion's roar often makes the stoutest hearts quail; all that we are concerned with is that the letter is where it ought to be, and Mr. Bomaster may now breathe freely.

"Voici une affaire trompeuse," says Le Petit, and we have before us the diverting story of the house that Sir Dinshaw Petit was going to build at Trombay for the houseless lepers. The idea originated and was accepted in Lord Reay's time, the late lamented Duke of Clarence laid the foundation-stone, and the poor, despised leper began to indulge the hope of being able to hide, under an hospitable roof, his terrible misfortune from a pitiless world. But soon there is a change. Lord Reay goes, Lord Harris comes, and then—

> Acworth from Matunga hails,
> Harris carrying bat and bails,
> *Defends the poor, the rich assails!!*

The leper is disappointed and defrauded. His sores weep in the streets or at Matunga, and Trombay knows him not.

(*Hindi Punch*, 28-4-95.)

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

A LITTLE SNOB AND A BIG SNUB.—He: "A tall divinity is my adoration."—She: "And a little flutterer my abomination."

ALPHABETICAL.—Old gentleman (too impatient for anything—testily to waitress): "Now then, Miss A B C, are you D E F?"

SHE: "I'm told you want to marry me only for my money."—Herr Brusche: "Nor, nor; I shall vant you, father's money as vell."

COURAGE.—Little George Wheeler had been ordered a spoonful of castor oil each evening, and in order to save trouble he was given a penny each time that he swallowed it without creating a difficulty. One evening he said to his mother: "Mamma, if you don't mind I'll take 12 spoonfuls of that medicine to-night." "Why, my dear?" "Because I saw a nice kite at a shilling to-day, and I want to buy it to-morrow."

THEATRICAL.—A well-known musician was walking down the Strand the other day, looking very glum, and he met an equally well-known dramatic author. (We won't mention names.) "What's the matter with you?" said the D. A. "Why, I just popped into the Athenæum Theatre, and in the orchestra was seated a scene-shifter, a common scene-shifter, strumming my latest waltz on the piano. Enough to make one look out of sorts, I should think. What would you do if you were me?" "Um! I fancy I should go and set a scene."

HE: "Is it really true that Japanese fashions are to be all the rage this season?" She: "Well, that's what everybody said. But now I fancy we shall have to go in for the Chinese, out of sympathy with poor Li Hung Chang. So very annoying, just as I had ordered the trottiest new frock imaginable!"

ENTERTAINING.—Small boy: "England's a free country, ain't it, pa?"—Mr. Patriot (enthusiastically): "It is indeed, my boy!"—Small boy (aggrievedly): "Then why won't they let me in the circus without payin'?"

AN INNOCENT.—Sportsman (who has been training a "dark 'un" of his own for the Grand National): "There, my boy, there's a 50 to 1 chance for you! Now, just you take my advice and get on at once!"—Little Greensmith: "Get on, eh? Thanky! Prefer to see the lad on him, thanky!"

SEQUELÆ!—The General: "*You*'ve had it, I suppose?"—The Judge: "I should think so. I'm as weak as a rat."—The General: "That's nothing. *I'm* as weak as *two* rats!"—The Judge: "But *two* rats are stronger than *one* rat!"—The General: "If you argue, I shall cry!"

MRS. SMITH: "I think it dreadful that your Divorce Laws in America should be so much more lenient than they are in England."—Mr. Van Rensselaer: "Well, you see, my dear madam, in England divorce is a luxury—while with us it is—er—a necessity!"

AN ELEVATING TONIC.—"It is queer," said the philosophical man, "how whiskey will make a man have so good an opinion of himself." "Nothing queer about it," dissented the cheerful idiot; "it makes a man rate himself at his 'full' value, that is all."

A BAD APPETITE.—Squire (who has invited tenant to lunch): "Will you have a little fowl, Mr. Stubbins?"—Stubbins: "I am not over hungry, zur, but if the fowl be a very small 'un I dare zay I can manage 'un."

MRS. R.'S ABSTINENCE.—The good lady says,: "My dear, I always like to strictly observe our Church's audiences, and so every Friday morning during Lent I invariably have a broiled skipper for breakfast."

CONCENTRATION.—Mightn't the verdicts of separation or divorce be reported in the papers under the ordinary business heading of "Partnerships Dissolved"?

A FINE VIEW.—Steward: "Yes, my lord, from this hill you can get a fine view. The land as far as you can see in any direction belongs to your lordship's creditors."

QUARTER-DAY; OR, DEMAND AND NO SUPPLY.—Ratepayer: "What's this for? *Water*! Why, haven't had any!"

ALL VERY FINE !—Scene : A town in the North on a very misty day. Sandy McKay (coming out of a public-house and meeting his minister face to face) : " Lesh, sir, it's an awfu' deceivin' thing, this mist. D'ye ken (impressively), I wandered in there the noo, thinkin' it was the grocer's !"

" No, a fellow can't get on nowadays by honest labour.' —" Well, young Newcombe has."—" How ?"—" Why, he married a wealthy old lady, and has to wheel her about in a bath chair."

ADDING INSULT TO HEN-JURY.—Smith : " I say ! Just look how those confounded hens of yours have scratched up my seeds !"—Brown : " And a jolly good thing for your seeds, I can tell you. They'd never come up at all if they weren't scratched up !"

SPORTSMAN : " Now, my good man, just open that gate aor me, will you ?"—Farm hand (who knows his man to be a skinflint) : " Shure, an' it's not for the loikes o' me to be ffter insultin' the noble baste ye're on, sor, by openin' the gate afore his eyes."

A CORRECTION.—The new vicar : " I am sorry to hear, Msr. Priddle, that your husband is an habitual drunkard." —Mrs. P. : " And I'm sorry, sir, to hear that you havea been miscorrectly informed. My 'usband only gets drunks when he has got any money."

AN UNLUCKEY MAN.—Coroner : " This is a very unhappy occurrence, that you should run over this old lady and kill her."—Cabby : " Very. This makes my thirteenth, and I feel that that number will bring me bad luck."

REVEREND divine : " Well, my little man, and did you see me in church last Sunday ?"—Little man : " Oh yes, I saw you. But I didn't think much of you, 'cos you wore a night-gown. My papa always wears 'jamas."

MAGNIFYING HIS CALLING,—Peter (the stone-breaker) : " Na, laddie, this is ane o' thae things a body can never learn. There's nae use in a man takin' tae *this* job unless he has a naiteral born aptitude for 'd !"

THE NEW DISCOVERY.—" Argon" is described as " a gaseous constituent." In most constituencies can be found plenty of " Argons."

HER LATEST.—" The silence was so great," said Mrs. R., " you could have picked up a pin !"

ENDS in a strike—A match.

THE Master of the Rolls—A master baker.

AN INEFFECTUAL REMEDY.—Dulcie (whose temperature has just been taken) : " Thank you, mammie ; but it doesn't seem to do my head much good."

" WHAT'S IN A NAME ? "—Customer : " I see you've got an infallible hair-restorer for sale."—Hairdresser : "Er—yes, sir, but I can't guarantee it ! "

FEMININE AMENITIES. Ethel : " I wonder what that gentleman's name is that I just danced with ? " Maud : " I'm not quite sure ; I heard him call himself a martyr."

" GIVE me time, your worship," said the prisoner. " I will ; six months," replied the magistrate.

" INTO what business, Mrs. Malaprop, has your son Edward gone ? "—" Oh ! he's a sanguinary engineer."

BLOOD RELATIONS.—She : " Have you ever seen any performing fleas ? "—He : " No, but I've felt 'em ! "

" I FEEL very anxious about my daughter, doctor. "— "What are her symptoms ?"—" She isn't able to endure anything. This morning she was all worn out after a little run of fifteen miles on her bicycle. "

" Now, professor, have a whiskey this time ? Don't keep on swilling that beastly beer."—" Ach ! no, mine vrient, too mooch viskey *iss* too mooch ; but too mooch peer iss *choss right* ! "

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Gentleman : " How came you to put your hand in my pocket ? "—Pickpocket : " Beg your pardon; I am so absent-minded. I had once a suit of clothes just like those you are wearing."

MISS SILLIGHIRL (sobbing): " I think it's awful mean. That horrid Jones girl has been saying that I paint. "—Miss Meannesse : " Never mind, dear. I expect if she had your complexion she'd paint too."

CONVALESCENT.—After " about " of influenza, the be thing for the patient is to be " about again."

THE man who dealt himself five aces from one packo cards did a deal too much.

" FUN FILOSOFY." —The man who makes himself cheap to a woman will never become dear to her.

'ARRY ON 'ORSEBACK.—'Arry (in extremities) : " Well gi' me a ' bike' !"

A DARK deed—A negro's will.

જાહેર સભાઓમાં ચીસ પાડતાં ગલીચ પક્ષીનો ગલીચ ખોરાક.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૪૦૩ જું.]

[પારસીઓની કેટલીક સભાઓમાં કેટલાક ચીબાવલા છોકરાઓ બેવકુફી, સોખાઇ અને ખરાબ રીતભાત વાપરતા વાપરતા સભામાં હાજર થનારી બાનુઓને વટીક અપમાન કરવાનાં નીચપણા ઉપર ઉતરવા લાગયા છે, તેને સખત હાથે દાબી દેવાની જરૂર છે, નહી તો તે વધતું વધતું એક જાહેર નાલેસી અને નામોસી સરખુ થઈ પડશે.]

મી૦ પંચના ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.– ના૦ ૨૪.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૪૦૩ જું.]

મી૦ નારાયણ ગણેશ ચંદાવરકર, બી. એ., એલએલ. બી.

" પેત્રલ " પક્ષી જે મહાસાગરના મોજાઓપર હેરતભરેલી રીતે ચાલે છે અને પોતાને સપાટીપર ને સપાટીપરજ રાખી શકે છે.



THE HEAVY DRAGS.

Hind—Poor, poor fellow ! How I pity you !

[The Royal Commission to make inquiries into the financial condition of India, and particularly into the military charges, is in course of formation. According to present arrangements not only will Mr. Dadabhai Naorojee have a seat on the Commission, but Sir William Wedderburn and Mr. Caine will also be members.]

ગરીબ બીચારાને પગે આ કેવી ભારી બેડી !

હીંદ—ગરીબ બીચારો તું ! મને તારી કેવી દયા લાગે છે !

[હીંદુસ્તાનની નાણાં સંબંધી હાલત વીષે અને અકસર કરીને લશકરી ખરચોના સંબંધમાં પુછપરછ કરવાને જે બાદશાહી કમીશન નેમવાનું નકી થયું હતું, તેના અધીકારીઓની નેમણુક થવા માંડી છે. હાલની ગોઠવણ પ્રમાણે મી૦ દાદાભાઈ નવરોજીને તેમજ સર વીલીયમ વેડરબરન અને મી૦ કેનને આ કમીશનમાં નેમવામાં આવશે.]





MISS CENTRAL DIVISION AND THE HUNGRY GEESE.

Miss C. D.—So sorry, my dears, but I can't serve all. One is enough. The rest must starve!

[Keen competition is going on in the Central Division between Messrs. Bal Gangadhar Tilak, Y. N. Ranade, Dhondoo Shamrao Garud and Shriram Bhikhajee Jathar for election by the Local Boards of the Division to the only seat in the Bombay Legislative Council.]

મધ્યવીભાગબાઈ અને ભુખ્યાં હાંસ.

બાઈ–હું ઘણી દલગીર છઊં, મારાં વાહાલાંઓ, પણ મારાથી એકથી વધારેને પુરૂં પડાય એમ નથી. એક સીવાય બાકીનાંને ભુખે રેહેવું જ પડશે !

[મધ્ય વીભાગની લોકલ બોર્ડોને મુંબઈની ધારાસભા માટે એક અધીકારી ચુંટી કહાડવાનો જે હક બખશવામાં આવ્યો છે, તેની રૂએ તેઓ તરફથી ચુંટણીનું કામ ચલાવવામાં આવે છે. આ એક બેઠક માટે મેશરસ બાલ ગંગાધર તીલક, વાઈ. એન. રાનાડે, ધોંડુ શામરાવ ગરૂડ અને શ્રીરામ ભીખાજી જ્યારે ઉમેદવારી કરી છે, અને મત મેળવવા માટે તેઓ વચ્ચે જબરી હરીફાઈ ચાલે છે.]

THE PYTHON'S FEED.

[It is expected that the bill of expenditure for the Chitral Expedition will be a very heavy one, and the sum of 14 lacs provided in the Budget for 1895-96 will be quite inadequate.]

અજગરનો ખોરાક.

[ચીત્રાલની ચઢાઈના ખરચનો આંકડો ઘણોજ ભારે થઈ જવાની વકી રાખવામાં આવે છે, અને ૧૮૯૫–૯૬ નાં બજેટમાં તે માટે ચઉદ લાખની જે રકમ કહાડવામાં આવી છે, તે કરતાં ઘણી વધારે મોટી રકમ હીંદી કર ભરનારે એ ખરચ માટે આપવી પડશે, એમાં હવે શક જેવું કસું રહ્યું નથી.]

ETHEL : "I suppose one-half one hears in Society isn't true, is it?" Mamma : "No; but the other half is so frightfully stupid, you know."



KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

[Public appeals have been made on behalf of several Parsee charitable funds, which are said to be low.]

બારણું ઠોકાય છે.

બારણું ઊઘાડો અને સખીદસ્ત લંબાવો, સાહેબો !

[કેટલાંક પારસી ધરમ ખાતાંઓનાં ફંડો નબળી હાલતમાં આવી પડયાં છે, તેમને મદદ કરવા માટે જાહેર અરજ કરવામાં આવે છે.]

"Fit for the mountains and the barb'rous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd."



[Some recent exhibitions, at Parsee meetings, of mixed stupidity, insolence, bad manners and insults offered even to ladies, on the part of silly Parsee youths, make it imperative that stringent measures should be adopted to effectually prevent a recurrence of what, unchecked, threatens to develop into a public shame and scandal.]

[ગુજરાતી માટે જુવો પાનું ૪૦૦ મું.]



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 24.

MR. NARAYEN GANESH CHANDAVARKER, B. A., L. L. B.

A petrel that passes over the ocean waves in a remarkable manner and always keeps itself above the surface.

[ગુજરાતી માટે જુવો પાનું ૪૦૦ મું.]

THE DEATH-JUMP OF THE WOLF.

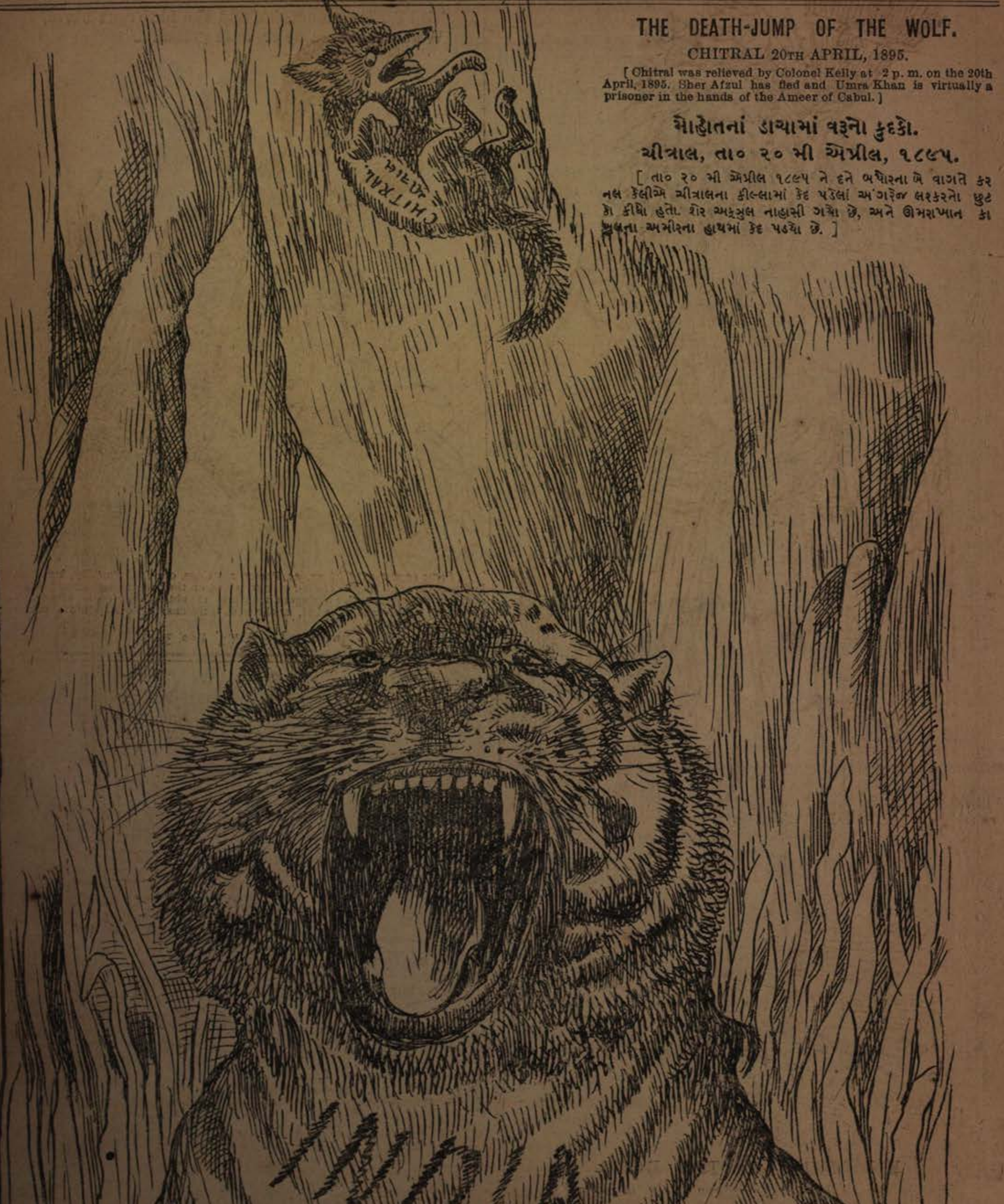
CHITRAL 20TH APRIL, 1895.

[Chitral was relieved by Colonel Kelly at 2 p. m. on the 20th April, 1895. Sher Afzul has fled and Umra Khan is virtually a prisoner in the hands of the Ameer of Cabul.]

મોહોતનાં ડાચામાં વરૂનો કુદકો.

ચીત્રાલ, તા૦ ૨૦ મી એપ્રીલ, ૧૮૯૫.

[તા૦ ૨૦ મી એપ્રીલ ૧૮૯૫ ને દને બપોરના બે વાગતે કરનલ કેલીએ ચીત્રાલના કીલ્લામાં કેદ પડેલાં અંગરેજ લશકરનો છુટકો કીધો હતો. શેર અફઝુલ નાહાસી ગયો છે, અને ઊમરાખાન કાબુલના અમીરના હાથમાં કેદ પડયો છે.]



HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

Lord S-ndh-rst—Look here, friend. Let us quench all old heart-burnings, and settle, once for all, this vexed Police-charges question. My bag, as you will see, isn't at all full, but all the same, I'll not squeeze or fleece you. I'm sure it is possi... ...et you half way, and I'll do it.



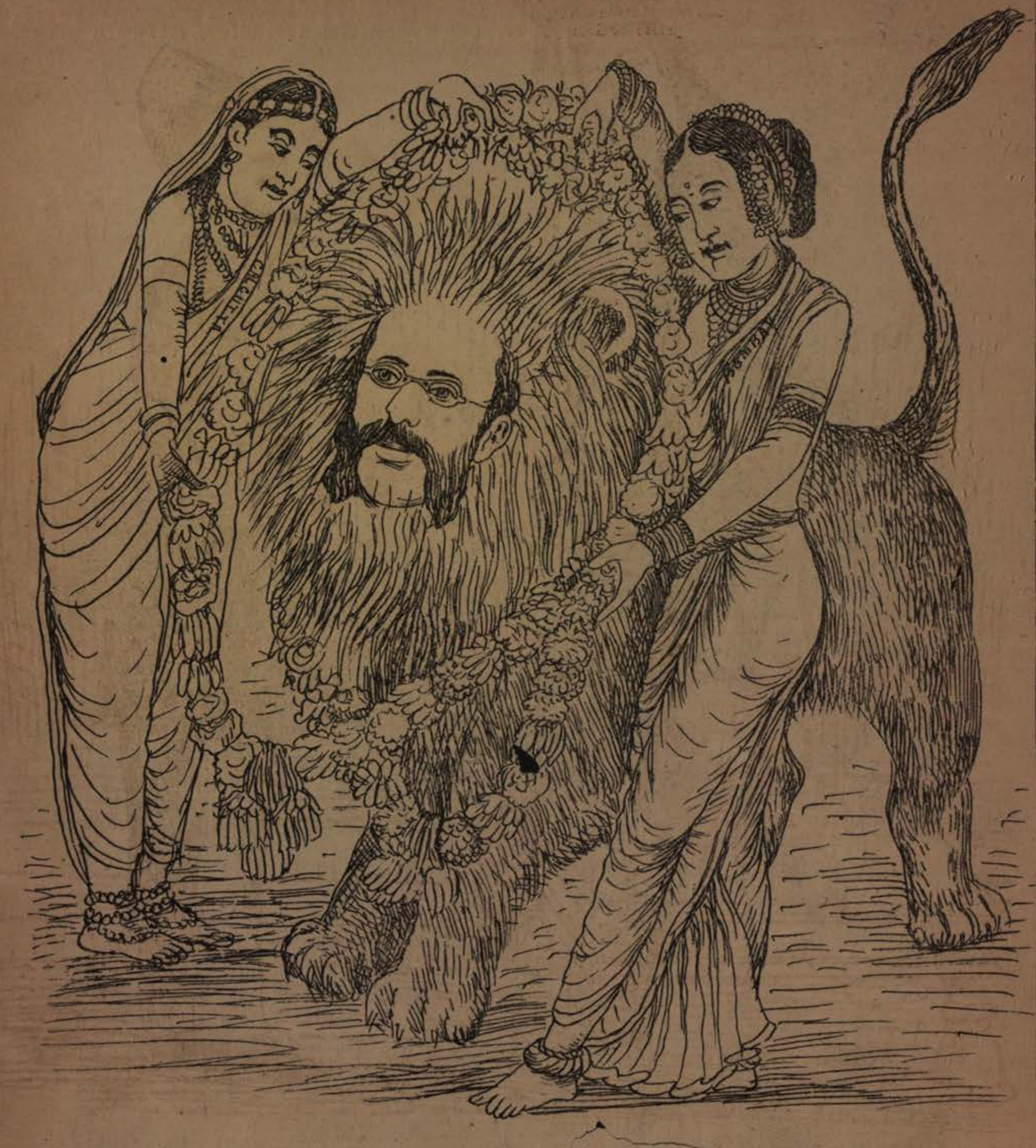
Civic Father—Th... my Lord, for these birthday congratulations! How gratifying to receive them at the very threshold of my existence! And for my p... I'll strive to deserve your good opinion.

[The new Munici... Corporation, which came into existence on April 1st, has placed before it a letter from H. E. Lord Sandhurst, in which His Excellency says, "The matter of police charges has already come before me, and while I express no opinion in regard to official correspondence, it seems to me that the difficulties in the way of removing the cause of difference are, by some re-arrangement, not insuperable, and I beg to inform you that Government will receive with pleasure any communication and suggestions you may feel inclined to make with that object."]

ભલાથી ભલુંજ કામ થાય

લારડ ...સેંડહર્સ્ટ—અહીં જો, મારા દોસ્ત. આગલા બધા બળાપા જસાપાની આગ ઉપર ચાલ આપણે થંડું પાણી નામી દઈએ અને પેલા જીવ બળાવનારા પોલીસ ખરચના સવાલ... ...કવાર જે તે નીકાલ લાવી નાખીએ. તું જોયચ તેમ મારી કોથલી કંઈ ભરપુર નથી, પણ તેથી હું કંઈ તુને દાબવા કે ચેતરવા માંગતો નથી. મારી તો ખાતરી છે કે ...થ સમજુતીથી હું નીકાલ કરી શકીશ.

શે... ...ા—મારી સાલગીરેહને દીવસે તમો તરફની આવી મુબારક ખબર માટે તમારો ઉપકાર થયો, મારા લારડ. મારી નવી હઈયાતીની શુરૂઆતમાં એવી ખુશ વધાઈ પામ... કેવી ખુશાલી! ખચીત, મારા લારડ, તમારૂં સારૂં મન મેળવવાનેજ હું કોશેશ કરીશ.



THE LION-WORSHIP; OR, HONOUR TO WHOM; &C.

[The public of Calcutta and Bombay have vied with each other in honouring the Hon'ble Mr. Pheroz[illegible]erwanjee Mehta for his able services to the country, whose interests, as the Hon'ble Mr. Rahimtulla M. Sayani said the other day, he [illegible]formly striven to promote for over a quarter of a century with a devotion and single-mindedness of purpose which are beyond praise. A [illegible]ded and enthusiastic public meeting was convened under the auspices of the Bombay Presidency Association on Saturday, the 20th Apri[illegible]t, when an address was adopted for presentation to the hon'ble gentleman at a public meeting.]

સીંહ-પુંજા ; અથવા, લાયકને લાયક માન.

[આનરેબલ મી૦ ફીરોઝશાહ મેહેરવાનજી મેહેતાએ આ દેશની જે કીમતી સેવાઓ બજાવી છે, અને તેના લાભ વધા[illegible]ને જે ઉલટ, બીનસ્વાર્થ અને એકજ ચીતે તેઓએ ગયાં પચીસ વરસ થયાં તન મન અને ધનથી જેહેમત ખેંચી છે, તે માટે તેમને માન[illegible]આપવાને કલકતા અને મુંબઈની પ્રજાઓ એક બીજા વચ્ચે ગોયા હરીફાઈ કરવા પડી છે. મુંબઈની પ્રેસીડેનસી એસોસીએશને ગઈ તા૦ [illegible] એપ્રીલને દને એક ગંજાવર જાહેર સભા બોલાવી હતી, જેમાં એવો ઠરાવ કરવામાં આવયો હતો કે, આનરેબલ મી૦ મેહેતાને તેમ[illegible]ઓ માટે એક જાહેર માનપત્ર આપવું.]



WHILE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S HOPE.

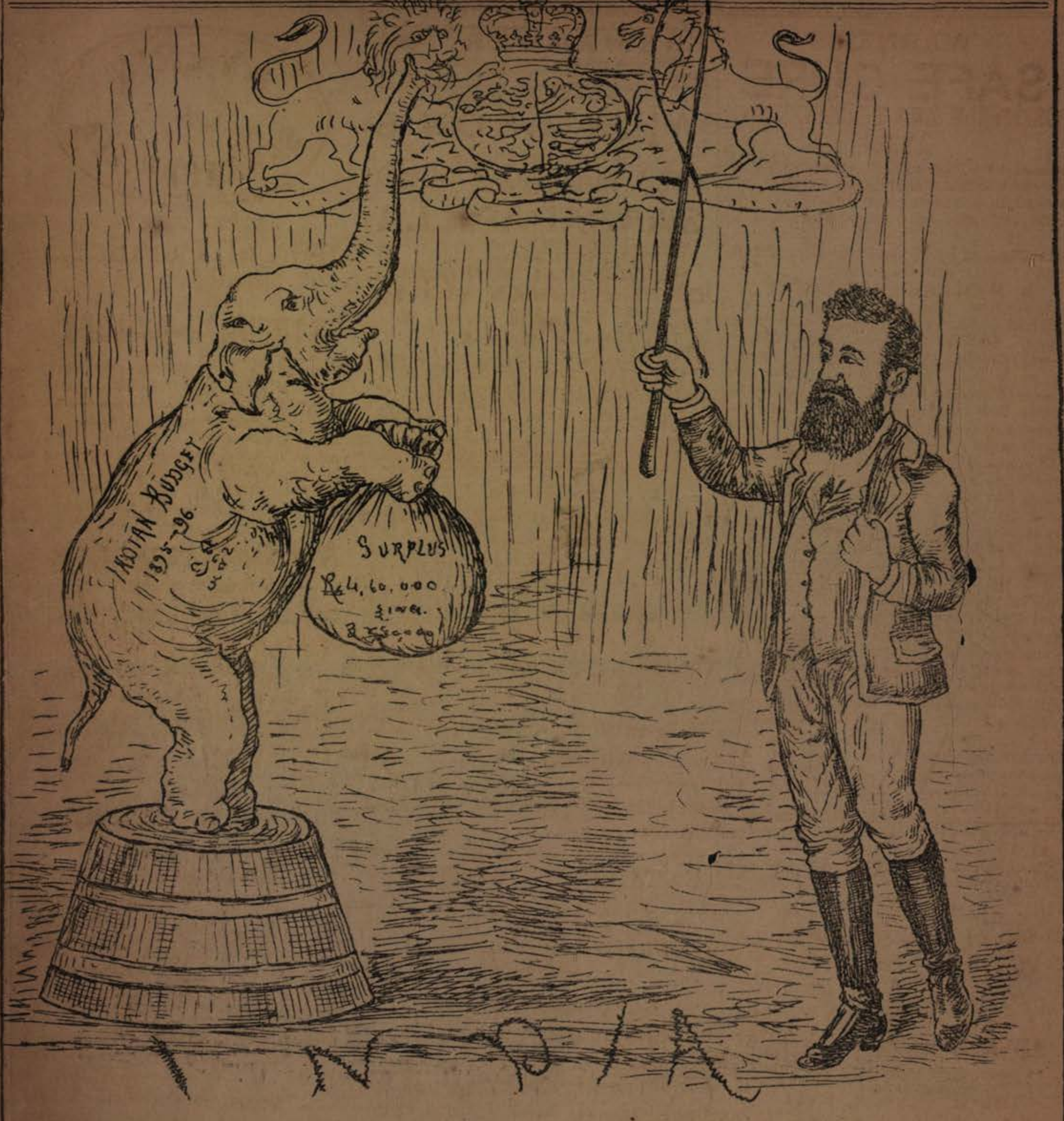
Doctor—(To Miss University.) You had better give him complete rest for a time, m'am,—say till the monsoon breaks, and then we'll decide what to do with him.

[The M. B. question, which has been shelved for the second time, will, it is expected, be brought up again in June next in a new garb by the party formed of the native medical faculty.]

જીવમાં જીવ હોય ત્યાં સુધી તો આશા રાખો.

ડાક્ટર-(મીસ યુનીવરસીટીને) હાલ તુરત તો થોડો વખત એને તમો સંપુરણ આસાએશ આપો, બાઈ સાહેબ,—જાણે કે ચોમાસું બેસે તાંહસુધી એને મુદલજ છેડો ના, અને તે પછી એનું શું કરવું તે વીષે આપણે વીચાર કરીશું.

[ગરાંટ મેડીકલ કાલેજમાંથી પસાર થતા વીદયારથીઓને એલ. એમ. એસ. ને બદલે એમ. બી. ની પદવી આપવાને લગતો સવાલ જે એકવાર પાછો ખુણે નાખવામાં આવયો છે, તેને આવતા જુન માસમાં સેનેટ હજુર પાછો રજુ કરવામાં આવે એવી વકી છે. સેનેટની વઈદક ફેકલટાના દેશી ગરહસ્થો તેને નવા આકારમાં સેનેટમાં લાવવાનો અવીર રાખતા જણાય છે.]



THE *BALANCING* TRICK.

[The manipulations of the Finance Minister to show a balance at the end of the year are really wonderful, and have called forth eulogistic notices from different quarters.]

"બાલાન્સ" રાખવાનો હીકમતી ખેલ.

[હીંદી ખજાનચીએ વરસની આખેરીએ ખરચ કરતાં આવકમાં ફાજલ ("બાલાન્સ") દેખાડવાની આ વરસનાં બજેટમાં જે હીકમત વાપરી છે તે ખરેજ હેરતભરેલી છે, અને તે માટે જુદી જુદી તરફથી તેની સ્તુતીપાત્ર ખબર લેવામાં આવી છે.]

SPORTSMAN : "Now, my good man, just open that gate for me, will you ?"—Farm hand (who knows his man to be a skinflint) : "Shure, an' it's not for the loikes o' me to be after insultin' the noble baste ye're on, sor, by openin' the gate afore his eyes."

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Monday, 22nd April.—Bombay lighting has always been, naturally enough, one of our burning questions. Apparently, a light subject, and yet heavy enough, in all conscience, with all the added weight of fresh illuminants daily brought to light. Time there was, say only fifty years ago, when Bombay, in its best as in its worst parts, used to be buried in primeval darkness, or in just enough light to make darkness visible. Now we have changed all that. And although stray nooks and corners and gullies and even public streets, where *Saheb's* feet never tread, still mourn in gloomy silence, our best thoroughfares almost emulate the dazzling brilliancy of civilised London or Paris! I say almost, for though much has been accomplished, more remains to be done. We all know that light travels with lightning speed, and while we are still content to dabble in gas, and, in some places, even in oil, elsewhere they are revelling in the white rays of electricity. We too thought at one time of this nightly rival of the sun, but electricity proved to be too good for us, or as we, in our pride, put it, we were too good for electricity. Putting then our heads together, we have resolved to take just one step forward and are going to try incandescent gas, which is still gas, only more transcendent! Dr. Vie-gas said not a word of this brilliant namesake of his, but another medical luminary, Dr. Katrak, tried to tempt our "economic conscience" by asking us to see if we cannot reduce the cost of our gas by taking an inferior quality, which, on the authority of the *Lancet*, burned with equal brilliancy! This was a poser for Mr. Kabrajee and others, who naturally thought of that old saw and modern instance, *Cheap and nasty go together.* Mr. Cotton, too, waxed indignant. The *Lancet*, not being a member of the Corporation, had no *locus standi*, and all that the scientific journals said was not gospel truth. Here was a pretty pass! Gas as now supplied, or cheaper? Proposition and Amendment stood face to face, while gas trembled and threatened every moment to go out. Dr. Cow-Horn blew the trumpet of alarm, and dinned it into our ears that delay was dangerous. Present gas or cheaper? "*Present*, of course, for the present, and cheaper when it can be had," said Mr. P. M. M., who, trotting out his rider, carried proposition and amendment and all of us into the bargain, captives to his irresistible will!

Not for me to gauge the depth of despair from which Mr. Bomaster sent up his despondent cry, "If Mr. P. M. M. orders, I'll sit down." This was said in the course of the discussion which ensued on the Police charge—another burning question, though not light. Having remained stationary for years, the Police charges, as Mr. Leo pointed out, had been suddenly doubled in 1892; items upon items having been piled upon the patient, unmurmuring municipal scapegoat, ... before been dreamt of in your philosophy or mine. Lord Harris, actuated doubtless by his famous policy of snubbing the rich and benefitting



The Municipal Scape-goat.

the poor, had helped largely to swell the burden. Thanks, however, to the advent of less severe statesmanship, there are indications of a speedy and satisfactory settlement, and we may possibly never more hear of these confounded. Police charges within our walls. "We have exercised forbearance too long," said Mr. Leo; "if the Government would meet us in a liberal spirit, well and good; if not, they will very soon find out their mistake. There is one way of being quits. Let the Government cease levying their elastic and ever-varying contributions, and we will in return give up to them some of our sources of income. They may then pay and pamper the Police as much as they like." "It is all owing to the August riots," meekly suggested Mr. Bomaster. "Nonsense, sit down, sir," roared Mr. Leo, and poor Mr. Bo. sat down plump. "Well, well, we can't be all roaring lions in this world; there must be *some* lambs, and harmless, kindly, gregarious creatures for eating and shearing."

Thursday, 25th April.—We had just seated ourselves and begun to exchange nods with each other (nods of courtesy, not those of a later stage) when with a bang, a tingle and a smart, Mr. Cuffe came down on our ears and startled us into attention. After this preliminary rough awakening, however, he went on as engagingly as possible, revealing to us the beauties of the Shone Pneumatic System, and if the system failed to make the desired impression, it was not for want of being advantageously introduced. Thanks to its name, it had light enough of its own, and Mr. Cuffe raised its brilliancy to almost meridian splendour by reflecting it from the mirror of Mr. Drinoter's recommenda-



Sitting down plump.

tion. Enough to dazzle the keenest eye, and when Dr. Bhal-*Chandra* went out of his way to add his moony lustre to it, we thought we should all go blind. What opposition, humanly speaking, could avail



Moony lustre.

against this triple refulgence? Humanly speaking, but lions are not human, and our Leo, stamping his paw, swore that he had rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a corporator. With this, he vaulted clean over the moon, Caffe, system, mirror and all, and descending on the other side, burst out:—"So much for your *Pinyoumatic* system! Pin us! Pin yourselves, you 'pinionated creatures. Talk reasonably and without pinning ourselves to any general adoption



Pin-you-Mehtic treatment.

we are ready to try further isolated experiments with the system, but not more than that." The way having been once thrown open, minor spirits assayed it, and foremost among them, Dr. Cow-Horn, who honestly blurted out that he was the last man to say a good word in favour of what was not weightily and authoritatively supported. The Shone System had no such good luck and Dr. Cow-Horn advised us to take care how we trusted to it any longer. Even this advice was not his own. He gave it in the very words of Sir Charles Sargent. What again! What a repertory of Municipal wisdom these reminiscences promise to prove. If Mrs. Gamp be but



"As my friend Sir Charles Sargent says."

as faithful as Mrs. Harris was undoubtedly wise, we shall soon know whom to turn to in times of difficulty.

Mr. C. N. Wadia moved for a committee to consider and report on the advisability of connecting Winter Road and Pawai Road. Since it was Winter at one end, Mr. Leo thought it would be more natural to let the work be done by Mr. Snow, who might be trusted to cover the distance in his own noiseless manner, even though the other end were really as far away as where Mr. Bomaster's white elephant eats the bread of idleness! Mr. Leo has seen Snow take possession of much wider expanses!

I wish that, for the honour of humanity, I could end my notes here. But truth compels me to finish where we finished. To our shame then be it said, some of us owe our seats to malpractices! An ugly word, and if ugly to mortal, how much uglier to Seraphic, ears? It was Mr. Seraph who called our attention to what some of us and their voters had been doing, and asked us to get the Commissioner to report on what changes and what further powers should be introduced into the Act to check the objectionable practices. One man, who had voted for Mr. Seraph himself, had no right to vote in his own person but had acted for his father who was away at the time and who desired to see Mr. Seraph returned! Well, this wasn't very serious, for after all wasn't the voter his father's son, and didn't the incident prove how dearly loved Mr. Seraph was all round! The end justifies the means! Mr. Bomaster's, however, was a worse case, for he had seen or heard of

> " A bad, bold he,
> Hooded as Bee—bee,
> Voting—one, two, three;
> Till up the P'liceman came,
> And tore, in the Law's name,
> The false veil! Oh, shame!! "

We all cried shame, and swore that, rather than bother the Commissioner for a report, we would keep a wary eye next time, and make it hot for the offender, with Mr. Leo and Mr. Sayani to back us up.

(*Hindi Punch*, 5--595.

CHOW-CHOW.

The Kabuli charpoy.

FROM prince to peasant the love of mother-land is strong in the human breast. The Pathans form no exception to this universal instinct, for behold the recent example of their Prince. With all the modern comforts of travelling within his reach in the ample saloon of the Royal Indian Marine Steamer "Clive," Shahzadah Nassurralakhan could not dispense with his native cot or *charpoy*. Reposing on the soft and yielding mattress of spring he might well allow his fancy to roam in the realm of European luxury; but the primitive cot of his ancestors must soon dispel the illusion and remind the dreamer of his mountain home where, among the wild tribes it is his destiny to live and take his final repose.

***

Caste and Sarkari Koorchi.

BEFORE the powerful influence of suffrages even mighty caste trembles and subsides! The election of *ati shudras*, or members of the lowest or despised classes, to serve on the Municipal Board of Dapoli in the face of strong opposition from the twice-born classes, is a step in the right direction. English education, *per se*, has so far done little in weakening the power of caste. Some of the best cultured sons of India have licked the dust under its sway. The missionary has shown some work. The railway has proved a leveller down. The Irani caterers are powers not to be despised in this reckoning. And now Local Self-Government is asserting itself as a lever for lifting up the lowly, —a work in which the religious reform movements in this Presidency, based on the brotherhood of mankind, have been so backward. O! **Sarkari Koorchi*! with all thy vagaries thou art, at any rate, no respecter of caste : thou canst not defile the *dwijas* and there is no appeal from thy decisions to the sacerdotal hierarchy!

***

MR. PUNCH has no desire to take away the spice from the valedictory address given to Mr. John Griffiths, but it is certainly news to hear that the past students of the Sir J. J. School of Art, an institution which not very long ago was threatened with extinction, are popularizing the fine arts far and wide in India. If they are really doing so it is at a very heavy cost, and the fruits of their labour of nearly half a century are concealed from public view. The Art School is apparently a tree of very slow growth.

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

Returned Anglo-Indian Colonel (to friend of his boyhood) : " Either your climate is colder than it used to be, or your coals throw out less heat. Which is it ?"

His friend : " Oh, it's the coals. Rubbishy things, rather. Come from Tomsk in Siberia."

R. A.-I. C. : " Siberia! They ought to be sent there! But aren't English coals good enough ?"

His friend : " Oh, yes, they're *good* enough. But then, you see, they're dear. That's the result of the last coal strike."

R. A.-I. C. : " Oh, I heard about that at Bangalore. Then how about your razors ? I bought one yesterday in the Strand. If you believe me, I've only used it once and it's blunt already."

His friend : " 'Made in Germany,' no doubt. The trade's gone over there, they say."

R. A.-I. C. : " And boots, now. Why has the pair I got in the City a month ago split open in two places ?"

His friend : " *That's* the late boot strike. Cheap American goods have ousted the genuine British article."

R. A.-I. C. (meditatively) : " Ah—heard of the boot strike too at Bangalore. But I didn't find my bootmaker charged me any less than in the old days for 'em. Tell you what, there's only one thing that will save England."

His friend : " What's that ?"

R. A.-I. C. : " Why, a new kind of strike altogether. Why shouldn't the strikers *strike striking* ? Eh ?"

His friend : " That never struck me." [They part pensively.]

THESE DULL TIMES.—Lady Gushton (always so agreeable) : " And the magnificent pictures you had here last year—have you got them all still ?"—Mr. Flake Whyte (sadly) : " Yes ; I have them all."—Lady Gushton : " How very nice ! It is so hard to part with one's own pictures, is it not ?"—Mr. Flake Whyte (with much feeling) : " Awfully, awfully hard ! Sometimes impossible !"

THE WAY SHE LOOKED AT IT.—Ethel: "You've a nasty cold, dear."—Minnie: "Yes: but, unfortunately, I'm not so bad as I ought to be."—Ethel: "Gracious, Minnie, whateved do you mean ?"—Minnie : " Well, when it's only a cold one doesn't get much sympathy; but directly the doctor says it's influenza—why, you have a houseful of callers."

TAKING HIM DOWN.—Officious salesman (who has been annoying Rawlins by offering unasked advice) " Ah, heree ere some choice tigs. Here are some black, and here some black and while stripes."—Rawlins : " Now, which would you prefer ?"—Officious salesman: The black and white most certainly."—Rawlins: Ah, that decides it ! I'll have the black ones."

SHOULD SUIT TO A T.—Jones (looking up from paper) : " Those poor Chinese devils don't seem to have the ghost of a chance. This account here states that in every one of their battles they were short of ammunition. In some cases, the cartridges were filled with sand."—Brown : "Sand ! What Oriental stupidity ! Why on earth didn't they try *gunpowder tea* ?"

LATTER-DAY MATRIMONY.—Anxious mother (to daughter after first year of matrimony): "My dear, they tell me you are never seen anywhere with your husband."—Her daughter: mother, Jack's so dreadfully unbecoming !"

ALL the Japan has been knocked off China, and the effect of the pieces is peace. Japan has obtained the earth and a few old stars as compensation, the Chinese have gained quietude and a bullet—in the cheek of the Plenipotentiary.

ABSENT-MINDED.—Mrs. Pollit : " What did you mean by kissing the servants on the stairs ? "—Professor Pollit : " Did I ? I really did not know. It must have been due to absent-mindedness."—Mrs. Pollit : " It is very seldom you are absent-minded with me."

MNEMONICS.—Professor: "Maria, I have to deliver a lecture to-morrow evening at 7, at the Killibiddy Hall, on 'How to Cultivate Artificial Memory.' Now, whatever you do, don't let me forget this engagement."

THE SUPERIORITY OF WOMAN.—Alice: "Men are so slow. It took him nearly two hours to propose to me last night."—Maud: " How long did it take you to accept him, dear ?" —Alice: "Just two seconds !"

NOT QUITE THE SAME THING.—Minney : " They say the girl that Whitfield has married is very domesticated. "—Gardiner: "I dont know much about that ; but I have seen her, and she is certainly homely."

QUESTIONABLE.—" What kind of a memory have you?"— " Bad—very bad." " In what particular?"—"It remembers things that were better forgotten."

THE NEWEST NUISANCE.—The woman with a past before her.

COMFORTING.—She: " Do you love me more than any other girl you ever knew ?"—He : " Er.—I love you more than any other girl who would have me."

SOCIAL AGONIES.—Anxious musician (in a whisper, to Mrs. Lyon Hunter's butler). " Where's my 'cello ?"—Butler (in stentorian tones, to the room): " Signor Weresmicello !"

FIRST boy: " Give us a bite of your apple, Bob. "—Second boy ; " Shan't."—First boy : " What for ? "—Second boy : " Cos yer axed me ! "—(After a pause) Small boy: "Gi'me a bite, Bob. I never axed yer! "

THE SMITH GIRLS ARE PLAIN.—Ethel : " Aren't the Smith girls like each other ? "—Maud : " Yes, and isn't it unfortunate for them ? "

A MODERN MARTYRDOM.—When one of the nicest women you know shews you the small boy's drawing, with the full understanding that you'll produce it in your paper.

MRS. SCOTT-DONALD: "I see by the society notes that Mrs. Fitzjones was ' at home ' yesterday. "—Mrs. Parvenu : " I should think she was, indeed ! It wasn't a day fit for a dog to be out in. "

A DIFFICULT POINT.—Marion: " Oh, Laura, I don't know what to do. Fred has promised that he will stop drinking if I marry him, and Charlie says he'll take to drink if I don't marry him. "

SQUIRE: " I can give you a good prescription for your cold Giles."—Giles: " What be that, squire ?"—Squire: "A drop of whiskey."—Giles: "But I know a better than that, sir; a lot o' whiskey."

A THIN HOUSE.—Verger : " Hi, mister, come in for a few minutes ; th'pason wants to say : " My Dear Brethern,' and there's only me in the church."

DOMESTIC TROUBLES.—" What is it, nurse ?"—" If you please, ma'am, the children *will* make slides on the floor with tapioca pudding !"

A CHESS editor has been erroneously cha[redacted]ith pocket-picking. Such gentlemen always act on the[redacted]quare.

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."—Mr. Punch (welcoming Miss Spring-time) : "Glad to see you, my dear ! Began to think you were never coming! "

"THE OBJECTION TO EUCLID" of which we have heard so much recently is of very ancient standing, and is shared by nearly every schoolboy.

SONG OF THE PEACE TERMS (SUNG TO CHINA.)—" Oh, let us be Jappy together !"

[જુઓ ચીત્ર, પાનું ૪૨૮ મું.]

" કેમ પોતીયાંદાશ, તમારૂં 'ખુટ પાઆઆલીઈઈઈસ'નું ખબર કેવું છે ? મંદું કે તેજી ? "

" યાર, મારા સંબંધમાં તો બહુજ તેજી છે. અને તમ જેવા મેહેરબાન મીત્રોની મદદથી માનઅકામનું ધીઆઇટ (!) બાહેર પડે ત્યાંસુધી તો હું તેને તેજીજ રાખવાની આશામાં છું ! "



ROADSIDE AMENITIES.

Pesiba.—Hallo! Goolbanoo, you here! What a surprise and pleasure! Where are you off to?

Gool.—To the School for—

Pesiba.—Schooling still! I thought you had given up learning long since

Gool.—I'm going to see the "School for Scandal"!

Pesiba.—I beg pardon. I see. Another kind of School that, eh, and more congenial. I hope you'll profit by it. Ta-ta.

રસ્તે શેરીએ ટોલટપ્પા.

પેસીબા—હલ્લો, ગુલબાનુ, તમે કંઇ આજે અહીં! કેવી ખુશબખતીભરી મુલાકાત! તમે કાંહ ચાલ્યાં?

ગુલબાનુ—હું તો "સ્કુલ ફૉર—

પેસીબા—હજી સ્કુલમાં જઓચ! હું તો જાણતોતો કે તમે સીખવાનું ને સ્કુલમાં જવાનું લાંબો વખત થયો છોરી દીધું હોશે?

ગુલબાનુ—અરે તમે બરાબર સમજ્યા નહી. હું તો "સ્કુલ ફોર સ્કેનડલ" નો—પેલો "નીંદાખાના" નો—ખેલ જોવા જઉંચ!

પેસીબા—ઓ! માફ કરજો હું, હવે હું સમજ્યો. ખચીત એબી તમો બઇરાંઓ માટે નવી જાતની "સ્કુલ"જ છે. તે માંથી તમને ઘણું સીખવાનુંજ મળશે! ચાલો સાહેબજી.



SOOTHING SYRUP.

Miss—I thought, my dear, that the air of England would do you good. But your brain symptoms are as bad as ever, and the change of climate does not appear to have had a wholesome effect on you. Try a little of this Syrup You'll like it, I know. It's the same stuff you were so fond of when out here, and if you thought it good for others, it ought to be good for you.

[Lord Harris has been trying to pay the Native Press off before the unsuspecting people of Faversham.]

ભેજાને થડક આપનારો સીરો.

બાઇ—હું તો ધારતીતી, મારા ડીયર, કે ઇંગલંડની હવાથી તુને કંઇ ફાયદોજ થશે. પણ તારાં ભેજાંની નીશાનીઓ હજી કંઇજ સારી જણાતી નથી, અને હવાના ફેરફારથી તારી પર કંઇ ગુણગારી અસર થયલી માલમ પડતી નથી. લે આ "સીરપ" લે. તુને એ ગમશે. તું જરે અહીં હતો ત્યારે જે ચીજ પર તારો ઘણોજ ભાવ થતો હતો તેજ એ છે. અને જ્યારે બીજાઓને તેથી ફાયદો થાય ત્યારે તુને બી તેથી ગુણ થવોજ જોઇયે.

[ફેવરશામના ભોળા લોકો આગળ દેશી છાપાની ઝાટકણી કહાડવાની લારડ હેરીસે કોશીશ કીધી છે.]

A SAD MUSING.



Mr. J-vr-l-l—"To be, or not to be ;
That is the question."

[The Hon'ble Mr. Javerilal Umiashanker Yajanik, who represents the Bombay University in the Legislative Council, stands in fear of losing his seat at the next election, as three other candidates, viz., Professor Selby, Dr. Mackichan and Mr. Kirkpatrick have come forward to contest the seat.]

મનમાં મુઝવણ.

મી૦ ઝવેરીલાલ–" હું થઇશ કે? હું ધારાસભાનો મેમબર પાછો થઈશ કે? "

[મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટી તરફના પરતીનીધી તરીકે આનરેબલ મી૦ ઝવેરીલાલ ઉમ્યાશંકર યાજ્ઞીક મુંબઈની ધારા સભામાં બીરાજે છે. તેઓ પોતાની બેઠક આવતી ચુંટણી વેળા ખોહી દેવાની ધાસ્તીમાં છે. કેમકે બીજા ત્રણ ઉમેદવારો–પરોફેસર સેલબી, ડાકટર મેકીકન અને મી૦ કરકપેટ્રીક બારીસ્ટર–એ જગા માટે હરીફાઈ કરવાને ઉમેદવાર થયા છે.]



!!!

It is the wedding *season*, and as processions after processions pass by his house, headed by bands, Mr. Adalshah's *joy* knows no bounds, and this is how he expresses it!

!!!

લગનસરાની હમણા મોસમ ચાલે છે, અને જેમ જેમ મી૦ અદલશાહના ઘર આગળથી નાનખટાઈ વાજાં અને ઢોલ તાશા સાથે વરઘોડા પર વરઘોડા વાજતે ગાજતે પસાર થાય છે તેમ તેમ તેમની ખુશાલીનો પારજ રેહેતો નથી, અને તેથી તેઓ આ રીતે તેનો તમાશો કરી દેખાડે છે!



Mrs. Shendia—They have started a death benefit fund for the Hindoos.

Mr. S.—Yes.—I wish my granny hadn't died last year. If she had waited only for a year I should have been richer by a few hundred, love!

મીસીસ શેડીયા–કાયહો, હીંદુ લોકાંસાઠી મરૂત્યુ લાભાચે ફૂંડ કહાડલેલે આહે.

મી૦ શેડીયા–હોય પ્રીયે,–માઝી દાદી ગેલ્યા વરષી મેલી નસતી તર બરેં ઝાલેં અસતે. માત્ર એકચ વરષ તી થાંબલી અસતી તર મલા થોડેકસે રૂપયે જાસ્ત મીળાલે અસ્તે.

THE NOBLE ELEPHANT.

India and England unite in showering floral honours on the noble elephant, for his dignified and heroic march to Chitral.

[Her Majesty the Queen has sent her congratulations to General Sir R. C. Low, Commander-in-Chief of the Chitral Expedition. H. E. Lord Elgin and Sir George White have also wired their congratulations on the heroic conduct displayed by the force while fighting the Chitralis.]



ઊમદા હાથી.

જે બહાદુરી અને શેાભા સાથ ચીત્રાલના પાહાડ આ ઊમદા હાથીએ ખુંદાવ્યા છે, તે માટે તેની પર ફુલેાનેા વરસાદ વરસાવવાને હીંદ અને બ્રીટાનીયા એક દીલીથી બાહાર પડી છે.

[ચીત્રાલ પર ચહાઈ લઈ ગયલાં લશકરના વડા જનરલ સર આર. સી. લેાને નામદાર માહરાણીએ તાર મારફતે મુબારકબાદી આપી છે. નામદાર વાઈસરાય લાર્ડ એલગીન અને હીંદના સેનાપતી સર જ્યારજ વાહીટે પણ, ચીત્રાલીએા સાથે લડતાં અંગરેજી લશકરે જે બાહાદુરી દેખાડી છે, તે માટે મુબારકબાદી આપનારા સંદેશા મેાકલ્યા છે.]

EXPLAINED.—Mahlstick: "What work are you engaged on now, old man?"—Palette: "Living pictures."—Mahlstick: "You don't say so?"—Palette: "Yes, I do: I'm painting pot boilers.

GENTLE IRONY.—'Bus driver (to ill-favoured policemen, who has stopped him at a crossing): "When are yer goin' to let me 'ave that photo?"

SERVED HIM RIGHT!

Civic Father—What a crusher! Ah, my poor nose!

Justitia—Be careful next time how you invite such blows!

[Criticising the action of the Standing Committee in sanctioning the costs of the suit in which Mr. Shawaksha Banajee claimed and recovered damages from the Municipality for wrongful confinement, the *Bombay Samachar* observes that the Committee has shown itself weak and helpless, and shirked its obvious duty of expressing its opinion of the conduct of Mr. Acworth, whose obstinacy and thoughtlessness in fighting a hopeless suit have cost the Municipality nearly eight thousand rupees.]



લાયક સજા.

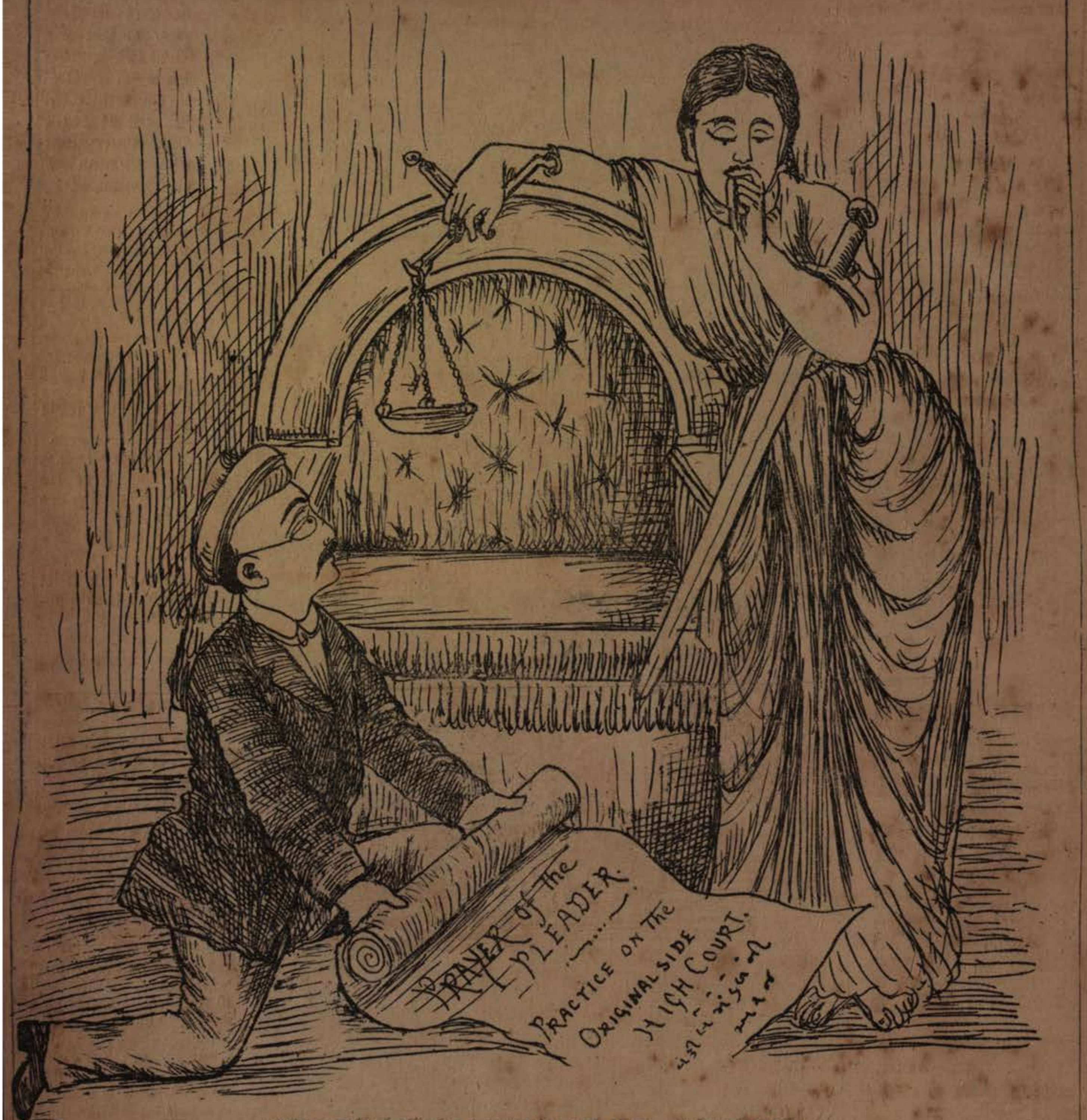
શેહેરી બાવા—એા બાપરે! આ કેવેા મજબુત ફટકેા! મારૂં નાક તેા ધુંદાઈજ ગીયું!

ઈનસાફ દેવી—બીજી વખત એવા ફટકા હાથે કરીને ખાવા આગમજ ખુબ સંભાળમાં રેહેજે!

[પેાતાને ખેાટા રીતે પરહેજ રાખવા માટે મી૦ શાવકશાહ બનાજીએ મુંબઈની મ્યુનીસાપાલીટી ઉપર ડેમેજીસની ફરયાદ માંડી તેમાં ફતેહ મેળવી છે, તેને લગતા મુકદમાના ખરચની સ્ટાનડીંગ કમીટીએ આપેલી મંજુરીયાત વીષે લખતાં "મુંબઈ સમાચાર" જણાવે છે કે, મી૦ એકવરથની બેાહેાંસ અને અવીચારીપણાને લીધે વગર જરૂરે ખરચના ખાડામાં મ્યુનીસાપાલીટીને ઉતરવું પડ્યું છે, તે વાસ્તે સ્ટાનડીંગ કમીટીએ પેાતાનેા ઘટતેા અભીપરાય ઉચ્ચારીને પેાતાની ફરજ બજાવવાને બદલે પેાતાની નાચારી બતાવી પેાતાને માથેની ફરજ કાહાડી નાખી છે.]

LANGUAGE.—Assistant: "Don't go in there. Editor's cussing like a blue streak."—Would-be-visitor: "What's the matter?"—Assistant: "Matter enough. Proof reader let 14 errors slip through in his leader on the Wickedness of Profanity.'"

THE JOYS OF ANTICIPATION.—"When are you coming out with me mummy?"—"Not this morning, darling. I've too much to do!"—"Oh, but you *must*, mummy. I've already put it in my new diary that you *did*!"



BEFORE THE THRONE OF JUSTICE.

Pleader—You've been kind to me, m'am, and I'm very grateful to you for your sympathetic action in admitting me to the higher degree of law after a service of ten years. Extend, I pray you, the same kindness a little further and enlarge the sphere of my action without invidious distinctions of high or low degree.

[The rule made by the Bombay High Court Judges to admit pleaders of ten years' standing as advocates of the High Court has been received with joy, and it is fervently hoped that their Lordships may see their way to conferring on the pleaders the right to plead on the Original Side of the High Court.]

ઈનસાફ દેવીનાં તખ્ત આગળ.

પ્લીડરની પ્રારથના—બાઈ સાહેબ, તમો મારી તરફ ઘણાં મેહેરબાન છો, અને તમારી સેવા દસ વરસ સુધી બજાવ્યા પછી મને કાયદાની વધારે ઊંચી પદવી પર ચહડાવવાનાં તમારાં દીલસોજીભરયાં કામ માટે હું તમારો બેહદ ઉપકારી થયો છું. હું તમોને વીનંતી કરૂં છું કે, એ તમારી માયા મેહેરબાની મારી તરફ લગાર વધારે લંબાવો, અને ઊંચી કે નીચી પદવીનો કાંઈ પણ નાપસંદ તફાવત રાખ્યા વીના જે ગોલ કુંડાળામાં હું કામ બજાવું છું, તે કુંડાળું વધારે મોટું કરો.

[દસ વરસ સુધી પ્લીડરનો ધંધો કરનારને બારીસ્ટરની પદવી પર ચહડાવવાની જે રૂડી મુંબઈની હાઈ કોરટના નામદાર જડજોએ કહાડી છે, તે માટે ખુશાલી બતાવવામાં આવે છે અને એવી હોંસભેર આશા દેખાડવામાં આવે છે કે, હાઈ કોરટની ઓરીજીનલ સાઈડ ઉપર મુકદમા ચલાવવા દેવાનો હક પણ પ્લીડરોને આપવાને તે નામદારો હવે ઘટીત વીચારશે.

It appears that one objection to relief by means of stone-breaking yards is that the men engaged say that they want bread and are given stones.

An objection to Euclid: That of the schoolboy who could not master the fifth proposition of the first book.

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(By a Corporator Fainéant.)

Monday, 6th May.—One of our chief fears, since the arrival of our new Commissioner, has been that we might assemble some fine morning or rather afternoon to find him melted into thin air owing to the combined action of work and weather! We trembled to think that he might "melt, thaw and resolve *him*self into *a—dieu*!" We had therefore been casting about for a remedy to fix him, and we found it today in the common panacea of all earthly evils. Gold, all powerful gold, strong to bind and to loose, has added to its previous countless triumphs the glory of binding Snow! A glittering band of Rs. 2,500 to be renewed month after month!



After we had thus secured Snow, we thought there was no harm in letting him see a little, and enjoy as he may, what our Commissioners have to put up with at times. Nay, we thought we could not give him an object-lesson in that too soon, and so we began pitching, not exactly into him, but into his predecessor. What, he that was sung home, as it were but yesterday, with pæans of praise? The very same. Strange certainly, and stranger still that Mr. Leo should lead the crusade! "True 'tis, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true!" Mr. Drinoter, with his wonted amiability, left behind him on his departure a document, couched in the most complimentary terms, criticising the report of the House-connections-Committee. There was nothing unusual in the language; we had been over and over again treated to such by him, but then he had been personally present and we did not much mind it. This Parthian shot, however, was past endurance, aimed too against persons who were masters in *gutter-als* while Mr. Drinoter was rocking in his cradle, and we burst forth into unexampled indignation. "It is a pity that he should ... on the eve of his departure," thundered Mr. Leo, somewhat paradoxically, for it was just his absence that had called forth our ire; "otherwise—", and Leo shook his mane and was about to utter a terrible oath, when I leant over and whispered into his ear: "otherwise the splendid panegyric of the other day would have been spoilt." Mr. Leo acknowledged the justice of my remark with a smile, and proceeded more gently, confining himself to denouncing the document without telling us exactly what he would have done to Mr. D., had the latter been present in the hall at the time. Mr. Seraph, however, who had no recent panegyric sticking in his throat, if anything can stick in a Seraph's, as in a lion's, throat, went heartily into the matter, and told us in his straight-forward manner that had he been on the Committee and had such language been used towards him, he would have moved heaven and earth (we believe you, Mr. Seraph) to make Mr. D. feel the full force of his resentment! In fact, his Seraphic amiability would have become quite terrafic! Fortunately, however, for the peace of mind of earth and sky in general and of Mr. D in particular, Mr. Seraph was not on the committee, and did not think himself called upon to make much fuss about the matter. So much for seraphic forbearance and disinterestedness! But if Mr. Seraph was not, Dr. Katrak was, on the committee, and in his quiet way revenged himself on the Commissioner by edifying us with a most wholesome lecture on the nature of Bombay sullage! Far better, some of us thought, a downright abuse or two from the Commissioner's dictionary of slang than all this open parade of the mysteries of the *closed* system: sand, ashes, earth, vegetable choppings, animal stuffs, grain cooked or raw and night—(I'll not soil my pen with this last abomination) all suspended in ghee or oil!! Dr. Bhal-Chander who, one would think from his elevated position, was thoroughly familiar with thunder, admitted to our amazement and wonder, that he had been struck with thunder at the choiceness of the Commissioner's language, which, if nothing more, was certainly a huge blunder! When the cat is

away, the mice are at play, and it was amusing to see even the small fry crowding in, from nooks and corners, to have a poke at the absent Commissioner. And they did it with impunity, for had not Mr. Leo got the offender well under his paw? Mr. Bomaster, looking as if he had been flogged, thought he saw Mr. Drinoter, with a pen in one hand and a cat o'nine tails in the other, writing gall and wormwood, at the same time that he laid it thick and fast on the poor, suffering committee! Not being a Seraph, Mr. Bomaster, tho' not on the committee, bore vicariously the punishment bestowed on others, and showed, to our pitying eyes, his broad back bleeding at a hundred pores! This time he wasn't told to sit down. Against all this thunderous denunciation of our beloved and justly popular ex-Commissioner's conduct, there was but one voice raised in mild protest. Mr. Hamilton could not, in his impartiality, lend himself to the supposition that Mr. Acworth had meant to insult any one by what he had written against the committee. Finding himself overborne by numbers, he had joined abuse to argument in pure self-defence, which was, in all matters, the first law of human nature. "Remember, gentlemen," Mr. Hamilton pleaded, "that we have only just been loud in our praises, and this censure, if nothing else, is ill-timed. (*Mr. Leo*: "Remember that the Commissioner has called the committee all manner of names.") But must we on that account stoop to revenge?" (*Mr. Seraph*: "Not to revenge may be seraphic, but the Corporation is human and has its dignity to uphold.") Thus was the one favourable voice interrupted and finally drowned, and the dignity of the Corporation upheld by the fall of Mr. Drinoter!



"Come one, come all!"



THE LION-TAMER TAMED!

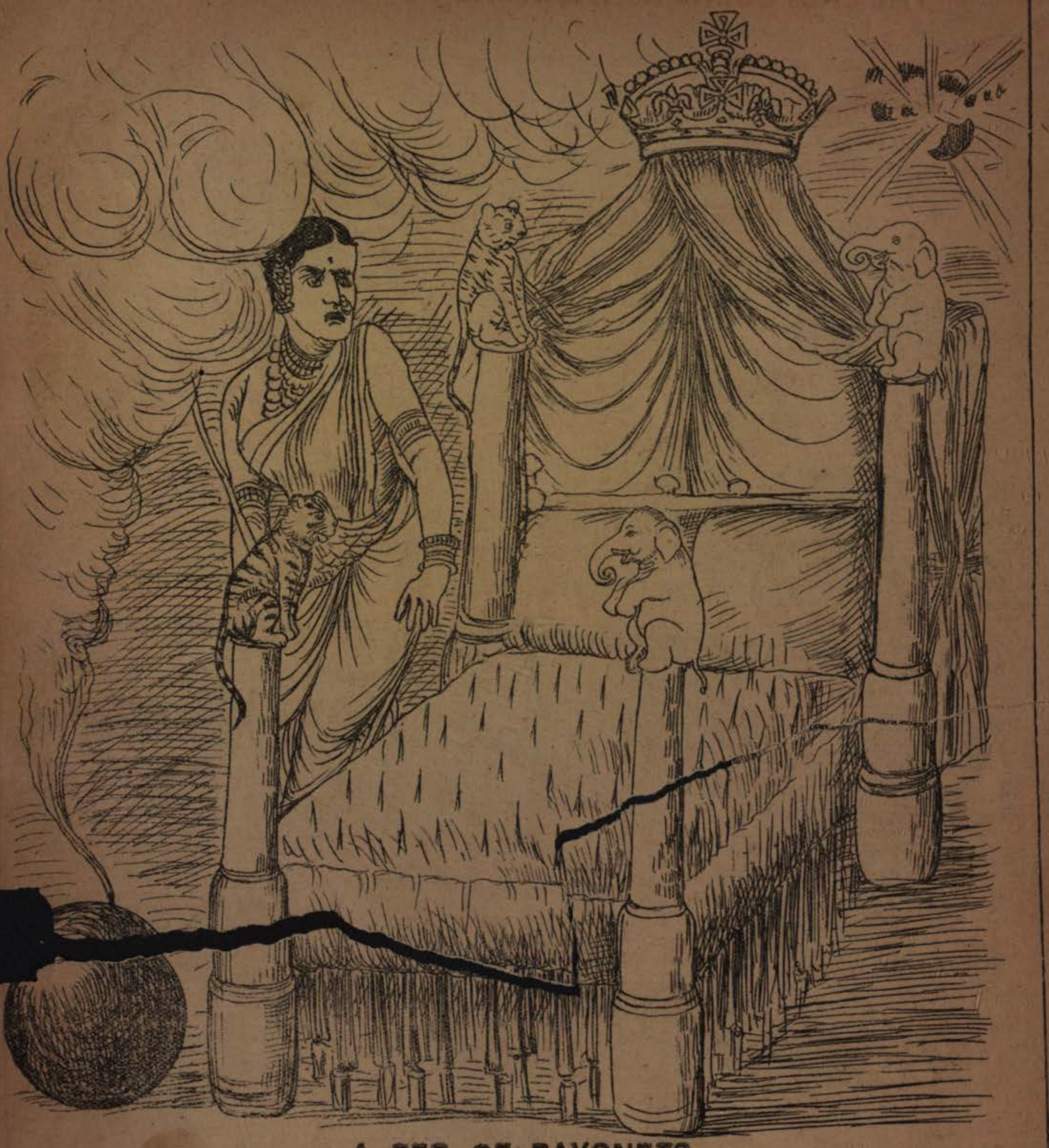
Sir J-m-s W-stl-nd—This evidently is not the right sort, and I'll have nothing more to do with him! Discretion is the better part of valour.

[The intolerant impatience shown by Sir James Westland in the Viceregal Legislative Council against the criticisms of the Hon'ble Mr. P.M. Mehta has created great sensation in all parts of the country and his conduct towards the hon'ble member has been highly disapproved.]

સીંહને કેળવનારા તાહાડાગાર !

સર જેમ્સ વેસ્ટલેંડ–બાપરે ! એ કંઇ મને પાલવે બાલવે નહીં ! મારે તો એની સાથ હવે વધારે કામ પાડવુંજ નહીં હો ! ફરીથી એનાં ડાચાંમાં માથું ઘાલ્યું તો કોણ જાણે શું ને શું થઇ જશે ! માટે હવે અખાડાજ કરી જવું જોઇશે !

[આનરેબલ મીં૦ ફીરોઝશાહ મેહેરવાનજી મેહેતાએ વાઈસરાયની ધારાસભામાં કીધેલી ટીકાથી સર જેમસ વેસ્ટલેંડે છંછની પડીને જે અધીરાઈ બતાવી હતી, તેને લગતી ચરચા આખા દેશમાં ફેલાઈ ગઈ છે, અને મીં૦ ફીરોઝશાહ સામેની તેની વરતણુકને સખત રીતે નાપસંદ કરવામાં આવે છે.]



A BED OF BAYONETS.

Hind—Oh ! this thorny, this uneasy bed ! Since the Afghan War not a moment of rest, not a wink of sleep !

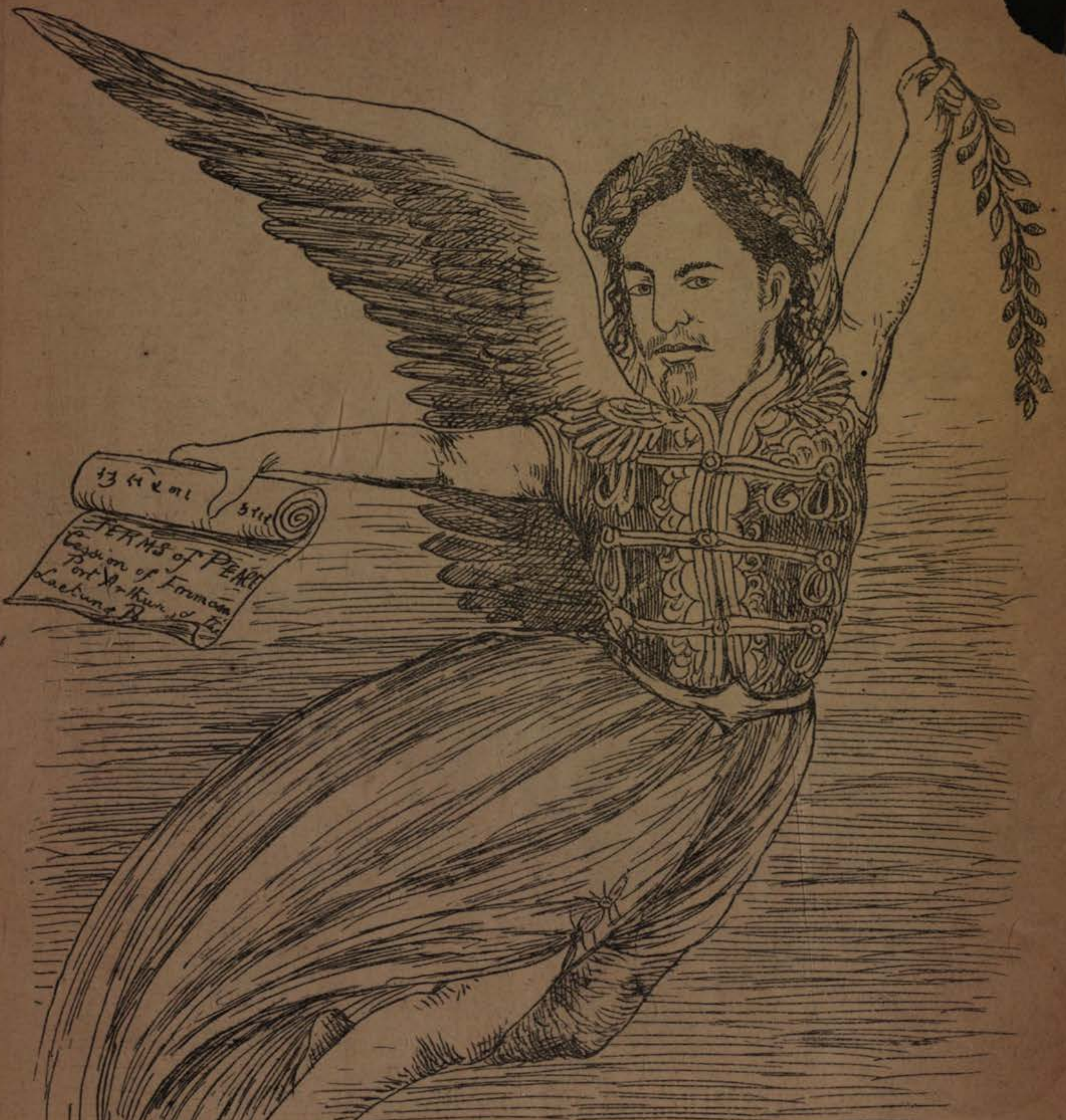
[Since 1878 not a single year has passed in which the Government of India have not waged war on the Frontier.]

બાગનેટનું બીછાનું.

હીંદ—અરે ! આ કેવું કાંટાનું ભરેલું, કેવું બેચેની ભરેલું બીછાનું ! અફગાન લડાઇના વખતથી, એક પળની પણ મારે માટે આસાએશ નહી, કે સેહેજ આંખસે આંખ લગાડવાનો પણ મને કરાર નહી !

[૧૮૭૮ પછી એવું એક પણ વરસ પસાર થયું નથી કે જેમાં હીંદી સરકારે સરહદ ઊપર લડાઇ ચલાવી નહી હોય.]

THE LAST SCENE OF THE CHINO-JAPANESE WAR.



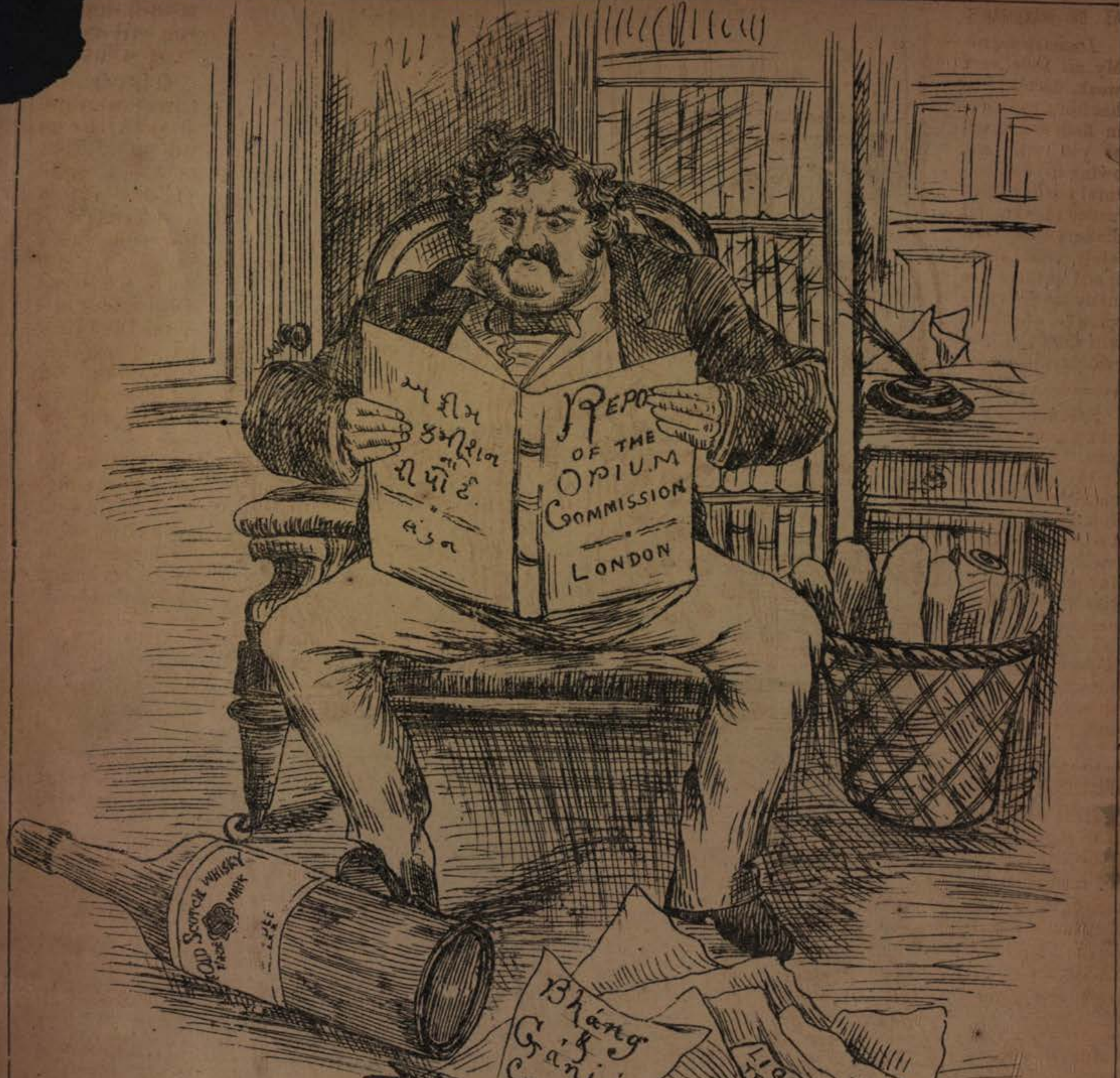
THE MIKADO OF JAPAN IN THE CHARACTER OF THE ANGEL OF PEACE.

[The Treaty of Peace concluded between China and Japan was ratified at Chefoo on the 8th May, 1895. Respecting the protest made by Russia, France and Germany, the Mikado of Japan has abandoned the demand for the cession of the Liao-tung Peninsula including Port Arthur, and has thus averted a crisis which at one time threatened to assume a very formidable aspect.]

ચીન અને જેપાન વચેની લડાઈનો છેલો દેખાવ.

સુલેહના ફરેસ્તા તરીકે જેપાનનો મીકાડો.

[ચીન અને જેપાન વચે કરવામાં આવેલા સુલેહના કરારો પર તા૦ ૮ મી મે ૧૮૯૫ ને દને બંને રાજ્યોએ ચેફુ ખાતે શેવટની સહી કરી છે. રૂશીયા, ફ્રાનસ અને જરમનીએ કીધેલા પ્રોટેસ્ટને માન આપીને જેપાનના શેહેનશાહે લીઆઓ-ટંગના દ્વીપકલ્પ અને પોરટ આરથરનાં ચીનાઈ મુલક ઉપરથી પોતાનો હાથ ઉઠાવ્યો છે, અને તેમ કરીને ઘણા ગંભીર થઈ પડેલા રાજદ્વારી મામલાનો ઉથલો વાળ્યો છે, જેમ જો નહી થાત તો બહુજ ભયંકર બનાવો જનમ પામવાની ધાસ્તી રહેત.]



THE PHILANTHROPIST IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Philanthropist.—This then is the end of it all! This the result of my disinterested endeavours to alleviate the suffering of the hapless Indian opium-eater; I had fondly hoped to have poured the exhilarating whisky down his throat in large and larger quantities, but the deadly drug is in the ascendant, and the life-giving bottle must stand aside and wait! Ah! the poor Indian! They evidently don't know what's good for him!

[The report of the Opium Commission has been signed. The Commissioners are against the introduction of any radical changes in the custom of the Indian people, which is the growth of centuries.]

ઈંગ્લંડના પરમારથી ભાઈ.

પરમાર્થી ભાઈ—બસ તારે આવુંજ સેવટ આવ્યું! હીંદનાં કમબખ્ત અફીમ ખાનારનાં દુખ કાપવા મેં આવી બીનસ્વારથી કોશેશ પર કોશેશ ચલાવી તેનું આ પરીણામ! આહ! મેં તો આશા રાખી હતી કે તેનાં ગળાંમાં હું વીસ્કીના બાટલા ને બાટલા ઓટી દેવશ, પણ અફસોસ! અફીમનો આજ ને કાલ તો જય છે ને મારી બબાની બાટલીને તો હાલ તુરત પુનેજ પડવું પડશે! અરે ગરીબ બીચારો હીંદી! તેના લાભનું, તેનાં ભલાનું કામ શું છે, તે તો કોઈ સમજતુંજ નથી!

[અફીમ કમીશનનો રીપોર્ટ ઈંગલંડમાં તઈયાર થયો છે. હીંદના દેશીઓની સદાઓ થઈ આલતી આવેલી રૂઢીઓની વચે પડવાને કમીશનરોએ તેમાં સાફ ના પાડી છે.]

AT DR. MAKHMAR'S.

Deevaslidass—My *ali* feels very weak, doctor! She has lost a good deal in flesh and blood, as you will see, owing to her natural anxiety to do justice to the fat dinners she has lately been asked o; and as there are many more in perspective, what ever will she do if she continues like this?



લગનની ના
મણ અને
નું ન
દીવાસળ
(ડાકટર માખમાર
રી અલીને બહુજ
ળાઈ થઈ ગઈ છે, ડાક
ટર શાએબ. જુવોને
એનું માંસ કેટલું બ
ધું ગળી ગયું છે, ને
મોહ પર તો લોહીનો
એક છાંટો પણ ન મ
ળે ! એ બધી મોહકાન
હમણા લગનસરામાં ને
નાતમાં ઉપરાઉપરી જ
મવા જવું પડયું કેની,
ડાકટર શાએબ, તેની
થઈ છે! નાતમાં ગયાં
કે જમયા વગર કાંઈ
ચાલે ? જો ન જમયે
તો કેહેશે પત્રાજીખોર
છે! પણ મીષટાનોને
બહુ અછી રીતે ઈનસા
ફ આપવા એ ગઈ તો
આ મોહકાન વાળી ના
ખી ! ને હજી તો બીજી
બહુએ નાતો જમવાની
છે! ત્યારે પછે જો એ
આમની આમ લેવાતી
નખાતી ચાલી તો કેમ
થાશે ? માટે ડાકટર શા
એબ, કાંઈ સારો જેવો
ઉપાય દેખાડો કે અલી
ની નબળાઈ નીકળી જા
ય ને એનાં મોહપર કાં
ઈ લોહી પાણી આવે!

SHOCKING HEATHENISM.—*Rector*: "So you go up to town next month, Miss Mary. How I envy you! And of course you'll attend the May meetings."—Miss Mary: "May meetings? Oh dear no! Though I adore horses, I quite disapprove of *racing*, don't you know!"

THE TUG-AND-PULL.

[Great competition is going on between the rival candidates to secure votes from the Bombay University Fellows for a seat in the Legislative Council.]



ખેંચાખેંચી અને તાણાતાણી.

[મુંબઈ યુનીવર
સીટી તરફના એક
પ્રતીનીધીની ધારા સ
ભા મધેની બેઠક મા
ટે ફેલોઝ તરફથી મ
ત મેળવવાને જુ
દા જુદા ચાર ઉમેદ
વારો તરફથી જબરી
હરીફાઈ અને વગલા
ગ ચલાવવામાં આ
વે છે.]

AN UNINTENTIONAL INSULT.—Counsel (to witness, who has not a hair on his head): "I do not want you to make comments as you have been doing. All I require from you is a bald statement of facts."—Witness: "Your lordship, I must ask you to protect me from personal observations of this nature."

HUGE neck ruffles are now the order of the day for ladies. Those who do not care to adopt this Elizabethan neck-stragance, can remain quite calm and unruffled.

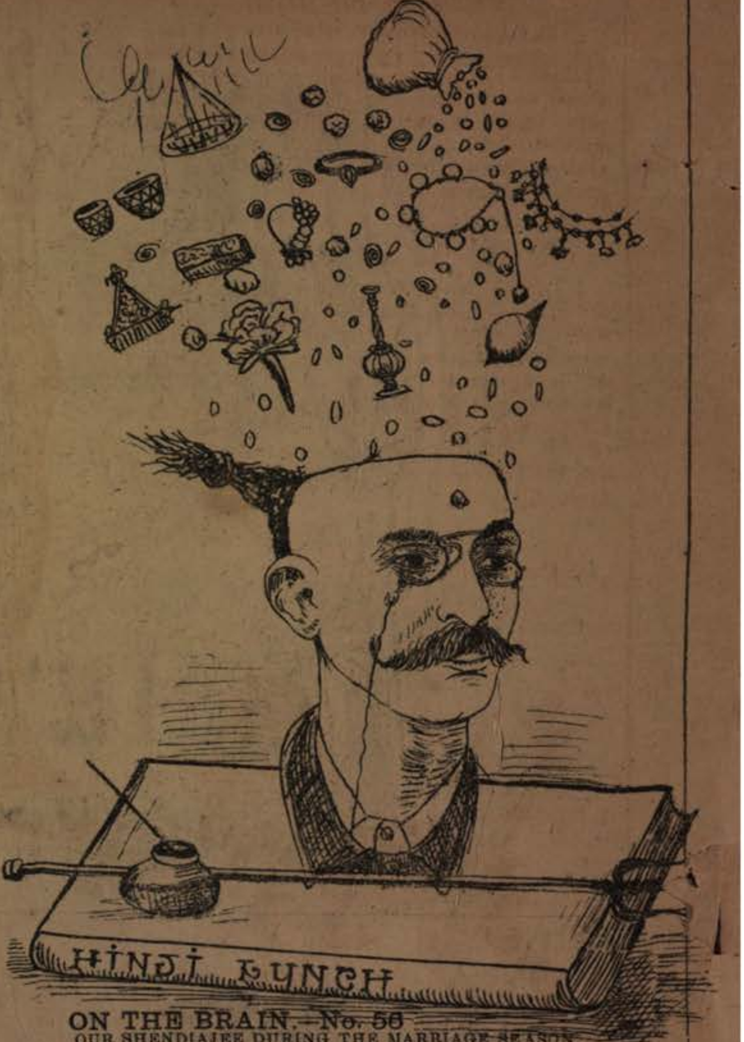


AT A WEDDING PARTY.

Hubby—(*Who is about eighteen inches less in hight than his wife.*) Don't you think we had better sit down, love? It looks so ridiculous my standing by the side of you and having to look up to you ever so high, while people about us stare and smile!

લગનની મીજલસમાં.

ધણી ઠીંગણાજી—(જેઓ પોતાની બઈરી કરતાં ઊંચાઈમાં દોહોડ ફુટ નીચા છે) લવ, શું ધારેચ, ચાલ આપરે બેસી જઈયે? જોની તું સલેમાન સાહાટકા જેવી આગલ હું ઉભો રહયોચ ને ઊંચે ડોકાં તાણી તાણીને વાત કરૂંચ, તેથી ઘણુંજ ખરાબ દેખાયચ. બધાં આસપાસ ઊભેલાં લોક ટીકી ટીકીને આપુને જોયચ ને હસેચ, તે મારૂં તો મોહોતજ થઈ જાયચ! તું બી શણ ઊંડા જેવી બસ વધીજ ગેઈચ!



ON THE BRAIN.—No. 56.
OUR SHENDIAJEE DURING THE MARRIAGE SEASON.

જુદાં જુદાં ભેજાં પર થયલી જુદી જુદી અસરો.—નાં० ૫૬
લગનની મોસમ વેળા અમારા શેંડીયાજી.



"Well, Potlandass, how is the boot-polishing market? Dull or active?"
"Very active, so far as I am concerned. And I hope, with the assistance of kind friends like you, to keep it up till the Honours' Gazette is out!"

[ગુજરાતી માટે જુઓ પાનું ૪૧૬ મું.]

THE BRITISH BULL AND THE FRENCH POODLE.

[The Egyptian question is assuming a very grave aspect. The French are trying to claim exclusive French jurisdiction over the Suez Canal, and are agitating that Russia should repay on the banks of the Nile, for the service which France has rendered her on the Gulf of Pechili by joining with France in pressing England to evacuate Egypt.]

બ્રીટીશ બુલ ડાગ અને ફ્રેંચ પુડલ.

એક બીજા સામે ઘુરકાઘુરકી.

[ઈજીપ્તને લગતો સવાલ બહુ ગંભીર રૂપ પકડતો જાય છે. સુએઝની નેહેર ઉપર એકલો કાબુ ફ્રાન્સનો રેહેવો જોઈએ, એવો દાવો ફ્રેંચો કરવા લાગયા છે. અને ઈંગલંડ પાસે ઈજીપ્ત ખાલી કરાવવા માટેની ઉસ્કેરણી તેઓ ચલાવે છે. તે માટે તેની પર દબાણ લઈ જવાને રૂશયાની મદદ તેઓ માગે છે. જેપાને ચીન પાસ મેળવેલા મોટા લાભ મુકાવી દેવાને રૂશયાએ કીધેલી માગણીમાં ફ્રાન્સે મદદ આપીને તેની અચ્છી સેવા બજાવી છે, તેનો બદલો રૂશયાએ ફ્રાન્સને ઈજીપ્તના સંબંધમાં મદદ કરીને વાલવો જોઈએ એવી માગણી તેઓ કરવા લાગયા છે.]





HONOUR TO WHOM &C.

Mr. Parsee Punch—(To Miss, Parsee Orphanage). This good work is beyond all praise, my dear girl, and it redounds highly to your credit that in such a short time you should have been able to make a name for yourself.

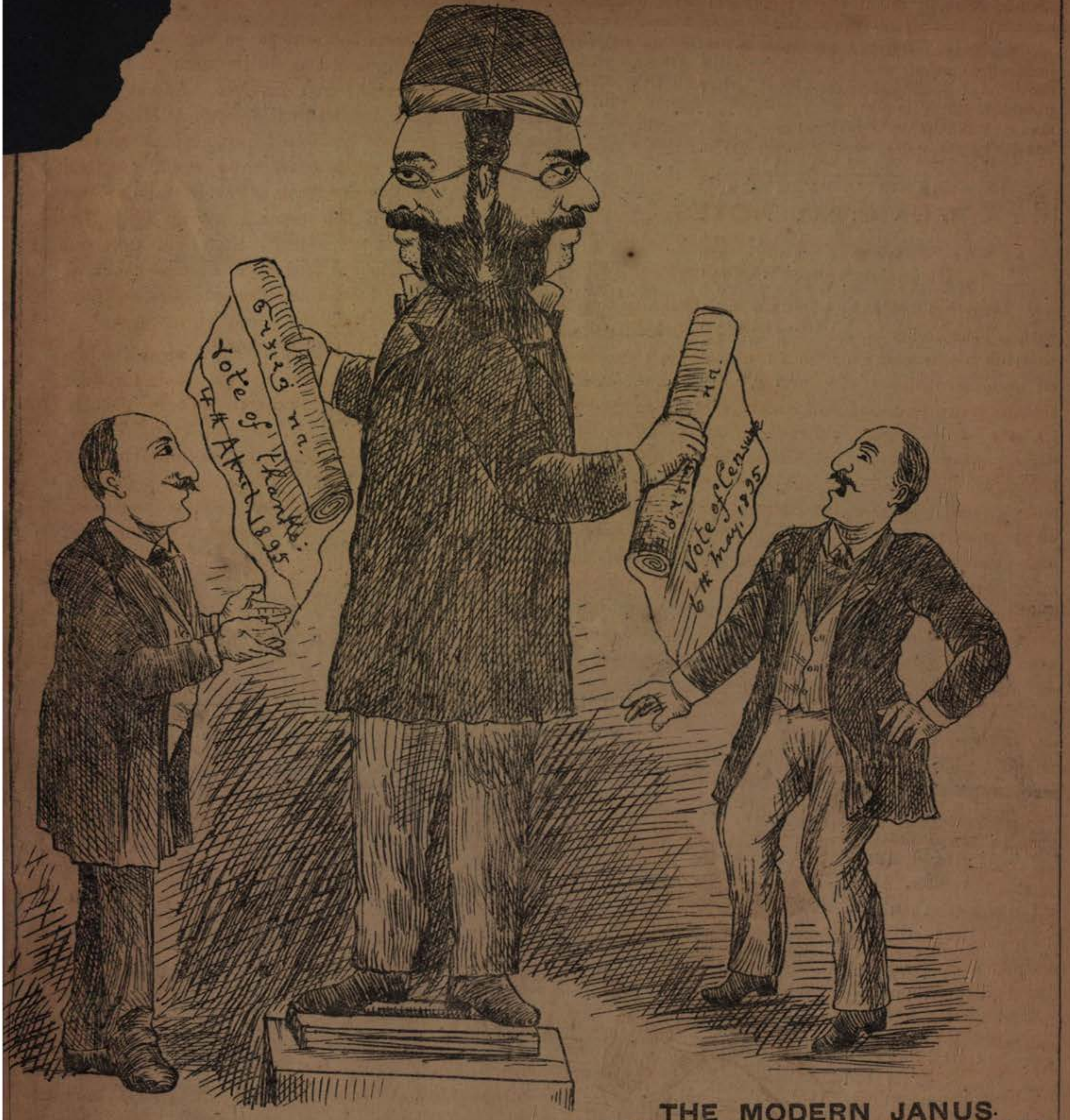
[The report read at the prize distribution of the Jamsetjee Nusserwanjee Petit Parsee Orphanage the other day, shows what good work the institution is doing in protecting and educating poor Parsee orphans.]

લાયક માટે બે લાયક બોલ.

મી૦ પારસી પંચ— (પારસી આરફનેજને) આ તારૂં ભલું કામ બહુજ સ્તુતીપાત્ર છે, મારી પ્યારી દીકરી, અને આટલા ટુક વખતમાં તું તારૂં નામ કહાડવાને શકતીવાન થઈ છે, એ તારે માટે થોડું માન અને કીરતી ભરેલું નથી. ખોદા તુને જીવતી રાખે અને તારી નામના અને કીરતી વધારે !

[લાવારેસ ગરીબ પારસી છોકરાઓને સાંભાળવા અને કેળવવાનું કેવું ઉતમ કામ જમશેદજી નસરવાનજી પીટીટ પારસી આરફનેજ બજાવે છે, તે એ ખાતાંનાં છોકરાઓને ઈનામો વેહેંચી આપવાના મેળાવડા વેળા જે રીપોર્ટ વાંચવામાં આવ્યો હતો, તે ઉપરથી ખોલ્લું દેખાઈ આવે છે.]





THE MODERN JANUS.

(A PANTOMINE IN THE CIVIC HALL, BOMBAY.)

[On the 4th April, 1895, the Hon'ble Mr. P. M. Mehta proposed in the Bombay Municipal Corporation a vote of thanks to Mr. H. A. Acworth for the conspicuous ability displayed by him in the discharge of the duties of his high office. On Monday last Mr. Mehta proposed a vote of censure against Mr. Acworth for having penned a report against the House-Connections-Committee in most uncomplimentary language.]

આ જમાનાનો બેમુખી "જેનસ."

(મુંબઈનાં શેહેરી દીવાનખાનામાં એક મુંગો ફારસ.)

[મી૰ એચ. એ. એકવરથે મ્યુનીસીપલ કમીશનર તરીકેની પોતાની ફરજ બજાવતાં જે ભારે બાહોશી બતાવી હતી, તે માટે તેનો ઉપકાર માનવાની એક દરખાસ્ત તા૰ ૪ થી એપ્રીલ ૧૮૯૫ ને દને મુંબઈની મ્યુનીસીપલ કારપોરેશનમાં આનરેબલ-મી૰ ફીરોજશાહ મેહેરવાનજી મેહેતાએ રજુ કીધી હતી. ગયા સોમવારે મી૰ મેહેતાએ મી૰ એક વરથ સામે એક ઠપકાની દરખાસ્ત પસાર કરાવી હતી, કારણ તેણે ઇંગલંડ જતાં જતાં ઘરો સાથ ગટરનાં જોડાણ કરવાની બાબત ઉપર તપાસ કરવાને બેઠેલી કમીટી સામે ઘણીજ કડ્રોઠી ભાષામાં હુમલા કરી તેને તરેહવાર ગાળોનો સરપાવ પેહેરાવ્યો છે.]

SCORCHING.—First countryman (to third-rate amateur jock, whose mount won't have the fence): "Now then, shove 'im at it again, mister! Whoi, denged if Oi wouldn't jump that 'ere little place wi' a jackass!"—Second countryman: "Maybe yer would, ma lad; but yer see that 'ere 'oss don't seem to care about jumping wi' a jackass!"

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 9th May.—Dr. Katrak stood up today with a glass in his hand. It was clear he wasn't going to drink to our very good health, for the glass contained nothing stronger than water, and in the water, though drawn from our own stream, there disported at its ease a live insect, oblivious of our presence and defiant of our powers. Dr. Katrak knows, his learned friend, who had sent him the water, being a M. A., and especially, if M. A. in Science, must know, and we all know, that the most limpid water, the purest and clearest to all appearance, if placed under the microscope would a tale unfold, or rather, *tails* unfold, that would harrow up your soul with fear. But we don't always carry microscopes in our pockets, and what the eye does not see, the heart does not feel. This was another tale altogether. There was no microscope here, and yet there was an insect, as large as life, visible to the unassisted eye at 3 o'clock in the afternoon in the Municipal Council Chamber of this self-styled First City in India! An insect wriggling its unconcerned, fearless course, even though we looked any number of daggers at it! Dr. Katrak did not flood us with the cataract of his accustomed eloquence; indeed, he could not, for though insects may come and go at their own sweet will and pleasure, we Corporators may not speak, even on matters of life and death, without previous notice! Dr. Katrak had sent in no such[illegible] bably because his insect had not the com[illegible] to send him one in the first instance. A[illegible] present the matter ends where it began. If M[illegible] ter had been present, he would have made short[illegible] of it by telling us not to touch water at all, but we can't be all Drinknowaters any more than we can all be lions, and if the insect comes up again, Dr. Katrak may be trusted to tear it limb from limb, and we will assist at the operation with all our—hands, or rather tong(ue)s. I hope, as a precautionary measure, Dr. Katrak has had his insect preserved in Snow.



There's many a slip between the cup and the lip.

But if we could thus stop Dr. Katrak's interrogatory, notwithstanding the fact that there lurked a most *questionable* note of interrogation in the glass in his hand, we could not do the same with Dr. V. Gas' torrent of questions in regard to the improving and widening of Altamont Road. If I were to transcribe them here, I am afraid I should exhaust your own notes of interrogation. I will use only one, however, to ask in my name when, if ever, other public roads, more largely used and more in need of enlarging than Altamont, will be taken in hand?

From Altamont Road to underground cellars, the passage was, you may be sure, no easy one; but our zeal in the public interests, which ordinarily knows no bounds, knew very great *bounds* on this occasion, the principle remaining unchanged; and under the combined leadership of Commander Blaney and General Health, we effected the transit safely and with *cellarity*. "What a hypocrite," mutters a votary of Bacchus, "and how he makes a virtue of it! Why, I would jump down from the top of the Himalayas to reach such a goal." A hasty critic like this does not deserve to be disabused, still for charity's sake I will tell him that if he envies us, it will be so much labour lost. No ruby vintage mellows in our cellars. *Nous avons changé tout cela*-rs, which, "upset" into English, means, we have changed the use of our cellars. The nearest approach we made to the Bacchus line, while engaged in our underground mission, was when Mr. Cotton said that there was no danger of cellars multiplying, as it was very expensive to keep them water-*tight*. "That's a personal habit, sir, with which we have got nothing to do," said Dr. Blaney. "What I know is that cellars are not good for us." "But they were used as dormitories until within recent times in England," I ventured to chime in, "for doesn't the poet Gray say, though somewhat deprecatingly, I admit,

'Within their narrow cells for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'"

[torn] was all I got for my thoughts, not even [torn]ry penny. But I was irrepressible and

"Let not grandeur hear with a disdainful *frown*
The short and simple annals of the poor."

In the meantime, Dr. Blaney had nearly finished his diatribe against underground cellars, and the last words I caught were, "Gentlemen, if cellars are allowed

"Down or rather up with underground cellars," we arrested his flight, and secured his presence in our midst.

SEXONANIA.

By an Angry Old Buffer.

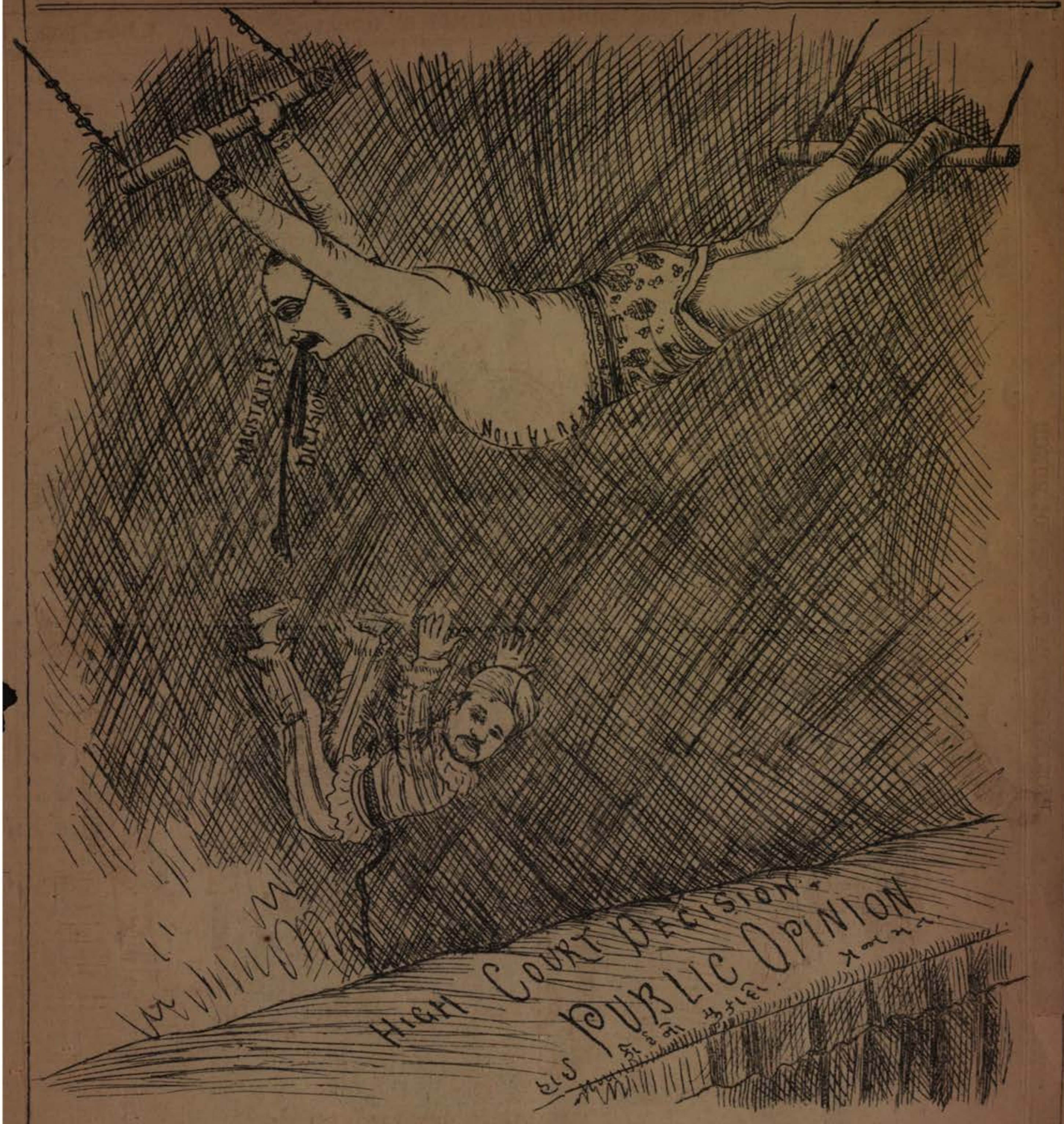
"When Adam delved and Eve span,"
No one need ask which was the man.
Bicycling, footballing, scarce human,
All wonder now "Which is the woman?"



GOOD-BYE TO GENERAL HEALTH.

to be used, and especially for unmentionable purposes, then, good-bye to General Health." General Health was very far from seeing why. I will leave you to imagine his amazement at this unceremonious dismissal. Still obedient to his commander's mandate, he was about to bury his spurs in his horse's sides, with intent to hide his sorrow in some lonely vale or among less fastidious people, when with the cry of

But a new fear my bosom vexes;
To-morrow there may be *no* sexes!
Unless, as end to all the pother,
Each one in fact becomes the other.
E'en *then* perhaps they'll start amain
A-trying to change back again!
Woman *was* woman, man *was* man,
When Adam delved and Eve span.
Now he can't dig and she won't spin,
Unless 'tis tales all slang and sin!



A POOR FEAT OF STRENGTH;

OR, THE COLLAPSE OF THE NASURULLAH KHAN PROSECUTION.

[Judgment was delivered at the High Court by Mr. Justice Parsons and Mr. Justice Ranade in the appeal filed by Nawabzada Nasurulla Khan, barrister-at-law, from the sentence passed upon him by Mr. Sanders-Slater, Chief Presidency Magistrate, of three months' simple imprisonment, with a fine of Rs. 1,000, for offering a bribe of Rs. 10,000 to Mr. Lely, Collector and District Magistrate of Surat. Their lordships were of opinion upon the evidence that, although the accused made an offer of a present to Mrs. Lely on the morning of the 28th November last, he offered no bribe to Mr. Lely himself at the interview with him on the afternoon of the same day. The accused was therefore acquitted and discharged.]

અંગબળની કસરતમાં એક ઘણોજ ઉતરતો દેખાવ;

અથવા, નવાબઝાદા નસરૂલ્લાખાન સામેની ફરયાદનું પોકળ સેવટ.

[નવાબઝાદા નસરૂલ્લાખાન બારીસ્ટર સામે સુરતના કલેક્ટર મી૦ લેલીને દસ હજાર રૂપયાની લાંચ આપવા જવાનો વાંક પુરવાર થયલો ગણીને મી૦ સાનડરસ સ્લેટર માજી સટરેટે તેમને ત્રણ માસના આસાન કેદખાનાની અને એક હજાર રૂપયાના દંડની સજા કરી હતી, તે સામે તેઓએ હાઈકોરટને અપીલ કરી હતી, જે સાંભળ્યા બાદ મી૦ જસ્ટીસ પારસન્સ અને મી૦ જસ્ટીસ રાનડેએ તેમને કરવામાં આવેલી સજા રદ કરી છે. જુબાની તપાસીને નામદાર જડજો એવા મત ઉપર આવ્યા હતા કે જોકે આરોપીએ મીસીસ લેલીને ગઈ તા૦ ૨૮ મી નવેમબરને દાવસે સવારના પરજેટ કરવા માગી હતી, તોપણ તેજ દાવસે મી૦ લેલી સાથ તેમને થયલી મુલાકાત વેળા તેઓએ તેને કાંઈ પણ લાંચ આપી હતી નહી.]



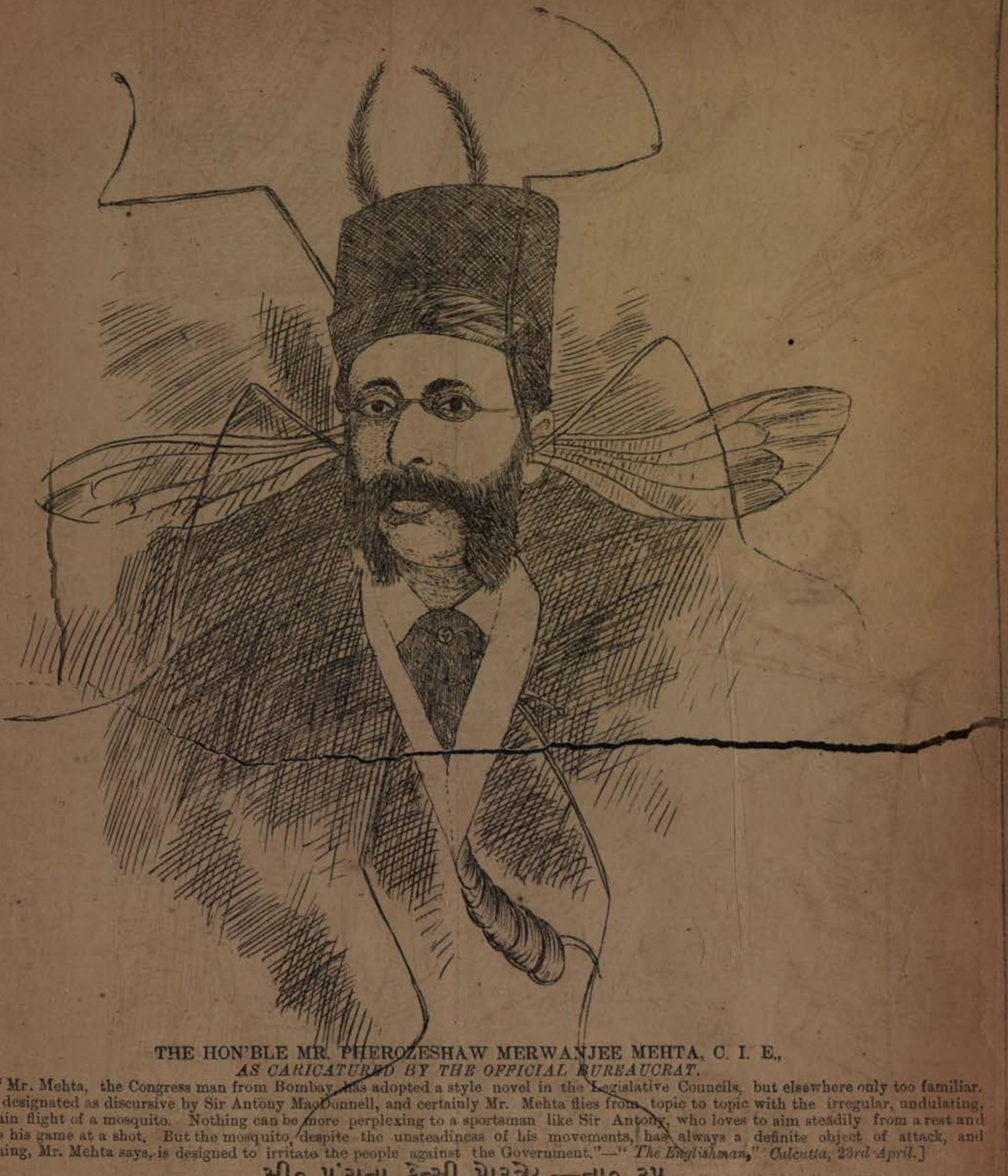
THE LAUNDRESS AT WORK.

THE EIGHTH BOMBAY PROVINCIAL CONFERENCE: BELGAUM, 12TH, 13TH AND 14TH MAY, 1895.

ધોભીઘાટ પર કામે વળગેલી ધોભણ.

આઠમી મુંબઈની પ્રાંતીક કંનફરનસ: બેલગામ, તા૦ ૧૨ મી, ૧૩ મી અને ૧૪ મી મે, ૧૮૯૫.

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 25.



THE HON'BLE MR. PHEROZESHAW MERWANJEE MEHTA, C. I. E.,
AS CARICATURED BY THE OFFICIAL BUREAUCRAT.

["Mr. Mehta, the Congress man from Bombay, has adopted a style novel in the Legislative Councils, but elsewhere only too familiar. It was designated as discursive by Sir Antony MacDonnell, and certainly Mr. Mehta flies from topic to topic with the irregular, undulating, uncertain flight of a mosquito. Nothing can be more perplexing to a sportsman like Sir Antony, who loves to aim steadily from a rest and to drop his game at a shot. But the mosquito, despite the unsteadiness of his movements, has always a definite object of attack, and everything, Mr. Mehta says, is designed to irritate the people against the Government."—"*The Englishman,*" *Calcutta, 23rd April.*]

મી० પંચના ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાં० ૨૫.

આનરેબલ મી० ફીરોઝશાહ મેહેરવાનજી મેહેતા, સી. આઈ. ઈ.

સરકારી બડે અમલદારની નજરમાં તેઓનો દેખાતો ચીતાર.

[મુંબઈથી આવેલા કાનગરેસવાળા મી० મેહેતાએ ધારા સભાની બેઠક વખતે ભાષણ કરવાની નવાઈ જેવી ઢબ અખત્યાર કીધી છે, પણ તેમની તે ઢબઢબ બીજીગમ સારી રીતે જાણીતી થયલી છે. સર એનટની મેકડાનલે તે ઢબને આડીઅવળી ઉતરનારી જણાવી હતી અને મી० મેહેતા એક મછરની માફક એક વીષય ઉપરથી બીજા વીષય ઊપર ઢંગધડા વગર અને આંમથી તેમ કાંઈ પણ નકી મારગ લીધા વગર ઉતરે છે તેમાં કરો શક નથી. સર એનટની જેવા શીકારી જે એક ચોકસ જગાએથી બરાબર નેમ તાકવાનું અને પોતાના શીકારને એકજ ગોળીથી નીચે પાડવાનું પસંદ કરે છે, તેને આના કરતાં વધારે ગુંચવણમાં નાખનારૂં બીજું કશું હોય નહી. પણ મછરની હીલચાલ અસ્થાર અને ઢંગધડા વગરની હોવા છતાં તે હમેશાં એક ચોકસ ચીજ ઉપર હુમલો કરવાનું ધ્યાનમાં રાખે છે, અને મી० મેહેતા જેવી કાંઈ બોલે છે તેમાં લોકોને સરકારની વારૂધ ઉસકેરવાની ધારણા રાખતા હોય છે."—કલકતાનું "ઈંગલીશમેન," તા० ૨૩ મી એપ્રીલ.]



A DREAM OF THE WEDDING SEASON.

OUR SHÁMLABHÁT POTIÁNDÁSS
AFTER THE MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES OF HIS SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

ભગનસરાની મોસમનો એક સ્વપનો.
અમારા શામલાભટ પોતીયાંદાષ
પોતાના પુત્રો અને પુત્રીઓનાં લગન કરયા પછી.



LADOOBHATJEE MAHARAJ AT A WEDDING
(*A scene from life sketched during the wedding season.*)
લાડુભટજી મહારાજ.
(લગનની નાતના જમણમાં આરટીસ્ટે જોયલો એક ચીતાર.)



Deccan—I will clean my house of all this rubbish and keep it neat and tidy.

[A goodly number of Mahomedans attended the Provincial Conference held at Belgaum this week,—a very favourable sign of the harmony between the Hindus and Mahomedans of the Deccan being restored.]

દખાણબાઈ—મારા ઘરમાંથી આ બધો કચરો કુટો હું વાળી ઝુંલીને કાહાડી નાખું છું અને તેને સાફ સુફ અને તદનજ સ્વચ્છ બનાવી દેઉં છું.

[આ અઠવાડીએ બેલગામ ખાતે મળેલી પ્રાંતીક કનફરન્સમાં મહોમેદનોની સારી સંખ્યા હાજર થઈ હતી, જે દખાણના હીંદુઓ અને મહોમેદન ભાઈઓ વચ્ચે એકદીલી અને મીત્રાચારીનો સંબંધ પાછો થવાના ઘણું શુભ ચીનહો દેખાડે છે.]



THE PARSEE GIRLS' MARRIAGE BENEFIT FUND.

Koomlee—What a pretty pass you are in, to be sure! You've been always very unlucky, Hilloo, and——and——

Hilloo—Well, what has upset you again, eh?

Koomlee—Pa consented to pay your fiancé 3,000 in the hope of receiving a large round sum from the Marriage Benefit Fund, and here I find the chances are getting thinner day by day!

પારસી છોકરીઓનાં લગનનાં લાભનું ફંડ.

કુમલી—તે વરી તારે નામે માય ને બાવાને પોક મુકવી પરસે, હીલ્લું! તારૂં પગલું જ બાવાના ઘેરમાં અવરસું છે, ને હમેશની તું—તું—

હીલ્લુ—તે વરી સું તુને થઈ આયું? વરી સું ખુદ્દ ખોરયું તેં સોધી કાહારયું ચ?

કુમલી—તો જોની, બાવા એ લગનનાં લાભના ફંડમાંથી સારા જેવી રકમ મેળવવાની આસા ને ઉમેદ પર તો તારા વરને તન હજાર આપવા કબુલ કીધા ને પછી તુને અદરાવી,—પણ અહીં તો કેહી ગોહકાન વરી આલી દેખું! મને તો નહી લાગતું કે ફંડમાંથી બાવા ધારેચ તેટલું હવે મલે! શાણનું તારૂં નસીબજ હીન છે તે બીચારા બાવાના જીવને કેટલો બધો સોસારો થસે! તું ને શાણને પાણાવા કાહારી તારે ફંડ ઉપરબી ફાટકા પરવા માંડયા!



BOOT-PA-O-O-O-LE-E-E-ESH!

"I hope you won't give a poor brat like me a kick, sir, but honour me in the Honours' Gazette for all the trouble I take in polishing your boots so as iduously and industriously!"

બુટ પાઆઆ આ લેઈઈ

"અરે શ તો આશા રાખુ છું કે હવે મુજ જેવા ગરીબ પોરીયાને આપ લાત મારશો નહી પણ માનઅકામનાં ધી આજીટમાં મને આ વેલા માન આપશો અને આપ શાએબના બુટ જે ઊમંગ અને ઊલટથી હું પાલીશ કરૂં છું તેનો તેમ કરીને મને બદલો વાળી આપશો!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Champion jokist (to his editor): "I have moved into my new house. It is a pretty villa-like residence, don't you know, just built. By the way, I want an appropriate name for it."—His editor: "Appropriate name? Why not call it *The Chestnut*?" [Exit jokist.]

MEM. FOR VETOISTS.—It is the question of "tied" houses which makes the compensation question so knotty.

ACCOUNTED FOR.—Mistress: "Mary, I was surprised after I had gone to bed to hear the late hour at which your 'follower' left the house."—Mary (the cook): "It was this way, mum. You had dinner so late last night that it put things all out."



IN A FIX.

Chorus of the Members of the Parsee Girls' Marriage Benefit Fund.—Come, pay our claims, our claims, our claims!

P. G. M. B. F.—(Sotto Voce) But where's the money to come from?

[At a rowdy meeting of the members of the Parsee Girls Marriage Benefit Fund, the chairman, Dr. Rustomji Nusserwanjee Khory, said that during the year ending 20th March 1895, contrary to all expectations 480 girls married, out of whom only 180 have been paid their claims, and the Committee is in a fix for the present to find a way to meet the remaining 300 claims.]

સંકડાસભરી હાલતમાં.

પારસી છોકરીઓનાં લગનના લાભના ફંડની મેમ્બરોનો "કોરસ"—લાવો, પઇસા લાવો, અને અમારા દાવા પતાવો, બસ પતાવો!

પા૦ છો૦ લ૦ લા૦ ફં૦—(મનમાં) પણ હમણા ને હમણા પઇસા તે કીયા ગુલામાંથી લાઊં?

[પારસી છોકરીઓના લગનના લાભના ફંડના સભાસદોની ગયે રવીવારે મળેલી એક ગડબડીઆરી સભામાં પ્રમુખ ડાકટર રૂસ્તમજી નસરવાનજી ખોરીએ જણાવ્યું હતું કે, તા૦ ૨૦ મી મારચ ૧૮૯૫ને દને પુરું થયલાં વરસમાં સઘળી વકીની વીરૂધ ૪૮૦ છોકરીઓ પરણી ગઈ હતી, જેમાંથી માત્ર ૧૮૦ જણીઓના દાવાનાં નાણાં અદા કરવામાં આવ્યાં છે, અને બાકીની ૩૦૦ જણીઓના દાવાનાં નાણાં કેવી રીતે અદા કરવાં તેનો કાંઈ પણ રસ્તો હજી સુધી કમીટીને સુઝ્યો નથી.]



SWEET CHIMES IN MADAME HIND'S TOWER.

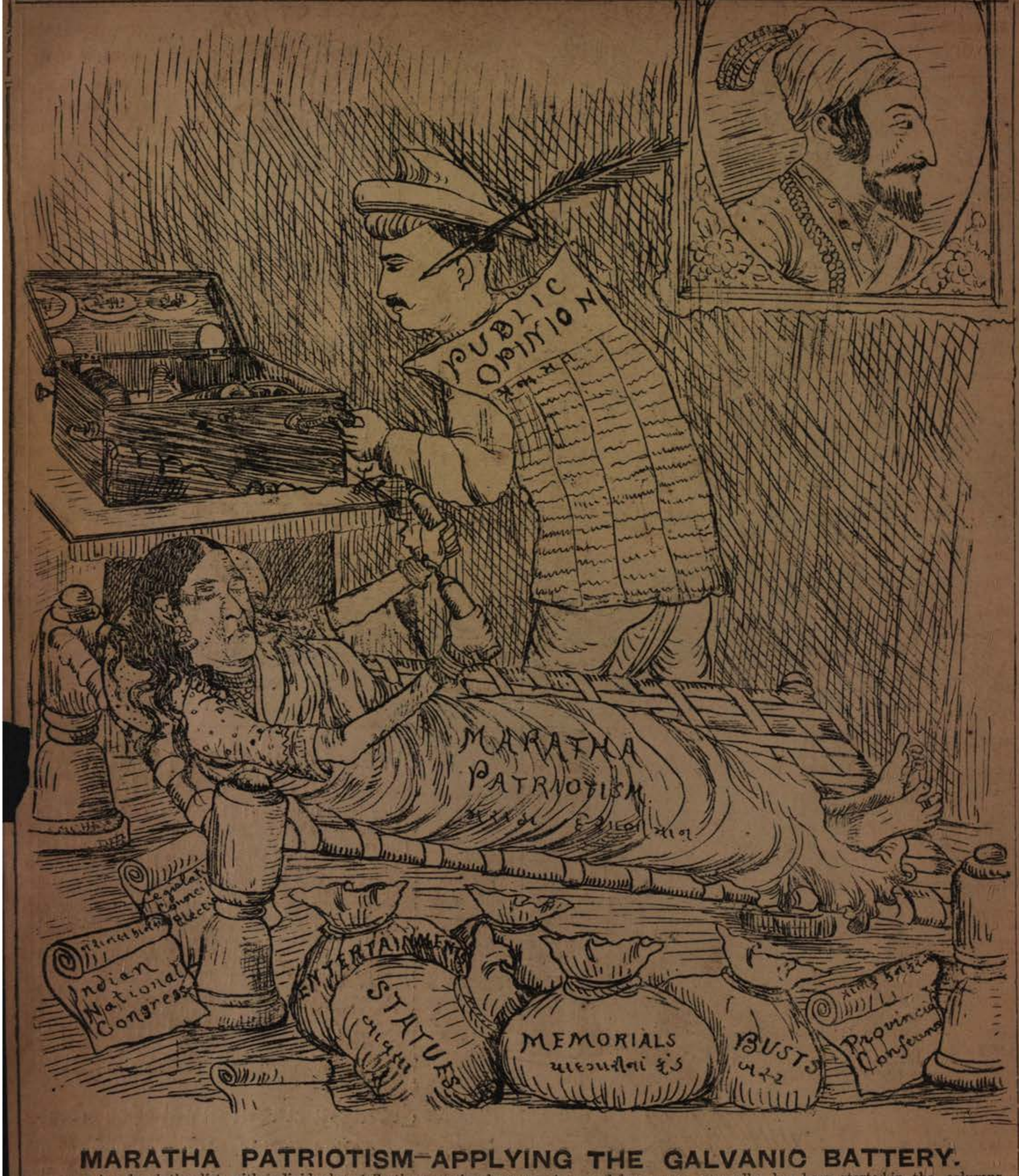
Ding-dong! Ding-dong! The chimes are heard far and wide and their sweet resonant sounds please every ear.

[The expansion of the Indian Legislative Council has now had a sufficient trial to warrant an estimate of its results. The particular feature of it, looked forward to most hopefully by some, and with most apprehension by others, was the right of interpellation or asking questions of the Government. Ardent reformers, in their denunciations of bureaucratic rule, believed that they would henceforth have an engine for dragging hidden abuses to light. Old-fashioned officials resented a novelty which seemed to acknowledge a doubt as to the absolute wisdom of their ways. But far-seeing Viceroys, like Lord Dufferin and Lord Lansdowne, regarded it as a convenient method for making known the truth in cases of public misapprehension or misstatement. The practical operations of the system indicates that the Viceregal forecast of its working, from Lord Ripon onwards, was the correct one. The questions asked in the Supreme and Provincial Legislatures during the past two years cover the whole area of Indian administration and of the economic interests of the people. With scarcely an exception, they have tended to a better understanding between the rulers and the ruled: and in important instances they have furnished a valuable opportunity of placing the actual facts before the public — The *Times.*]

હીંદબાઈના ટાવરમાં વાગતા સુંદર શરોદ.

હીંગડોંગ! હીંગડોંગ! ઘાંટના સુંદર શરોદ હીંદના એક છેડેથી બીજે છેડે સુધી સંભળાય છે, અને તેનો મધુર ઘુમઘુમતો આવાજ દરેક કાનને ખુશ કરે છે.

[વડી તથા સ્થાનીક સરકારોની ધારાસભાઓમાં છેલ્લાં બે વરસમાં હીંદુસ્તાનના સઘળા પ્રકારના કારોબાર તથા ત્યાંના લોકોના વેપાર રોજગાર સંબંધી લાખો વાતે સવાલો પુછવામાં આવ્યા છે. હકુમત ચલાવનારાઓ અને પ્રજાની એક બીજા પ્રત્યેની લાગણીમાં તેથી સુધારો થએો છે, અને અગતની બાબતોમાં ખરી વાત શું છે તે પ્રજાની આગળ ધરવાને કીમતી તક તેથી મળી છે.—ધી ટાઈમ્સ.]



MARATHA PATRIOTISM—APPLYING THE GALVANIC BATTERY.

[A subscription list, with individual contributions varying from one, two and four annas generally, has been started in the columns of the *Kesari*, for repairing the Tomb of Shri Shivajee Chhatrapati, the patriot warrior, king and founder of the Maratha Empire !]

ખાટલે પડેલું મરાઠા દેશાભીમાન.

તેને હુશીયાર કરવા માટે વીજલીની બેટરી લગાડવા વીના છુટકો દીસતો નથી.

[છત્રપતી માહારાજ શ્રી શીવાજી જેવાં એક બાહદુર લડવઈયા, એક નામાંકીત રાજા અને મરાઠા શેહેનશાહાતનો પાયો નાખનારની રાયઘડ ખાતેની કેબરનું સમારકામ કરવા માટે "કેસરી" પતરે એક ફંડ ઉભું કીધું છે, અને તેમાં એક, બે અને ચાર આનાની રકમો ભરવામાં આવે છે।]

REYNARDS IN THE BOWER OF GRAPES.

What each one thinks:—"How I wish I may get them!"

[The contest in the Northern Division for a seat in the Bombay Legislative Council becomes keener as the election draws nearer. The friends of rival candidates have rushed into print to put forward the claims of each of their pets, some maintaining that the Hon'ble Mr. Setalvad would be the right man in the right place, others saying that Mr. Goculdas Kahandas Parekh would be preferable to both Mr. Setalvad and Mr. Kalabhai Laloobhai.]



દરાખના માંડવામાં શીઆળ મામા.

દરેક શીઆળ મામા મનમાં શું ધારે છે:—"આહ! હું કેવું ઇછુંચ કે એ બધી દરાખ મનેજ મળે!"

[મુંબઈની ધારાસભા આંની એક બેઠક મેળવવા માટે ઉતર વીભાગમાં ચાલતી હરીફાઈ બહુજ રસ પર ચહડી છે, અને જેમ જેમ ચુંટણીનો દીવસ પાસે આવતો જાય છે, તેમ તેમ રસ વધતોજ જાય છે. મેશરસ હરીલાલ ચીમનલાલ સેતલવડ, ગોકળદાસ કહાનદાસ પારેખ અને કાળાભાઈ લલ્લુભાઈ વકીલ આ બેઠક માટે ઊમેદવાર તરીકે બાહેર પડયા છે, અને તેમના હક અને દાવા છાપાદવારે રજુ કરવા માટે તેમના મીત્રો બહુ બહુ ધામધુમ કરવા પડયા છે. કેટલાકો જાણાવે છે કે, મી૰ સેતલવડ સરવેથી લાયક છે, અને બીજાઓ કહે છે કે, મી૰ સેતલવડ અને મી૰ કાળાભાઈ કરતાં મી૰ ગોકળદાસ પારેખની ચુંટણી કોંસીલી સરવેને પસંદ પડતી થઈ પડશે.]

AMENDED PROVERB: Silence is golden—especially when you cannot think of a good answer on the spur of the moment.

"BAR GOLD."—Fees to barristers.

THE PEHLWAN WHO WRESTLES WITH THE FEVER FIEND IN BOMBAY.

Dr. Makhmar's joy knows no bounds as the champion-wrestler shows his feats of strength in his dispensary from day to day in the presence of large crowds, who pay handsomely for the treat.

[Numerous cases of fever—some fatal—have occurred in Bombay, and the dispensaries of medical gentlemen are at present overcrowded.]



મુંબઈમાં તાવનાં કંગાલ દઈત સાથ કુસ્તી લડતો પેહેલવાન.

આપણા ડાકટર માખમા [illegible] દવાખાનામાં ઠઠમાર લોકોની હજુરમાં આ પેહેલવાન કુસ્તીબાજ પોતાનાં બળની ભારે હેરતો દેખાડે છે, અને તે માટે લોકો ખોબે ખોબે પઈસા તોલે છે. તે જોઈ ડાકટર સાહેબનાં હઈડાં હરખાઈ જાય તેમાં કાંઈ નવાઈ છે?

[તાવનો રોગ મુંબઈમાં હમણા અત્યંત ખરાબી કરે છે, અને ડાકટરોના દવાખાનામાં લોકો ઉભાઈ જાય છે.]

THAT WAS ENOUGH.—"I thought you were to be called as a witness in the divorce case."—"I got out of it."—"Why, I heard both sides were after you."—"I frightened them both off."—"How?"—"I said if I was called I would tell the truth."

THE best Musical Drill: The drill that can make a hole in the wind-bag of the bagpipes.



THE PROSECUTOR AT THE BAR.

Public Opinion—(*To Mr. F. S. P. Lely*)—Prosecutor at the bar, you're discharged, but don't do it again!

[Public Opinion strongly disapproves of the conduct of Mr. F. S. P. Lely, the Collector of Surat, in having called Nawabzada Nasrullakhan to his bungalow, and put him in the way of committing a crime within the meaning of the Penal Code.]

આરોપીના પાંજરામાં ઊભો કીધેલો ફરયાદી.

[ગુજરાતી માટે જુવો પાનું ૯ મું.]



HEAVILY LADEN.

Poor fellow! Condemned to carry the burden all his life, very much against his wish.

જબરો બોજો.

ગરીબ બીચારો! આ બોજો ઉપાડવાને તે ગમે તેટલો નારાજ છે, પણ આખી ઊમર સુધી તે ઉઠાવીનેજ ચાલ્યા વીના તેનો બીજો કસો છુટકો નથી!



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.
—NO. 26.
H. E. LORD SANDHURST.

The energetic house-maid that keeps everything in the house neat and tidy.

મીo પંચના ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાo ૨૬.
નામદાર ગવરનર લાર્ડ સેંડહર્સ્ટ.

કેવી ચંચલ ચાકરડી! ઘરની દરેક ચીજ કેવા સાફ ને સ્વચ્છ રાખે છે.



EXGHANCE OF SISTERLY CONFIDENCE.

Meheri—Whatever shall I do with my servant? Tired of all her aggravating ways, and yet I can't send her away! It would be impossible to replace her.

Jari—(*Who has married a confectioner.*) Would it? Not for me, I assure you. No sooner is one gone than another is ready to take his place. I change them sooner than my shoes, thanks to dear Pesi, who has an inexhaustible supply of them always at his disposal.

Meheri—That comes of marrying a man that can lord it over cooks!

બે બેહેનો વચે બે સુખ દુખની વાત.

મેહેરી—બલા જાણે રે, નોકર લોકથી તો બસ હાથ જોરયા! એક રાણને રેાટલી કરવા ને વાસણ ઉજા રવા રાખીચ; પણ રાણ તો દાંતમાં ખાસરૂં આપેચ! રાણથી એનો ઊ જારો આવેચ કે બસ નહી! પણ ક રૂં શું! બીજું કોઈ માણસબી મળ તું નહી કે રાણને કાહારી મુકું!

જરી—(જે એક કરાકરી બીસ કોટવાળાને ત્યાં પરણેલી છે) એમ? પણ મને તો જોઇયે તેટલા ચાકર નકર મળેચ. એક મુનો ગીઓ કે તે ની જગાએ બીજો તઈયારજ હોયચ. હું મારી સપાટ દોહોર બે મહીને બ દલતી હોવસ, પણ મુવા નોકર તો મહીનામાં એક બે બદલાતાજ રેહેચ. મારા પેસી એવા છે કે એક મુનો જા ય તો તેની જગાએ બીજાને તરતજ ઉભો કરેચ!

મેહેરી—કેવી રાણ તું ભાયગ સાળી! તારા વરના હાથ નીચે આટ લા બધા બબરચીઓ છે કેની તેથી રાણ તું એમ લાર લરેચ! પાણ હું સાપર એવો લાર કરવા જાઊં!



AT MATHERAN ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY.

Silloo—And how shall I congratulate pa on his birthday?

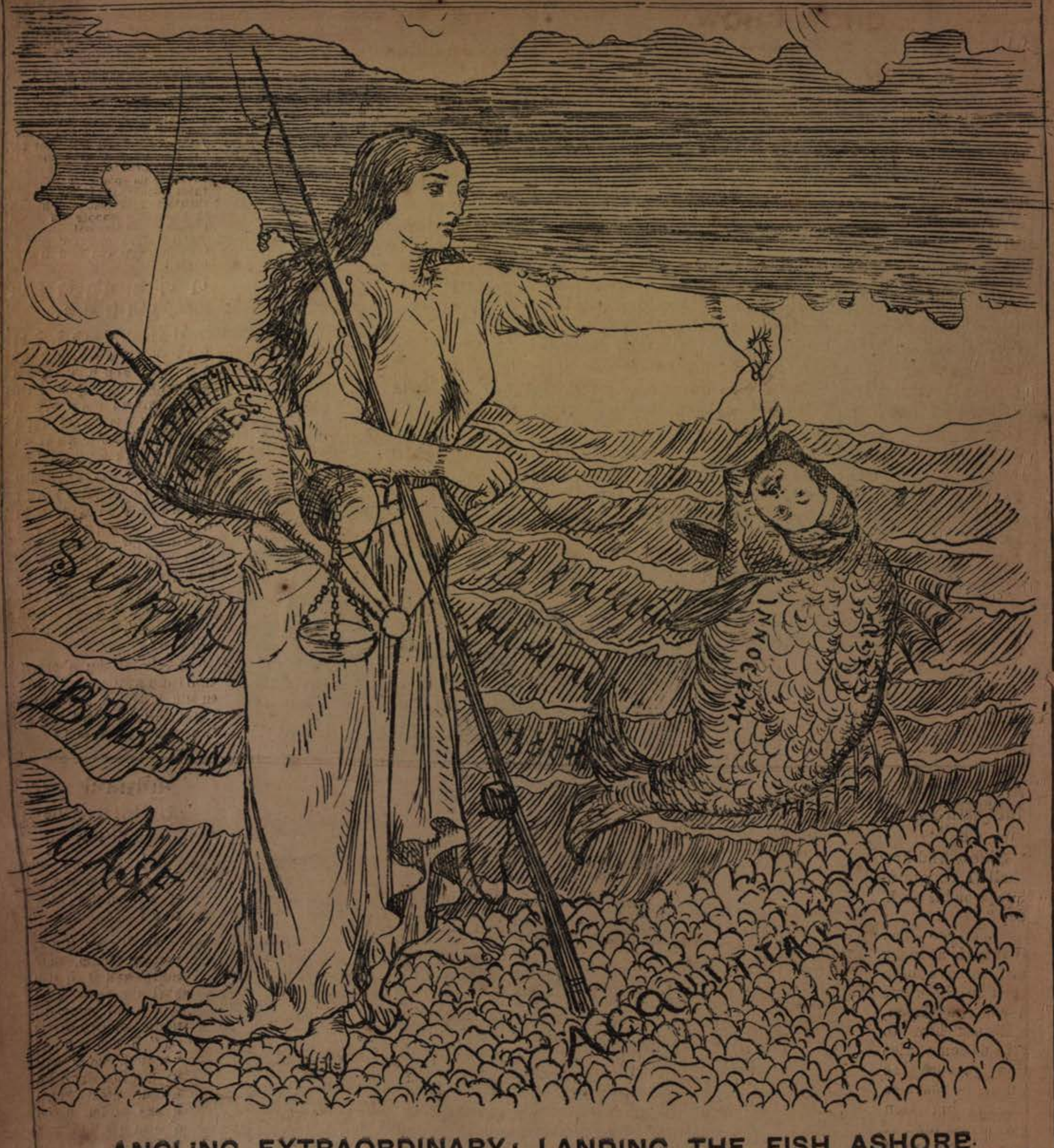
Jangoo—Say that he is a lucky man to have been born on the same day as the Queen, and ask him to give us some nice toys, just as the Queen sends nice titles to big men who are as fond of them as we are of play-things.

"Oh, I'm glad you've got a piano in the rooms!—What is it?—a Broadwood?"—"No, mum. Myogh'ny!"

માથેરાનમાં મહા રાણીની વરસગાંઠનો દીવસ.

સીલ્લુ—બાવાનું આ જે વરસ છે, તેથી બાવાપર સું કાગજમાં લખું, જાંગુ દીકરા?

જાંગુ—એમ લખ કે, "વાહાલા બાવાજી, આજે રાણીનું વરસ છે ને તમા રૂંબી વરસ એકજ દાહાડે આયુંચ, તેથી બાવાજી તમે ઘણાજ ભાયગસાલી છે ઓ." ને પછી લખ કે, "માહરાણી પોતાનાં વરસ પર મોટા મોટા લોકોને કેવા મજેહના મજેના ખેતાબ તે આન આપેચ. ને જેમ હું ને જાંગુ મજેહનાં આઈ આઈનાં રમકડાં જોઇને ખુ સા ખુસી થઈ જાઇયેચ તેમ તે લોકબી કેવા ખુસી ખુસી થાયચ તેમ બાવાજી. તમે બી તમારા વરસપર મારે વા સ્તે ને જાંગુને વાસ્તે મારાં મજેહનાં રમકડાં મોકલી આપજોજી. કે તમેબી જાણે રાણીની માફકજ તમારૂં વર સ ઉગારયું એમ હું ને જાં ગુ સમજસું."



ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY; LANDING THE FISH ASHORE.

[The *Times of India*, in commenting on the Nawabzada Nasurullahkhan's case, says :—"It is doing no injustice to the prosecution in the Bulsar bribery case to say that public opinion anticipated the decision which the High Court arrived at on the 10th inst. and that nothing but the wholesome rule prohibiting comments upon judgments uuder appeal stood in the way of a strong and general deprecation of the conviction of the accused and of some of the incidents by which the prosecution had been brought about."]

ઈન્સાફ દેવીની માછલી પકડવાની મોજ.

પોતાના ગળને ધીરજ અને સંભાળથી પાણીમાં ઊતારીને પકડાયલી માછલીને કેવી સલામતી સાથ તે કીનારે ઊતારે છે.

[નવાબઝાદા નસરૂલાખાન ઊપર મુકવામાં આવેલાં સુરતના કલેકટર મી૦ લેલીને લાંચ આપવાના તોહમતને લગતા મુકદમા વીષે લખતાં ટાઈમ્સ આફ ઈંડયા જણાવે છે કે, વલસાડવાળા લાંચ રૂસ્વતના મુકદમામાં હાઈ કોરટ જે ચુકાદા પર આવી છે, તેવોજ ચુકાદો આપવો જોઈયે એવું પ્રજામત આગમચથી બંધાઈ ચુકું હતું; અને જે ચુકાદા સામે અપીલ કરવામાં આવી હોય તે વીષે અપાલનું સેવટ આવવા આગમચ ટીકા કરવાની જે ફાયદાકારક બંધી છે, તે બંધીને લીધેજ તોહોમતદારને અપરાધી ઠરાવવાનું કામ, તેમજ જે કેટલાક બનાવો પરથા મુકદમાને જનમ મળ્યો હતો, તેને પેહેલેથી સખ્ત શબ્દોમાં વખોડી કાહાડવામાં આવ્યું નહી હતું, એમ કેહેવામાં કરયાદીને કશો ગેરઈન્સાફ થયલો ગણાશે નહી.]

CHOW-CHOW.

Lamp-black: its power. As an antidote against "the evil eye" and as a charm to ensure healthy growth, the fond Hindu mother smears the cheeks of her darling babe with lamp-black. The popular belief is that the black daubs by whomsoever administered are thoroughly efficacious. The question has often occurred to Mr. *Punch* whether a similar operation has ever been known, in this land of credulity and wonder, to protect babes of larger growth who happen to be the people's darlings. He would leave it to lovers of folklore to give instances from the past. As regards the present three cases occur to him, proving the popular fallacy to be founded on some deeply hidden reason yet to be expounded. Dadabhai Naoroji was the first pet whose cheeks the considerate and tender Premier, Lord Salisbury, so besmeared when he called him the "Black Man." All evil eyes were from that moment averted from the noble countenance of India's great champion. His growth was ensured and he soon blossomed into an M. P. Pherozeshah Mehta was the next to be purged of the evil influence, and the great Finance Minister of India undertook the grandmotherly task for him. The lamp-black was freely used in the Supreme Legislative Council Hall and instantly Mehta's old fame acquired a fresh lustre and he became the nation's lion. Bâl Gangadhar Tilak, the Deccan politician, affords the most recent proof of the success attending a free application of lamp-black. The black "*tilaks*" or finger marks in this case were laid artistically by the editor of the *Bombay Gazette*, and hey, presto! the evil took wings and vanished; sympathy and good wishes showered on Tilak and the gates of fame flew open for him! He has been returned for the Central Division. Such is the power of lamp-black in modern times, and if Indian folklore is to be believed it has always been so, provided Truth and Honour shine refulgent on the face of the fondled one. It is the law of contrasts. Black to be conspicuous must be seen projected on a bright and warm surface.

* * *

Yama's victims. RAO BAHADUR NANA MOROJI, the late Indian Magistrate,—a name to conjure by for *budmashes*,—has gone to his rest. Honour and fame attended his brilliant career; but deep domestic afflictions hurried and shadowed his end. Rai Bahadur Harischandra Yadhavaji is the next citizen who has passed away at a ripe old age, leaving a reputation behind which those following the humble clerical line should look up to with pride and hope. The cruellest cut of the grim visitor lies in his snatching away so prematurely Professor Vasudev Balkrishna Kelkar, whose death, following sharp upon that of the late Professor Apte, is a loss to the Fergusson College, which all well-wishers of high education in the Deccan must deeply deplore. It is hard to replace these members of a self-denying and devoted band of educationists whose careers had so much of promise and usefulness to the country.

* * *

The scramble for fame. TIME was when wisdom resided with age, and *Rishis* with grey hairs laid down the law for princes and peasants to follow. Youth now elbows aside age in the race for wisdom and experience. The *Rishi*, again, was unobtrusive and lived in his hermitage in an unfrequented forest. The grey headed Nestor of the present day is to the forefront amidst the crowd of the *Nagri*—a suppliant for power and fame. The scramble for seats in the Legislative Councils is full of suggestive reflections. Mr. *Punch* heartily wishes the healthy exercise of the race will develope in the runners the robust mental qualities comprised in the two words—"Love" and "Duty."

(*Hindi Punch*, 26-5-95.)

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

THE MAN THAT DID—NOT!

Of a certain young woman that did
  They have written egregious rot,
For she really can't stand a look in
  With a loathly young man that did—not.
I appeal to a jury of women,
  And not to inconsequent men,
Who would probably say he was lucky
  To escape such a horrible den.
He was first introduced by my brother,
  Who lauded him up to the skies,
Then taken in hand by my mother
  In a manner both kindly and wise.
She lunched, and she dined, and she housed him
  For had he not plenty of cash?
And I was the chosen of seven
  Sweet daughters, all bent on his "mash."
We teaed, and we tennissed, and boated,
  And the night ere he went back to town,
I calmly awaited proposal
  As we sat in the moonlight alone.
Now in wrath I ask of all women,
  Ought not such a man to be shot?
After weeks of most fervent devotion
  He went back to town, and did—not.

REVOLTING DAUGHTER.

"AND why do you like German plays better than French?"—"Well, you see, it doesn't matter much if you say you don't understand German, but you *have* to pretend you know French."

FELINE AMENITIES.—Miss Tregushing: "Oh yes! there are such *lovely* seas and skies in Cornwall, and such rocks and caves—and seals—and the *most* magnificent wild waves you ever saw—and—"—Mrs. Frou-Frou: "But no dressmakers, I suppose!"

JUST THE PLACE.—Tomkins: "Say, Robinson, I see there is a new paper advertised, called the *Key*. Deuced funny name! Where is it published?"—Robinson: "In *Bolt* Court, I presume."

"IF we let you have your way," said the masters to the men at a recent conference of boot traders, "our soles will no longer be our own."

A FABLE OF THE HONOURS' GAZETTE.

An ass, blessed ... a natural tail like the rest of his tribe, longed for the *additional* honour of an artificial caudal appendage, and prayed to the gods on Olympus to send him one. Days and nights did he spend in earnest supplication, for asses never are, but always to be blest. One day last week, after several previous failures, his prayer was *heard*, though in a somewhat different manner from that he had hoped for. From the Olympian heights, a huge stone, labelled *"Disappointment,"* Came rolling down on his head, and almost crushed him with its weight. Tears, briny tears, began to roll down his cheeks, and are still rolling down, but whether in grief or gratitude, we have yet to learn.



માનઅકામનાં ગેઝટની એક કથા.

એક ગધેડાજી ને પેાતાનાં કુદરતી પુછડાં ઉપરાંત બીજું પુછડું જોઈતું હતું, જે મારે દીવસેા સુધી દેવતાઓની પ્રાર્થના કરયાથી, ગયે અઠવાડયે એક જબ્બરેા પથરેા ધરરરરરર કરતેા તેમનાં માથાં પર આવી પડયેા. તેની ઊપર "નાઉમેદી" એવા અક્ષર પાડેલા હતા. તે પથરનાં ભાર તળે બીચારા ગધેડાજી કચડાઈ ગયા અને તેમની આંખમાંથી નવધાર આંસુની રેલ ચાલી, જે હજી સુધી બંધ પડી નથી.

AT MATHERAN.

Maneck—Do you hear, Aloo? We'll have to go down the Hill within a day or two. They say the monsoon will burst immediately.

Aloo—Go down the Hill in such a short time? How time flies! It looks as if it was only yesterday I came here!

Maneck—How I wish the Matheran season would extend indefinitely! One feels so happy here, free from the frowns of the mother-in-law and the bother of the house! Oh! for a long eternal holiday in some such blissful spot as this!



માથેરાનની મેાસમ પુરી.

માણેક—આલુ સાંભલેચ કે? આપુને એક બે દાહરામાં માથેરાન છેાડીને નીચે ઉતરવું પરસે. કેહેચ કે હવે જલદીથીજ વરસાદ આવશે.

આલુ—બસ એટલા વખતમાં માથેરાન છેાડી જવાનું? મરે રે, જાણે હજી ગેઈ કાલેજ અહીં આવી હેાંની એમ મને તેા લાગેચ.

માણેક—આહ, માથેરાનની મેાસમ બધાજ દહાડા ચાલ્યા કરતી હેાય તેા કેવું મજેહનું! અહીં કેવું મજેહનું સુખ છે! નહી સાસુના દહવાસ ને હવારકુટા સાંભળવાના, કે નહી ઘેરબારની જંજાળ કરવાની!



NURSING.

Nurse—I'm taking a world of trouble to nurse and fondle and coddle the baby day and night. Heaven knows whether he will repa all my trouble!

[Mr. Muncherjee Merwanjee Bhownaggree has been accepted as the Con servative candidate for North-east Bethnal Green, a suburb of London, an will contest the seat at the next General Election. Mr. Bhownaggree ha already addressed the electors of the suburb, and has begun nursing and wooin the constituency in right earnest.]

નવી આયા અને નવું પોરીયું.

[ગુજરાતી માટે જુઓ પાનું ૯ મું.]



Mr. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 26.

THE ANONYMOUS WRITER AS THE CLEANER OF RUBBISH.

(Suggested by the recent correspondence in the *Bombay Gazette*, regarding Mr. B. G. Tilak's election for the Bombay Legislative Council as the representative of the Central Division.)

મી૦ પંચના ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાં૦ ૨૬.

બુરખો ઓઢીને ફરનારા નનામા લખનાર, ગટર સાફ કરનાર તરીકે.

(મધ્ય વીભાગ તરફના ધારાસભા માટેના પ્રતીનીધી તરીકે મી૦ બાલ ગંગાધર તીલકને કરવામાં આવેલી ચુંટણીના સંબંધમાં મુંબઈ ગેઝટમાં પ્રગટ થયલાં ચરચા પતરો ઉપરથી સુઝેલી ડીઝાઈન.)

A COOL BATH FOR SOL.

સુરય નારાયણ માટે થંડું અંગોળ.



[*Mr. Punch*—Sol, my friend, I like your warmth, but it's becoming far from genial, and it was time you cooled down a bit!

[Intense heat has been experienced in good many parts of India this year, the thermometer standing at 123° in Jacobabad and at 170° in Allahabad, and the advent of the monsoon is very anxiously looked for.]

મી૦ પંચ—મારા દોસ્ત, તમારી ગરમી મને ગમેચ, પણ તે હવે ઘણીજ ઉકળાટભરી થઈ ચાલીચ, માટે તમે હવે જરા થંડા થાઓ તો સારૂં!

[આ વરસે હીંદુસ્તાનના ઘણા ભાગોમાં બહુજ સખત ગરમી પડે છે, અને વરસાદ ની બહુ ઈંતેજારીથી રાહ જોવામાં આવે છે.]



UND[...] PRO-TECTING WINGS.

[Prince Nasrullah Khan, the son of the Amir of Cabul, arrived in England on the 24th May, and was received with all honours. He is being feasted and feted and lionised.]

મરઘીની પાંખની પનાહ તળે.

[કાબુલના અમીરનો છોકરો શાહજાદો નસરૂલાખાન ગઈ તા૦ ૨૪મી મેને દને ઈંગલંડ જઈ પુગો છે, અને ત્યાં તેને ઘટતાં માન સાથ આવકાર આપવામાં આવયો છે. તેને ખાન પાન અને માનથી નવાજવામાં કાંઈજ બાકી રાખવામાં આવતું નથી.]



FRANCE BRUIN DANCE:

OR, THE FRENCH LASS IN HIGH JINKS WITH THE POLAR BEAR.

[The *entente cordiale* between France and Russia has been the subject of much comment in political circles, and grave fears are expressed about England having a rough time of it regarding the evacuation of Egyht.]

નાચો! રીંછકાકા, નાચો!

અથવા, ઉતર ધ્રુવ તરફનાં રીંછ સાથે ભારે ગેલમાં ફિતરેલી ફ્રેંચ છુટડી.

[ફ્રાંસ અને રૂશીયા વચે હુમણાં દેખાતા ઘાડા સંબંધ ઉપરથી રાજદ્વારી મંડળોમાં બહુ ચરચા ચાલે છે, અને ઈજીપ્ત ખાલી કરવાના સવાલના સંબંધમાં ઈંગલંડને બહુ માઠુંમાઠું ભોકાશ્વી પડશે એવી ધાસ્તી બતાવવામાં આવે છે.]

VISITOR: "But what does your mother say when you tell these dreadful lies?"—Boy: "She says I take after father."



PLANTING THE WATER-METER.

Mr. Punch—Mark me, Bai saheb! This ample irrigation will lead not to the growth of disease, as that old man assures you; but to the free cultivation of that obnoxious plant he has set his heart upon.

["Near chawls," says Dr. Weir, "we see ground as wet as rice fields in the monsoon, ground on which water lies all day and vegetables are grown—vegetables grow and thrive here while the people decay. When I see this I can come to no other deliberate conclusion than that it would be well for this city if water were not so plentifully given as it is to the houses of the poor."]

"પાણીના મીટર" ના પાકની વાવણી.

મી૦ પંચ—હું કહું છું તે ધ્યાનમાં રાખજો, બાઈ સાહેબ. પેલો બુઢો ત મને ખાત્રી પર ખાત્રી આ પેચ તે કંઈ માનતાં બાન તાં નાં. આ ધુમધોકાર પાણી ઢોળાય છે અને જમીનમાં પચે છે, તેથી દુખ દરદની ઉતપતી તો નહી થશે પણ પેલી હેરાનગતી આપનારી (પાણીના મીટરની) ભાજી તરકારીનો બોહોળો પાક કરવાને એ બુઢો તલપી રહયોછ તેની ખેતી તો ઘણીજ સરસ થશે.

[ડાકટર વેર કહે છે કે, "ચાલીઓની નજીકની જમીન ચોમાસામાં ચોખાના ખેતરોના જેવી ભીની રહે છે, જેથી તે ઉપર વનસ્પતી જબદી ઉગી નીકળે છે, પણ માણસોનો નાશ થાય છે. આવું હું જોવું છું ત્યારે એવા પકા ઠરાવ ઊપર આવું છું કે, ગરીબ લોકોના ઘરોમાં હમણા આપવામાં આવે છે તેટલું પુષ્કળ જ્યામાં પાણી આપવામાં આવે નહી તો આ શેહેરને ફાયદો થાય "]

THE PROVINCIAL SERVICE RULES.



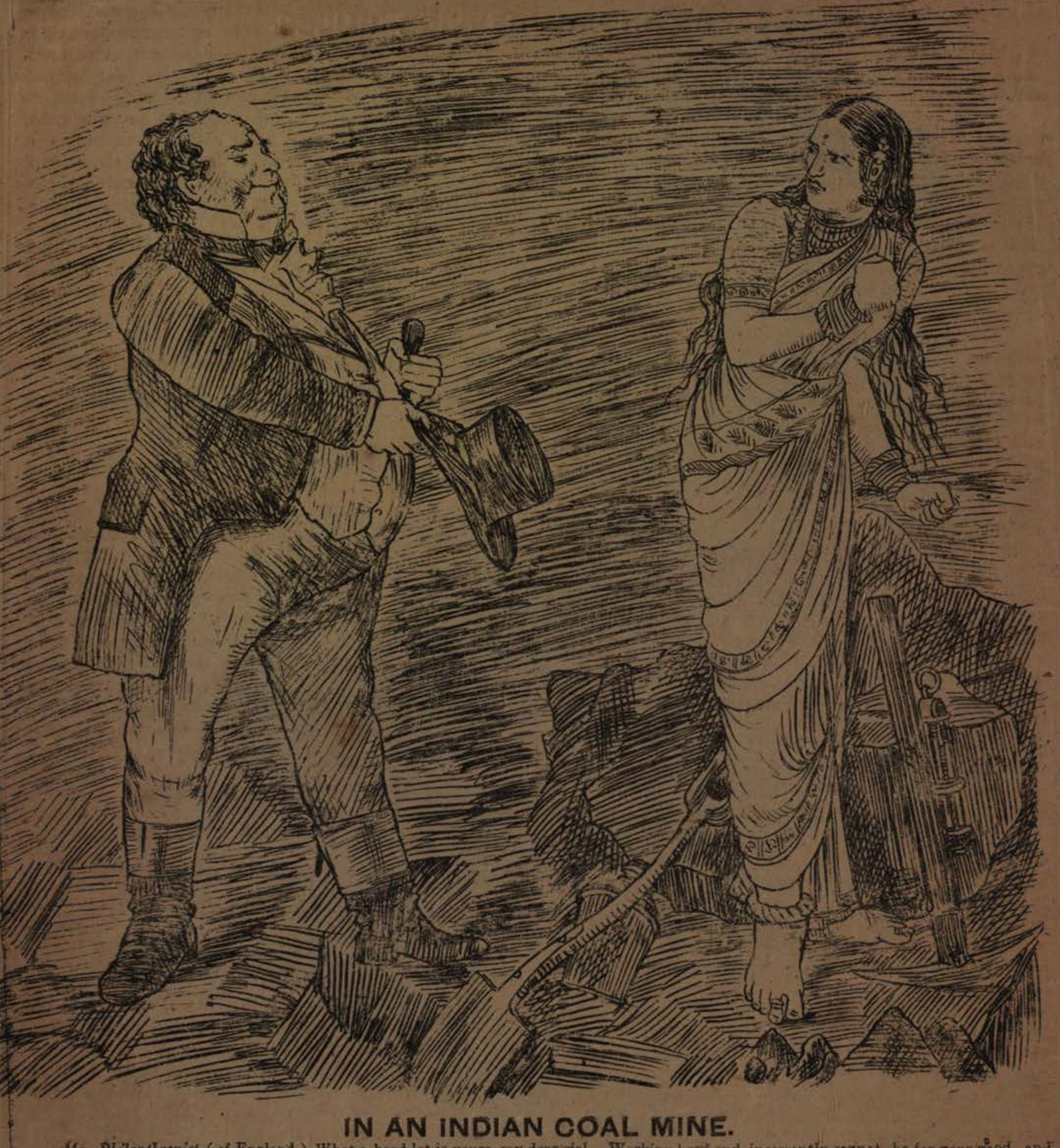
Bai Mumbai—Give a poor beggar boy something substantial, Saheb, that he may grow hale and hearty!
Saheb—Bless my soul! I never knew he was so very weak!

[The Bombay Government having refused to make any alteration in the Provincial Service Rules, the president of the Eighth Provincial Conference has addressed the Government of India on behalf of the Conference, praying that the Bombay Government may be directed to reconsider the rules.]

" પ્રોવીન્શીયલ સરવીસ " ને લગતા કાનુનો.

બાઈ મુંબાઈ—ગરીબ બીચારા ભીખારી પોરીયાને કંઈ સંગીન આપો, સાહેબ, કે જેથી તે રાતો માતો ને તનદરોસ્ત બની જાય.
સાહેબ—મારા જીવના સમ મને તો ખબરબી નહી કે એ પોરીયો એટલો બધો નબળો છે!

[" પરોવીન્શીયલ સરવીસ " ના નામથી ઓળખવામાં આવતા સરકારી ઓધાઓ ઊપર નેમણુક કરવાના સંબંધમાં મુંબઈ સરકારે ઘડી કહાડેલા કાનુનોમાં—તેણે ફેર [illegible]



IN AN INDIAN COAL MINE.

Mr. Philanthropist (of England)-What a hard lot is yours, my dear girl. Working hard and incessantly cannot be for your good, and I could sooner die than allow you to be crushed by toil, beyond your powers. I pity you from the bottom of my heart.

Hind—Keep your sympathies for those who want them. I need them not. I've already had a taste of them before, and I had much rather be without them, I assure you.

[Attempts are being made by some of the *soi disant* philanthropists of England to put any amount of obstacles in the path of the Indian coal industry which is merely in its infancy, and steps have been taken by the Government of India, at the bidding of these philanthropists, to inquire into the working of the coal mines with a view to legislation.]

હીંદી કોલસાની ખાણમાં.

મી૦ ઈંગ્લંડના પરમારથી-કેવી તું સખત મજુરીમાં પરીચ, મારી વાહાલી. એમ ચાલુ હેપજેપ ને જેહેમત ખેંચશે તેથી કંઈજ તારૂં ભલું થવાનું નથી હં. તારી શકતી ઉપરાંત મેહેનત મજુરીના ભાર તળે તુને એમ કચડાઈ જતી તો હું મરી જાઊં તોબી કદી જોઈ શકવાનોજ નહી. ખચીત તારી મને ખરાં દીલની દયા લાગેચ !

હીંદ-બાપુ, તમારી દીલસોજી જેને જોઈતી હોય તેને માટે તે રાખો. મને તે જોઈતી નથી. મેં તેનો ઘણો સ્વાદ અત્યાર અગાઊનો ચાખી યો છે, અને હું ખાત્રીથી કહું છું કે તે વગરજ હવે તો હું ચલાવી શકશ.

[હીંદુસ્તાનનો કોલસાનો ઊદ્યોગ જે માત્ર બચપણીમાં છે તેના મારગમાં ઘણીક હરકતો નાખવાની કોશેશ ઈંગલંડના કેટલાક કેહેવાતા પરમારથીઓ તરફથી કરવામાં આવે છે, અને કાયદો બાંધવાનો હેતુ ધ્યાનમાં રાખી હીંદુસ્તાનની કોલસાની ખાણોના વહીવટ કેવી રીતે ચાલે છે તેના સંબંધમાં ...

CHOW-CHOW.

The Civic Father and his Lawyer's Bills.

A PLETHORA of blood in the body is sometimes as injurious to the individual as a scanty supply of that vital fluid; nay, the danger is often transmitted to others when that precious fluid gets congested in the brain. A surfeit of wealth is equally fatal at times to the best interests of an institution and of those falling within its influence. A delirious patient is in danger of running amuck and so is a public body with unlimited resources of wealth and with no restraint. A good physician alone can in these cases detect the symptoms in time to prevent mischief.

* * *

THE faithful servants of the good old Civic Father, with the wealth of *Kuber* at their disposal, have, for some years past, shown signs of congestion in the brain and the missiles of Law have been somewhat freely hurled about to the imminent risk of the peaceable citizens. It was reserved for the young Khoja physician—a vigorous, component part of the good old Civic Veteran—to wit, Dr. Ismail Jan Mahomed, to diagnose the disease and to apply a remedy. The patients will now, as a preliminary measure, be placed under observation and the paroxysms carefully studied. Every three months leeches and blisters are, we learn, to be applied freely to these sufferers in the Legal Wing or Ward of the People's Palace, until the violent fits abate and the flying missiles of Law cease to hurt the citizens who so lovingly nourish the patients on rich, dainty and wholesome food. Well done, physician! But pray don't give up your patients before they are thoroughly cured.

* * *

The toy Palace of Demos.

SPEAKING of the People's Palace reminds us how small the structure is after all and how undeserving the praises bestowed upon it. What a grand exterior and how beautifully illuminated every night by electricity, and yet what a costly little glittering toy! The People's Palace indeed with no standing room for even a dozen people to listen to the words of wisdom of their elders at the weekly *panchâyat* on Thursdays! Leave the people alone, but how about those for whose special comfort and convenience this toy house was built? Some of them have been shut out, and are now going to be provided with new lodgings somewhere in the Fort at a cost of Rs. 19,672! This is to be an office "for the Building and Drainage Inspectors of "A" Ward. Perhaps it is considered *infra. dig.* by the noble inmates of the Palace to admit these humble followers to close fellowship; or it may be the humble followers in the Building and Drainage line are getting bumptious and will no longer huddle together in log cabins or lath and plaster sheds with heaps of drain pipes, pickaxes and empty carts keeping guard over them! It is to be hoped the *panchâyat* will disallow the proposal, and if the present abode is disliked by the men of the Drainage Department, the elders of the City will provide suitable rafts for their accommodation to float in the open side-drains or cesspool-canals in Khetwadi and other parts of the congested native town. These "elongated cess-pools" or canals bear witness to their efficiency and vigilance; the canals serve no purpose—not even of draining off the surplus water which makes vegetables to grow and human beings to die (so says our Health Officer): these cesspools, gutters or canals are not allowed to be filled up (apparently the Health Officer thinks they are aids to health which a superfluity of potable water is not): *ergo*, these canals in the thickest part of the native town must exist, and if so, who better entitled to the full benefit of these pure streams than the Inspectors of the Drainage Works?

* * *

Shri Shivaji's Samadhi.

A LOCAL contemporary sees something incongruous in the Marathas of Poona starting a movement for restoring the mausoleum or *Samadhi* of the Great Shivaji (who is by the by referred to as the "Great Peshwa!"). As the tomb is said to be in the heart of the famous fort of Raigad, in the midst of the reserve Government forest, it is considered "impolitic to hand over the site to the care and custody of any irresponsible party." A valuable forest invaded by pilgrims is indeed a contingency to be dreaded. Some repairs to the tomb were, we are told, effected in 1885 and an annual grant of rupees five was allowed by Government for its maintenance! This action seems to have given ample satisfaction to the Hon'ble Mr. (now) Justice Ranade, the late Mr. Justice Telang and Mr. Purandare. Wherefore then all this fuss? asks the writer. Well may Englishmen wonder at this new-born patriotism. The master-spirit of his age had long been forgotten and neglected by his own countrymen, and as to foreigners no national hero of a conquered race need expect from them the same enthusiastic tribute to his memory as flow from the people themselves. English historians even in this critical age, when they come to write of this great ruler of men,—the founder of an empire,—pin their faith to the lucubrations of chroniclers of the type of *Khafi Khan* who veraciously records the end of the warrior-patriot in the very pious words, "*Kafir behejahannam raft*"—"the infidel went to hell." Mr. *Punch* highly approves of the movement set on foot by the Maratha Chiefs, *sardars* and leaders last Thursday in Poona, fully believing that a person who disowns his parents or who has no sentiment of respect and love for the eminent worthies of his motherland, is incapable of either gratitude or loyalty, and what is true of an individual is true of a people.

(*Hindi Punch*, 2-6-95.)

* * *

Mr. Drinkno-water's reward.

PATIENCE has had its reward. Mr. H. A. Acworth, the quondam Municipal Commissioner of the first city in India, in whose hands the civic fathers were as soft clay on a potter's wheel, who saved Bombay from dire disaster during the riots of August 1893,—this great

Civilian, who is reported to have never imbibed potable water though the great Tansa Lake lay at his feet, but who gormandized and thrived on beef-steaks, as he told his Hindu admirers in confidence at the Crawford Markets—this great civilian has at last received his "C. I. E."! Whether the recipient considers the reward adequate to his merits and labours is a matter about which opinions differ. A fat pension crowned with a decoration is after all a prize not to be despised in one's own motherland, though the title in itself would be a great matter in this land of gorgeous shows, unbounded credulity and unremitting adulation! To a considerable circle in Bombay this recognition, though tardy in coming, must prove welcome and act as a stimulus to greater exertions in setting up in our midst a bust or statue of the hero!

* * *

Sol in his glory.

THE heat this year is beyond measure irritating to all whose poor lot it is to sweat on the scorching plains far from hill sanitaria. Diseases abound and the physicians thrive. The irascible *sahebs*, exiled from their mother-country for the benevolent purpose of civilizing and raising up a fallen race, have a hard time of it, and the denizens of "Behind the Bungalow," with their diseased spleens, will have a harder lot still. The mango also, it would seem, thrives, but even this fruit, *par excellens*, is not above playing pranks they say, and communicates, with compound interest, the "prickly heat" to those showing too great a partiality for its luscious contents. The parched-up land, the dry-as-dust tanks and suffering humanity below the hills, all alike look up to the clouds and call loudly for Rain!

(*Hindi Punch*, 9-6-95.)

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

ALL OVER THE SHOP.

The Russian Nose.

If Japan wishes a cession of Chinese territory—it's there!

If Afghanistan is too friendly with England—it's there!

If Turkey is to be snapped up—it's there!

If China has an ear for overtures—it's there!

If America ventures too far North on the seaboard—it's there!

If an Alliance is on the *tapis*—it's there!

If all Asia Minor were to-let—it's there.

If an extension of the Indian frontier were contemplated—it's there!

If Bulgaria offers but half a chance—it's there!

If the neutrality of the Black Sea were to be enforced—it's there!

If "friendly" offices are required, no matter in what part of the world—it's there!

And if it could get over England—it's undoubtedly there!

EDITH: "I don't believe Jack will ever learn to dance!" —Alice (whose dress has suffered): "Worse than that—he will never learn not to attempt it!"

UNKNOWN.

Among other varieties of the "New Woman," still unknown, may be mentioned:

One who would not shriek at seeing a mouse.

One who would not be attracted by a "genuine bargain."

One who would keep her temper when getting the worst of an argument.

One who could argue logically.

One who would not stick pins in her mouth while dressing.

One who was never late in keeping an appointment.

One who (when a misfortune occurs) had "told you so."

One who could understand a Bradshaw.

One who thanked a man for giving up his seat to her in an omnibus.

One who never desired to have the last word.

One who never altered her mind.

A COMING CHARGE.

[Prematurely communicated by our prophetic reporter.]

Gentlemen of the jury, for the last couple of years or so you have no doubt read any number of denunciations of the conduct of the man whose actions you are now about to investigate. You have heard him abused right and left. You have seen pictures of him, in which he has been held up to scorn and public ridicule. You have heard it announced in all quarters that he is a scoundrel and a thief. And as this has been the case, gentlemen of the jury, it is my duty to tell you that you must put aside the recollection of these attacks. You must treat the prisoner before you as if he were immaculate. In fact, you must lay aside all prejudice, and give the man a fair trial; and, gentlemen, it is my duty (sanctioned by precedent) to have the pleasure of informing you that I am sure you will! Yes, gentlemen of the jury, having regard to all the circumstances of the case, I repeat, I am sure you will!

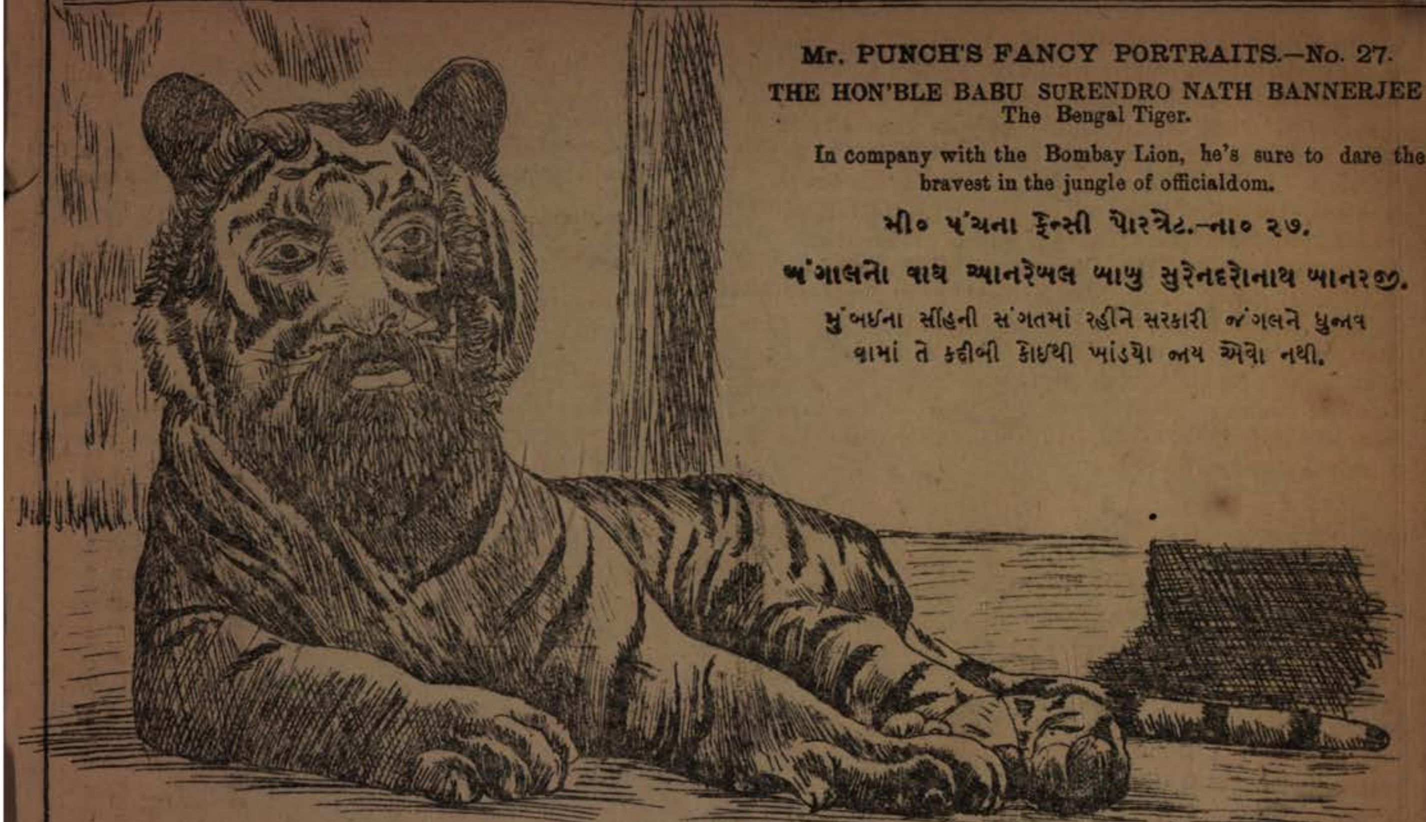
SOME NEW PLAYS.

Not yet in rehearsal, but expected to be very soon.

The Audacious Miss Prettypert.
The Abstemious Mr. McWhusky.
The Bibulous Mrs. Breadcake.
The Frivolous Miss Giddigyurl.
The Loquacious Mrs. Chattaway.
The Litigious Mrs. Tomlinson.
The Hilarious Mr. Jollidogue.
The Mischievous Miss Brownsmith.
The Mendacious Mrs. Jonesbrown.
The Imperious Mrs. Hupstart.
The Penurious Mr. Flyntskinne.
The Prosperous Mr. Pushingtrade.
The Cantankerous Mrs. Praulinprude.

A LEGAL OPINION.—Maud: "Tell me, Fred, what are the Inns of court?"—Fred (who really doesn't know): "The Inns of Court? Oh, they are where the barristers obtain their *refreshers*, of course."

SOCIAL AGONIES.—Algy (at club): "Come and dine with me to-night, Snobbington?"—Snobbington: "Sorry to say I can't, old chappie. Afraid I've got to go and dine with that old fool Lord Boreham, for my sins!"—Lord Boreham (from behind his newspaper): "Pray consider yourself excused this evening, Mr.—Mr.—a—I find I don't even know you by sight!" [Which is quite true!]



Mr. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 27.

THE HON'BLE BABU SURENDRO NATH BANNERJEE
The Bengal Tiger.

In company with the Bombay Lion, he's sure to dare the bravest in the jungle of officialdom.

મી૦ પંચના ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાં૦ ૨૭.

બંગાલનો વાઘ ઓનરેબલ બાબુ સુરેનદરોનાથ બાનરજી.

મુંબઇના સીંહની સંગતમાં રહીને સરકારી જંગલને ધ્રુજાવ વામાં તે કદીબી કોઇથી ખાંડયો જાય એવો નથી.



Dinoo—Now for your promise, Dolee dear. Where's the necklace that you said you would give me on my birthday?

Dolee—Dear me, no dear—and don't bother. I'am out of sorts.

Dinoo—But the necklace, didn't you say you would it give me?

Dolee—Yes, if I drew the winner in the Derby Sweep. But I haven't. Worse luck. Not the second either, nor the third, no, not even a starter, and the 500 rupees that I laid out have all been swept away!

Dinoo—Nothing comes out of any of your ventures but bitter disappointment. Next time, let me have your 500 rupees and see how I invest them. A bird in hand is worth two in the bush.

દીનુ—હવે તમારૂં વચન પાળોની, દોલી ડીયર. મારા વરસને દાહારે તમે મને નેકલેસ અપાવવાના ઉતા તે ક્ાંહ છે?

દોલી—જરા હવે કંટાળો ના આપ. એક તો મારૂં લેજું ઠેકાણે નથી.

દીનું—પણ નેકલેસ લાવોની? તે અપાવવા તમે કેહયુંતું કેની?

દોલી—હા, જો ડરબીની સોરટીમાં પેહેલાં નંબરનો તડાકો પડી જાય તો. પણ નહીં પેહેલું, નહી બીજું, નહી ત્રીજું કે નહી સ્ટાર્ટરનુંબી નંબર આયું! ને પાનસો રૂપયા ખરચી ને પચાસ ટીકીટ લીધી તે બધા પાણીમાં ગીયા!

દીનુ—અરે હ[illegible]
મે! તમારૂં [illegible]
છે! હવે જો [illegible]
ગા બીજી [illegible]
નસો રૂ[illegible]



THE VULTURES: OR, THE HUNT FOR MEDALS.

["The public will wait with some curiosity to know what measure of success has rewarded the medal-hunting efforts of certain highly placed officials who left Simla to join the Chitral Expedition, no sooner the campaign, and with it all danger, was practically at an end." —*Bombay Gazette, 27th May, 1895.*]

ચાંદનો શેકાર કરવાને ઊતરી પડેલા ગીદરાઓ.

[ચીત્રાલ સામે મોકલવામાં આવેલી ચહડાઈનાં કામ અને તે જોડે તેને લગતી સઘળી ધાસ્તીનો લગભગ અંત આવયા પછી, તે ચહડાઈમાં શામેલ થવાને ચાંદ મેળવવાનો લોભ રાખીને જે કેટલાક મોટી પદવી ધરાવનારા અમલદારો સીમલાથી ગયા છે, તેઓ પોતાની નેમમાં કેટલે દરજ્જે ફાવે છે તે જાણવાને કેટલીક જીજ્ઞાસા સાથે પ્રજા રાહ જોશે.—મુંબઈ ગેઝેટ, તા૦ ૨૭ મી મે ૧૮૯૫.]



NURSING.

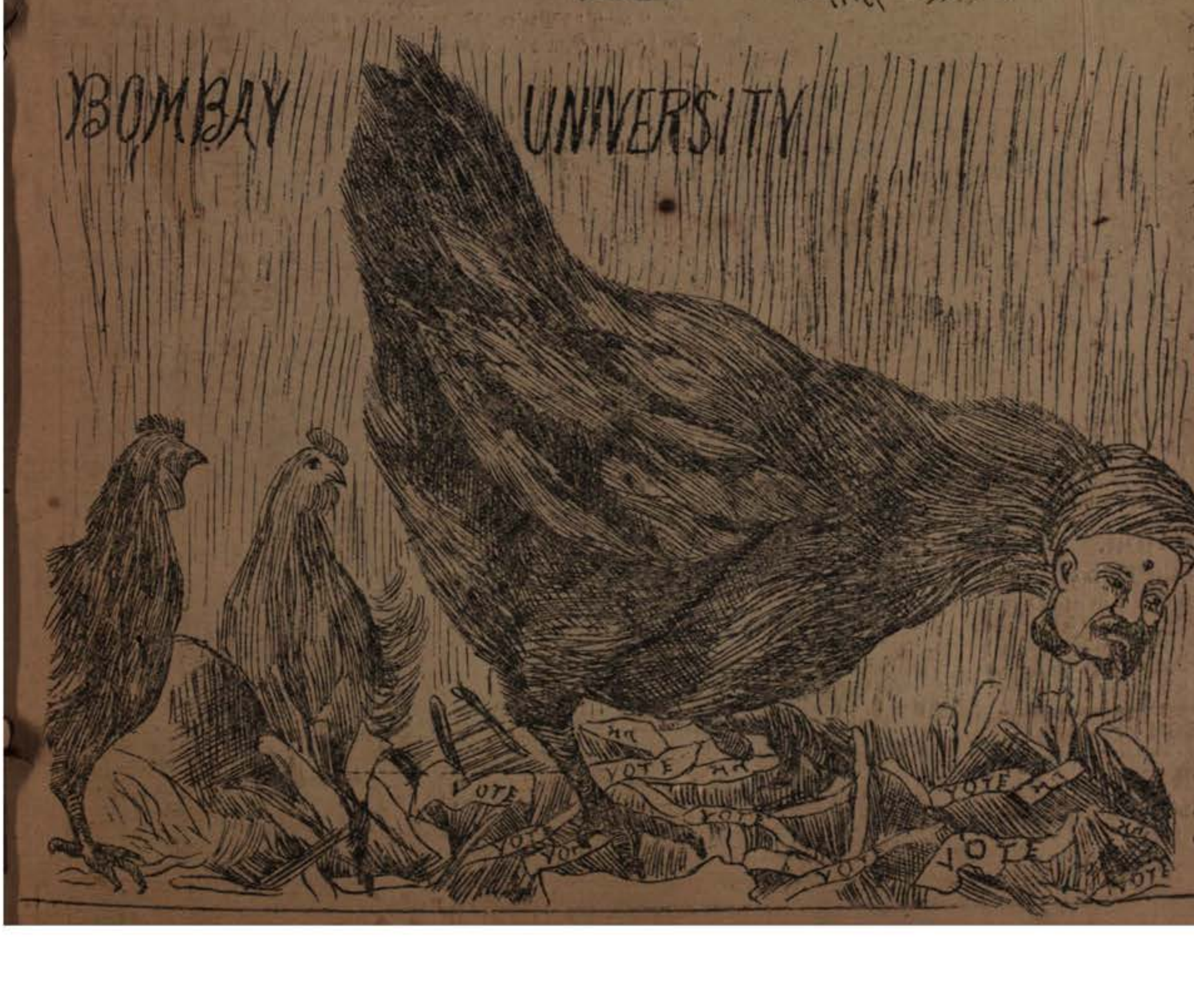
Bai Mahârâshtra—Poor child! Robbed of his wholesome food! But now that he has got it, he will in no time grow plump and healthy.

[An open air public meeting was held at Poona the other day when a fund was started to repair the *Samadhi* or tomb at Raighad of Shri Chhatrapati Shivajee Mahraj, the founder of the Mahratha Empire, and to hold annual fairs at the place. The patriotic feelings of the Mahrathas were aroused by the several speakers at this meeting.]

સેાજું મીઠું દુધ પીતું બાળક.

બાઇ મહારાષ્ટર—ગરીબ બીચારૂં બાળક! હમણા સુધી તેને લાયકનેા પુષ્ટીકારક ખેારાક કેાઇએ તેને આપ્યેા નહીં! પણ હવે એણે તે લેવા માંડયેા છે, એટલે તે જલદીથીજ રાતેામાતેા ને ગલ ગેાટેા ખીલી નીકળશે.

[શ્રી છત્રપતી શીવાજી માહારાજની રાયગડ ખાતેની સમાધીને સમારવા અને ત્યાં દર વરસે જાત્રા ભરવા માટે એક ફંડ ઉભું કરવાને પુણા ખાતે એક જાહેર સભા બેાલાવવામાં આવી હતી, બે વેળા મરાઠાએાની દેશાભીમાનની લાગણીને જાગ્રત કરવાને કેટલાક ભાષણ કરનારાએાએ તક લીધી હતી.]



THE HEN IN THE YARD.

The big fat hen seems to have every thing her own way, picking up food here, there and every where!

[The Hon'ble Mr. Javerilal Umiashanker Yajnik stands a very good chance of being re-elected by the Fellows of the Bombay University for the Legislative Council, Professor Selby having retired from the contest.]

વાડામાં ચરવા નીકળેલી મરઘી.

ફૂરબે મરઘી પેાતાની મરજી પ્રમાણે ચરે છે, અને હંઇથી તહીંથી અને એનીગમ પેલી ગમથી બસ ચાંચ મારી મારીને દાણા ઉચકે છે!

[મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટીના ફેલેાઝ તરફના ધારાસભા માટેના પ્રતીનીધી તરીકે આનરેબલ મી૦ ઝવેરીલાલ ઉમ્યાશંકર યાજ્ઞીકનેજ પાછા ચુંટી કહાડવામાં આવશે એવાં ચીન્હેા દીસે છે, કેમકે પરેાફેસર સેલબીએ પેાતાની ઉમેદવારી છેાડી દીધેલી જણાવવામાં આવે છે.]





AT MATHERAN.—MISS PERICHEHER TAKING A VIEW OF THE PARBUL.

"What a glorious sight is here! I feel as if I could stay for a life-tim to enjoy the view! But the monsoon!!!"

માથેરાનમાં-પરબલનો દેખાવ નીહાળવા ઉભેલી પરીચેહેર.

"આહા! કેવો સુંદર, કેવો દબદબાભરેલો દેખાવ! એવું થાયચ કે બધા દાહાડા જાવી એજ 'વ્યુ' જોયા કરૂં ને અહીં ઉભેલી બસ ખસુંજ નહી! પણ ચોમાસું આણે સાગુંની!!!"

AN ANXIOUS WAITING.

Miss Agriculture—What a sky! As clear and cloudless as in the month of May! Not a sign to betoken the near approach of rain! Can it really have fled to other climes? Oh, how I wish the weather prophets of evil may prove to be false!

ભારે ઈનતેજારીમાં.

ખેતીવાડી—શું આકાશ છે! એક વાદળું પણ દેખાતું નથી, અને મે મહીનાના જેવું તે તો તદન સ્વચ્છ ને ચોખું છે! વરસાદ કયારે આવશે તેનું તો સેહેજ નામ નીશાનઅી જણાતું નથી! એ કાંહ નાહાસી ગયો હશે? એ! મારાં હાડેહાડ ધ્રુજી જાય એવી આગાહી પેલાઓ કરે છે, તેઓ ઈશ્વર કરેને ખોટા પડે!



THE MANGO SEASON IN BOMBAY.

How our Potiandass enjoys to his heart's content!!!

મુંબઈની કેરીની મોહસમ.

અમારા પોતીયાંદાસ પેટ ભરતી કેરી ચુંશવાની મોજ કેવી મારે છે!!!



THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIE.

(*After Arabian Nights.*)

Once upon a time a fisherman cast his net in the sea with the object of catching a big haul. Pulling the net out after a time, he found not what he had expected, but an earthen jar. Thinking that it might contain something substantial, he broke open the seal, which was no sooner done than to his bewilderment a thick cloud of smoke began to issue from the jar, changing immediately into a big monster whose very sight was sufficient to shake the best of nerves.

માછીમાર અને જીનની વારતા.

(અરેબીયન નાઈટને આધારે.)

એક વાર એક માછીએ પોતાની જાળમાં જબરી માછલીઓ પકડવાની નેમથી તે દરયામાં નાખી. થોડા વખત પછી તેણે પાણીમાંથી જાળ બાહેર ખેંચી કાહાડી પણ વકી રાખેલી માછલીઓને બદલે મટોડીનું એક હાંલ્લું તેણે જાળમાં સપડાયલું જોયું. આ વાસણમાં કાંઈ સંગીન માલ ભરેલો હશે એમ ધારી તેણે તેનું ઢાંકણ ફોડયું. પણ જેવું તેમ કીધું કે, તેની ભારે અચરતી અને ગભરાટ વચ્ચે પેલાં હાંલ્લાંમાંથી જબરો ધુમાડો નીકળવા માંડયો, જે તુરતજ એક ભયંકર રાક્ષસના રૂપમાં બદલાઈ ગયો. આ રાક્ષસનો દેખાવજ એવો હતો કે ગમે તેવી ધાડી છાતીવાળાની છાતી પણ તેને જોતાંજ બેસી જાય.



IF YOU DARE!

OR, THE GAG FOR THE DOG.

[Sinister hints have been thrown out in the Anglo-Indian organs of the official bureaucrats about gagging the Vernacular Press of India for its outspokenness and strong criticisms of the acts of the officials.]

જોઉં, હીમત હોય તો આગળ આવ!

અથવા, કુત્રાને મોહડે પેહેરાવવાનું મોહડું.

[સરકારી અધિકારોનાં કામ સામે ખુલ્લેપણે અને સખત ટાકા દેશી છાપામાં થતી રહ્યાથી તે તેમનાથી ખમી શકાતી નથી, અને તેથી તેમના વાજીંતરો અંગરેજી પત્રોમાં એ છાપાને મોહોડે ડુચો મારવાની સુચનાઓ અવારનવાર મોગમમાં કરવામાં આવતી રહી છે.]



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO 28.

MR. H. A. ACWORTH,
the late Municipal Commissioner
of Bombay
and the new-fledged Companion of the
Order of the Indian Empire.

મી૦ પંચનાં ફેન્સી પોરત્રેટ.— નાં૦ ૨૮.

મી૦ એચ. એ. એકવર્થ,

મુંબઇનો માજી મ્યુનીસીપલ કમીશનર,
જેણે ૧૮૯૩ના આગસ્ટમાં થયલાં
હુલ્લડ વેળા મુંબઈના બ્રીગેડીયર જનરલ,
કુવારટર માસ્તર જનરલ, કામીસરી જન
રલ, બીફસ્ટેક જનરલ, પોચાપચક હીંદુ
ઓને થથરાવનાર જનરલ અને ઇત્યાદી
ઇત્યાદી જનરલના ઓદ્ધા હાથો હાથ લઇ બે
સીને ઘણો ઘણો છબરડો અને ગબરડો
કરી મુકયો હતો, તે તેની બેકોમતી સે
વાઓના બદલામાં તેને હમણાજ સી.
આઇ. ઈ. ના ચાંદની ચળકતી ચાઇ ચ
ઇથી રાજી રાજી કરી નાખવામાં આવયો
છે, અને તે ચાઇ ચાઇ જોઇને તેનો હર
ખ સમાયો જતો નથી ! ! !



THE OPPRESSIVE HEAT IN BOMBAY.

OUR SHENDIAJEE'S COOL SHOWER BATH.

મુંબઇમાં પલીદ ગરમી.

અમારા શેંડીયાજી દીવસમાં પ
દર વાર ગરમીના પરસેવાથી નાહી જ
તા હોવાથી તેઓ પોતાના ઘરના ચોક
માં દીવસમાં અનેકવાર તાનસાનો છુટથી
ઉપયોગ કરે છે !

INSPIRATION.—It was an exceptional amateur poet who, in order to get inspired for writing an ode to Spring, had to get Spring onions placed on the table before him.

PORTRAIT OF A POET.—He: "What a lady-like looking man!"—She: "What a gentlemanly-looking woman!" [It was a portrait of the not very masculine young poet who writes under the feminine name of Matilda de Mallion.]



THE TERRIBLE TURK IN DANGER!

[The reply of the Porte to the joint note of Great Britain, Russia and France demanding reforms in the administration of Armenia is not of a satisfactory nature, and the position is regarded as extremely grave.—*Telegram.*]

મીયાં તુરકી ધાસ્તીમાં !

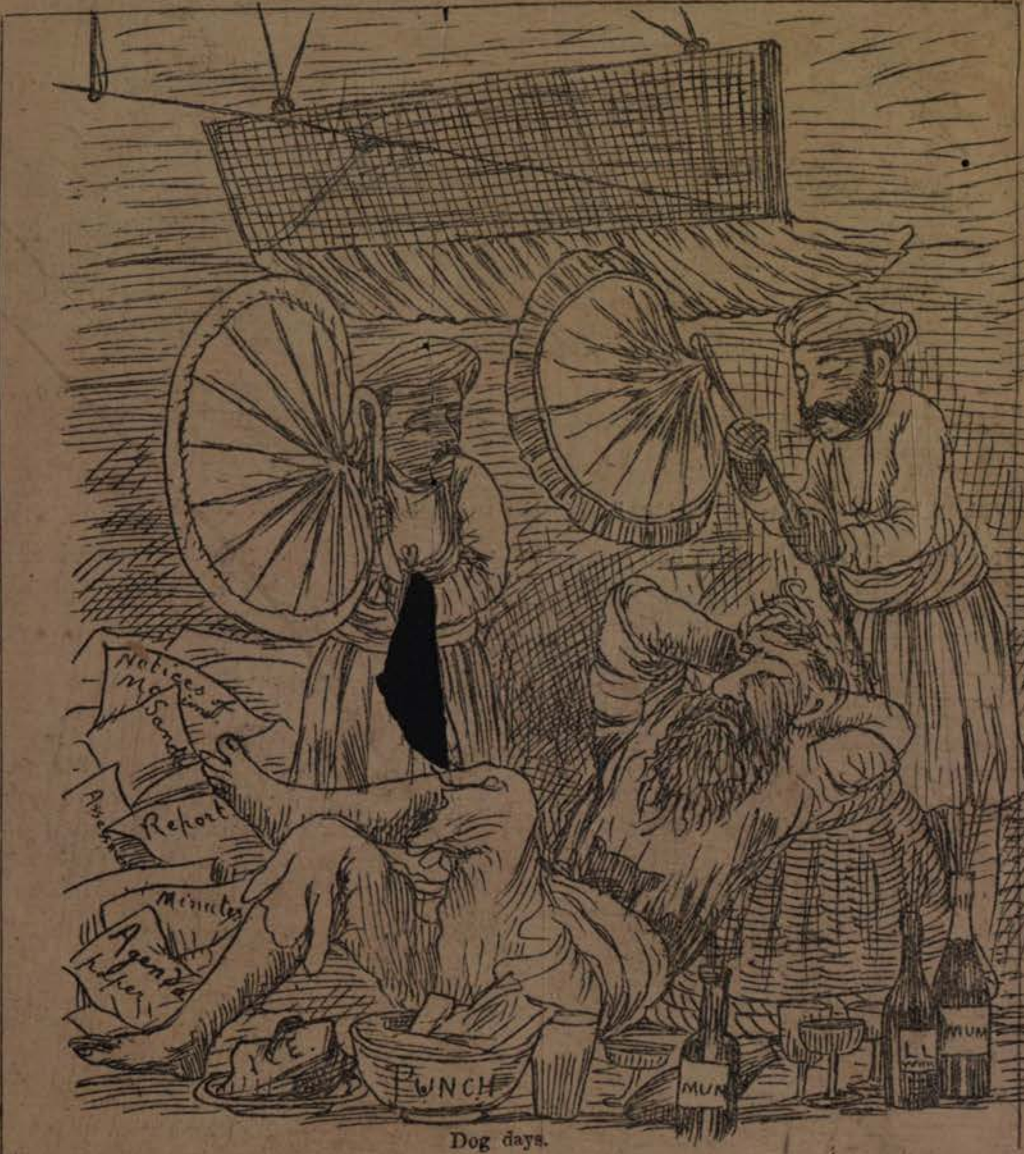
[આરમીનીયાના રાજકારોબારમાં સુધારા દાખલ કરવા માટે ઈગ્લંડ, રૂશયા અને ફ્રાન્સે જે ભેગી યાદી ટરકીની સરકાર ઉપર મોકલી હતી, તેનો જવાબ તેની તરફથી સંતોષકારક મળ્યો નથી, અને તેથી મામલો ઘણોજ ગંભીર થઈ પડેલો સમજવામાં આવે છે.—તાર.]

Connected with Literature.—Quiteso : "Miss Mullion's knowledge ef books is really phenomenal. She must surely be connected with literature."—Justso : "Has been for years."—Quiteso : "Ah, I guessed as much. Playwright, journalist, or novelist, eh ?"—Justso : "None of 'em. Counter-jumper in a secondhand book store."

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(By a Corporator Faineant.)

Monday, 10th June.—I hope the public in general and my readers in particular, or rather, on second thoughts, the public or my readers (for these are convertible terms) will need no apology for our long spell of holidays. "What a duffer," bursts out an unreclaimedyoungster—an "irrespective boy," standing at my elbow on tiptoe, "holidays is not a long spell, there are harder and longer words in my book." I pleaded that the heat had made me forget everything, but he cut me short with a "nonsense." My readers, I trust, will be less unreasonable than my young friend, and allow the heat to be a valid and sufficient reason for our not assembling for such a length of time. Though of the Corporation, we are still human, and cannot be expected to work in such doggish weather as we have been recently enjoying. By the bye, I have an idea. It has just occurred to me that the innovation implied in Mr. Acworth's memorable declaration that he would employ dogs if he chose, was meant for weather like this. Viewed at in this light, the statement loses half its sting or bite or bark, whichever you like; but I can adduce no good grounds in support of my interpretation. Perhaps it is only my fancy, or my known partiality for Mr. Acworth. However that may be, we were, to return to ourselves, so far from being able to meet regularly during the dog-days, that even when we did meet after a long time on the day recorded at the commencement of these Notes, we were unequal to anything save business which, like Jupiter's, could be carried on by means of simple nods. Dignified, I admit, but very dull. Even such important news as the nomination of our lion to be a member of the Legislative Council, and the resignation of Mr. Rebsch was received with complacent tranquillity. We relaxed a little into something like life when Mr. Fitzgibbon, A. M. I. C. E., was announced as Mr. Rebsch's successor. A. M. I. C. E.! The omen is good. *Amice*, take your seat. You come as a friend and we welcome you. May you ever remain such. The languid smile called up by this soon wore off and we relapsed again into icy (? would it were really so) indifference.



Dog days.

Not to disturb our quiet, we sanctioned without a murmur, or with just a faint murmur, suppressed as soon as uttered, from Mr. Hamilton, an establishment to superintend the building of the Bhuleshwar Market. It is true, as Mr. Hamilton remarked, that the building is in the hands of contractors, but unless we had an inspector and a surveyor and sundry other people to keep an eye on the contractors, they might contract

habits detrimental to our interests, and make us but an inadequate return for our money! Heat, we know, expands; it expanded our hearts, and we went in for some Rs. 7,000, notwithstanding Mr. Watcha's assurance that it was excessive.

I then caught the words, "*investigation of titles,*" issuing from the direction of my esteemed friend Mr. Hurkissondas Narotumdas, a very Nimrod in the field of honours. All those among us, who had been madly hunting and sadly failing year after



Civic Father's hea(r)t expands; or, Cupids Bhalchandra and Cotton playing with Civic Father's heart.

year, pricked up their ears. Evidently titles had gone wrong, and we were going to enquire and investigate how



"Investigation of Titles!!!"



Municipal Ass: kicking up a cloud of dust.

it was that, for one or two really deserving men picked out for distinction, fifty others and more received honours to which they had no better title, or perhaps (to put it correctly) had less title than my groom.

It was an annual farce that deserved to be hissed off the stage of the Indian Empire, and I was glad we were going to do it. But I soon discovered that my exultation was ill-timed, and our proposed "investigation" only referred to the legal titles to some property that we are going to purchase with a view to the improvement of a certain road. Well, it was strictly in keeping with human nature that we did not explode the farce after all. For man never is, but always to be, *titled*, and who can tell that some of those, that are crying their eyes out with grief today, may not be rewarded next year. Another twelvemonth of weary waiting, another twelvemonth of fawning on power and of "licking absurd pomp," and one may, like our patient water-avoiding, public-opinion-defying Commissioner, be a C. I. E. at last! Patience will be rewarded in the end, next year, or the year after, or the year after that, for life is long, although Longfellow says no, and hope, hope that "springs eternal in the human breast," fans and feeds the flame.

The Ass-ass-ment Department, the vagaries of which have been the theme of many a caustic remark in the local papers, was next hauled over the coals in the gentlest possible manner, for we feared to go too near the coals in this sweating heat. The department had lately figured in the Small Causes Court with but little credit to itself, and we resolved to know why. We have called for a report, and as it promises to be a loud one, when we hear, the public shall hear of it too.

While reports were in the air, we thought we might make up our minds, or rather, prepare our ears, for more. Dr. Ismail Janmahomed wanted quarterly reports on the suits filed by the Municipality, so that those of our officers, who heedlessly involve us in costly litigation, as in the case of Mr. Shawaksha Dhunjibhai, may know we have an eye on them and so keep themselves in check! As if, said Mr. Leo, the parties, who would have the making of the reports, did not know how to rose-colour them, or were such greenhornr as to go and inculpate themselves! The Commissiones can only prosecute or defend on the advice of our Solicitor; far better then to find out in every case if such advice has been followed. As if, Mr. Seraph said in turn, solicitors were seraphs, and would advise their clients to turn their backs on the law-courts! A libel, said Mr. Unwala, on a deserving class of men. If solicitors can't be trusted to advise rightly, then were "Othello's occupation gone."

(*Hindi Punch*, 16-6-95.)

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

GOSSIP.—"And so Lady Isabel has eloped with her groom."—"Yes, and her father is taking it quite coolly."—"Oh, you know he never did trouble himself about domestic affairs."

MATRIMONIAL.—Wanted, by a young gentleman of good appearance and first-class education, a place in a rich family—as son-in-law.

EXAMINATION FOR TURFITES.

1.—Define a horse. (The answer that it is a large square quadruped, with a leg at each corner, will not be accepted.)

2.—What part of a horse is a hand? How many hands make a foot?

3.—What is the meaning of such a phrase as "Mr. Tickler's 'Lazybones' was scratched yesterday at 4 p. m."? And why was it not done earlier?

4.—In what part of Wales do the "welshers" live? Draw a map to illustrate your answer.

5.—If a race-horse owner's hay and corn bill averages £4,000 a year, how long will it take you to make a fortune, the price of oats remaining the same?

6.—What is the best known receipt for the Ascot Cup?

7.—What were the odds against the wooden horse of Troy?

8.—What are "Nursery Stakes"? How many pounds on an average go to a nursery Steak?

9.—Give the racing colours of Julius Cæsar, Oliver Cromwell, and Joan of Arc.

10.—Describe the mechanism of "the spur of the moment." When ought it to be applied?

11.—The Derby is always run on Epsom Downs. How do you account for the fact that the Start Point is on the coast of Devonshire?

12.—Can you account for the great increase in the death-rate of grandmothers, &c., about Derby time, and the consequent absence from business of many clerks, &c., who are attending the funerals at Epsom on the Wednesday?

DERBY HAMPERS.—Having no invitation to join a company on a drag. Having no money to pay for a railway ticket to the course. Having no friends rich enough or rash enough to advance a trifle on account. Having no notion of the betting and no knowledge of the horses engaged. Having no time, no money, and last, but not least, no inclination.

A CLOUD ON THE HORIZON.—Poetical he (after a refresher): "How jolly it would be to punt from lock to lock for ever!"—Practical she (unrefreshed): "With intervals for refreshments."—Poetical he: "Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."—Practical she: "Yes, and two appetites that beat as four."

YOUNGSTER (who has just had a penny given to him): "'Ow much is them grapes, mister?"—Shopkeeper (amused): "They are four shillings and sixpence a pound, my lad."—Youngster: "Well, then, give us a 'a'porth o' *carrots*. I'm a *demon* for *fruit*!"

IMAGINATION.—"Sloptop, I must admit, is a writer of much imagination."—"Nonsense. It is notorious that he steals all his ideas from other writers."—"No doubt. But still I say he is a man of imagination."—"How so?"—"Because he imagines he is an orignal writer."

THE NEW INFANT.—Sunday-school teacher: "What happened when Lot's wife looked back?"—Small boy: "She was transmuted into chloride of sodium."

SCENE—BISHOP'S BREAKFAST TABLE.—Bishop (to timid curate on a visit): "Dear me, I'm afraid your egg's not good!"—Timid curate: "Oh, yes, my lord, really—er—some parts of it are *very* good."

REGRETS.

"To wish is folly, to regret absurd."

That I went out in my new hat and light summer clothes, and did not take my umbrella, the only day within the last fortnight when there was an hour's rain.

That I had already accepted an invitation when one to a party that would have been infinitely more pleasant all round subsequently arrived.

That I took that champagne last night, and some other things.

That I left off my winter "things" before summer had set in.

That I returned to my winter "things" just when summer whether did set in.

That I went out to supper and supped heartily.

That I didn't have that tooth out when it first pained me.

That my dentist should take a four days' holiday just when I wanted him badly.

That I put into five sweeps and drew blank.

That I lent a man half-a-sovereign.

That I didn't back the winner.

"WANTS TO KNOW."—"Dear sir,—I saw a paragraph in the *Times* quite recently headed 'A Confirmed Pick-pocket.' I am all for the religious improvement of the dangerous classes, and what I want to know is, Firstly, Was the lad a pickpocket before he was confirmed? Secondly, Or, did he become a pickpocket after confirmation? Thirdly, What bishop or curate was responsible for his confirmation? Other questions arise out of this case, but these are enough for the present.—Yours, A Female Searcher."

THE THREE TENSES.

The man with a *future* is feted and dined.
Is applauded and lionised, whiskied and wined;
And the woman possessed of a *past* gets a kind
  Of renown which is wondrously pleasant.
But the man with a *future*, the dame with a *past*,
Though their lines in delectable places are cast,
Never find in their fame an enjoyment so vast
  As the joy of the girl with a PRESENT!

A SYMPHONY IN—NOTHING; OR, THE IMPRESSIONISTIC IN ART.—She (reading catalogue): "'Study of a Crowd in a Fog.' Why, I can make nothing of it."—He: "That's a fine example of the Impressionists' School of Art. I suppose the crowd moved away, and the fog cleared off!"

SHE TAKES HIM FOR A LADY.—Surrey landlady (rather short-sighted): "No! I cannot permit you to come in in that attire. I'll lend you a skirt of mine if you like, but you *cannot* come in like that!" [Embarrassing explanations from artistic youth.]

FEMININE FENCE.—First dear friend: "If you want a really *good* dressmaker, dear, I can give you the address of one."—Second dear friend: "Thanks dear, so much. But, dear, why don't you give her a trial yourself?"

PALLOR is the latest fashion among Parisian ladies, and rouge is quite at a discount. The idea will be a failure here, unless our dramatists can be induced to take pity. Our plays are—too many of them—written expressly to make ladies blush.

THE MAGISTRATE AT HOME.—Lady Wiggins: "What is the time, John?"—Sir John (absentminded): "Six weeks!"

THOSE HUSBANDS.—He: "How does your new dress fit you?"—She: "Splendidly, only the skirt requires to be stiffened a bit."—He: "All right, I will send to the carpenter in the morning for some skirting board."

TOO MUCH.—"McGowan is a frightful liar. I hear he is going about saying that I was fined ten shillings at Marlborough-street for being drunk."—"And weren't you?"—"I certainly was fined, but it was only five shillings."

JUSTIFICATION.—Jones: "Have you heardthat smith is trying to get a divorce from his wife?"—Brown: "No; on what grounds?"—Jones: "He claims thar she eats biscuits in bed."

FROM OUR OWN SMALL SCHOLAR—"That's where I should like to be," sighed Sam Sucker Minimus, as in his geography lesson he read the name of Orange Free State. "Fancy oranges free!"

A FORTIORI.—Mamma: "Not asleep yet, George?"—George: "No; I can't get to sleep because Jack says he's got crumbs in his bed. He couldn't make more fuss if it was the whole loaf!"

A WISE COUNSELLOR.—Doctor: "You mustn't stay out late at night"—Patient (a married man): "Is the night air bad for me?"—Doctor: "No, it's the excitement after getting home that hurts you."

MODERN MARTYRDOMS.—When you have set out on a summer morning in your summer clothes, and the wind gets round to the east and blows bitterly cold.

THE man who made an attempt to induce a dumb child to speak found that it would not answer.

THE Chinese so far have been suffering from broken heads. The Japanese now appear to be troubled with swollen heads.

THE seamy side of life: That of seamstresses.

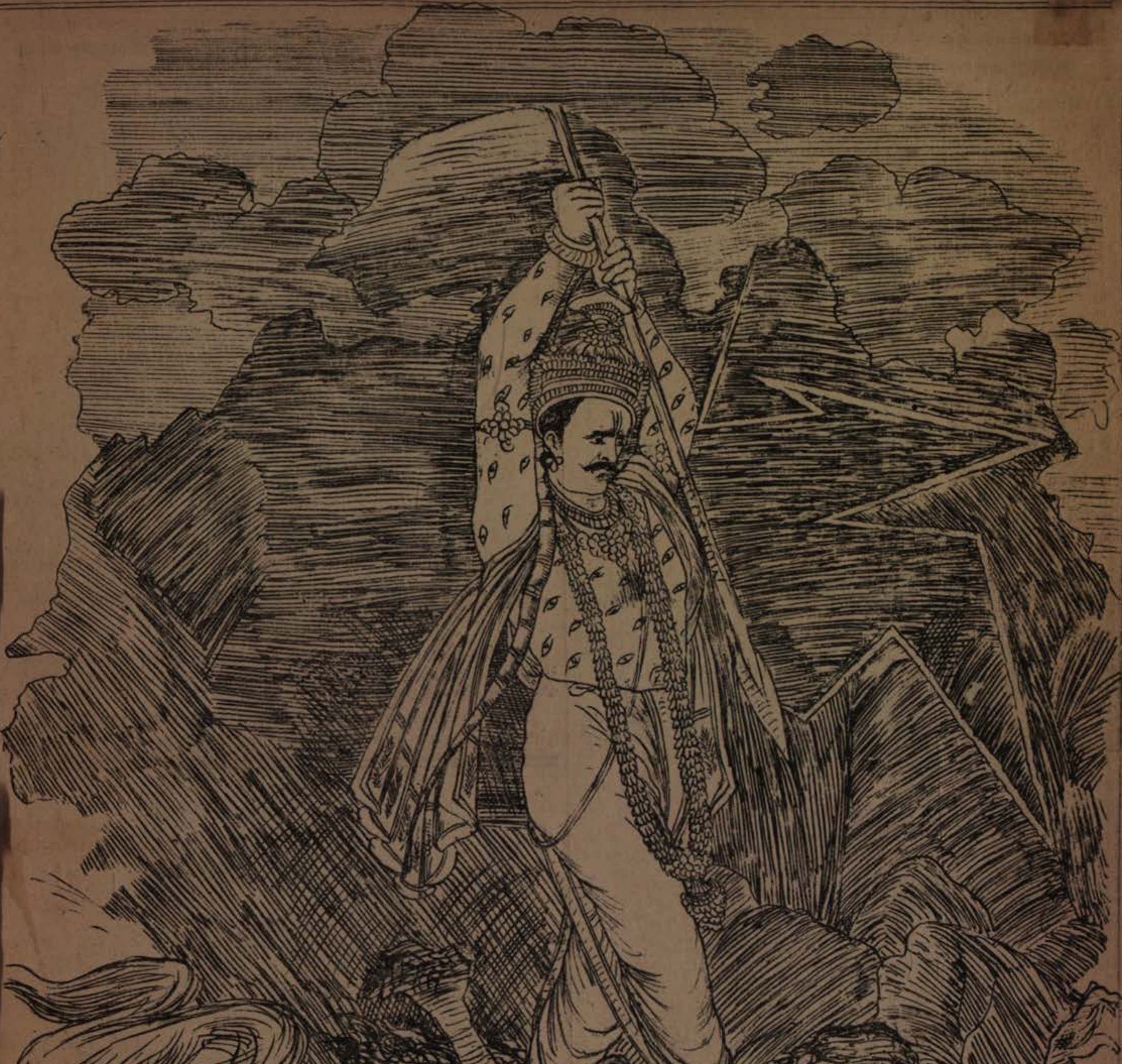
કેરીની મોસમ.

[જુઓ, ચીત્ર પાનું ૪૭૦ મું.]

શોમલા ભટ–(જેજાણી અલી હાથમાં મોંટો સુઈયો લઇને તેમના ફોલ્લા ફોડે છે.) ઓઇ ઓઇ ઓઇ ઓઇ ઓઇ ? ઓ અલીઇ–ઇ–ઇ–ઇ–ઇ ! જરા આશતે રે આશતે ! જરા ધીરેરે ધીરેએએએએ !

અલી શોમલી ભટાણી–આ નાનાં છઇયાંના જેવાં શું બુમ બરાડા પાડો છો! સવાસો કેરી એક સપાટામાં તરાડામાર ચુંશવા બેંડા તયારે માથું ઠેકાણે રાખતે કેની કે પછે આ બધી કેરીઓ શરીરપર ફુટી નહી નીકળતે ?

શોમલા ભટ–આ– ઓ–અલી–ઓ–ઓ ! ધીરેરે ધીરૂ ! પણ અલી, તું તો બહુ હુશીયાર છે હો ! ગોકળદાસ ઇસ્પીટાલમાં તું મોટો ડાકટર થવાને લાયકની છે. કેરી ખાવી બહુ મીઠી ને સવાદીષ્ટ લાગે છે, પણ તારા જેવા નાજુક હાથે મારો હાથપર થયલી કેરીઓપર વાહાડકાપ કરાવવાનું મને તો વધારે ગળયું ગળયું લાગે છે ! ! ! મને તો એવી ગીલી ગીલી લાગે છે કે, હજી બીજી સવાસો કેરી ચુશી જાઉં !



THUNDER-STROKES FROM THE CLOUDS: MEGHRAJ AT WAR!

[The S. W. Monsoon burst in Bombay on the 10th June.]

વાદળમાં ગગડાટ અને વીજ : મેગરાજનું યુદ્ધ !

[ભારે ઉકળાટ અને દુખ દરદનો જબરો ઉપદ્રવ ચાલ્યા પછી ગઈ તા૦ ૧૦ મી જુનને દીવસે મુંબઈમાં ચોમાસું બેઠું છે.]

A PICTURE OF RESIGNATION!

"I resign! My heart bleeds! But thanks to my friends, they're preparing healing plasters and soothing ointments!"

[Mr. Justice Bayley, having failed to secure the appointment of Chief Justice of Bombay, has resigned, and leaves Bombay by the end of this month. His friends are arranging to honour him with addresses and parties.]

"અરે મારી સરજત !"

"બસ હું રાજીનામું આપું છું ! મારાં જખમી થયલાં દીલમાંથી લોહી વેહે છે ! પણ મારા દોસ્તોને સાબાસ છે કે તેઓ મારા ઘા રૂઝવવા માટે રૂઝ લાવનારાં પ્લાસ્ટર અને થંડક આપનારા મલમ તઈયાર કરવા પડયા છે !"

[મુંબઈના વડા જડજનો ઓહદો મેળવવામાં મી૰ જસ્ટીસ બેલી નીષ્ફળ નીવડયાથી તેણે પોતાના ઓહદાનું રાજીનામું આપ્યું છે, અને તે ચાલતા માસની આખેરીએ મુંબઈ છોડી જાય છે. તેને જતે દીવસે માનપાન આતથી નવાજવાને તેના દોસ્તોએ જુદી જુદી હીલચાલો ઉભી કીધી છે.]





MIAN TURKI IN HOT WATERS.

"By the beard of the Prophet, I'll not surrender an inch of my power to those Giaours! Shaetan be with them, I'll not budge an inch!"

["The Porte declares that it will resist any scheme for the European control of the administration of any part of Turkey."—*Telegram*.]

મીયાં તુરકી તાનપર.

"બીસમીલ્લા ! ગમે તે થાય, પણ એક ઈંચ જેટલી પણ મારી સતાના ભાગ ઉપર પેલા કુફરોને હું ત્રાપ મારવા દેવાનો નહી અને નહીજ ! શએતાનનો તેઓને હવાલો ! હું તો એક ઈંચભી જગા છોડવાનો નથી !"

[તરકીની સરકારે જાહેર કીધું છે કે, તરકીના કોઇભી ભાગના રાજકારોબાર ઊપર યુરોપના રાજ્યોની સતા રહે એવી કોઈ પણ યોજનાની તે સામેજ થશે.—તાર.]



Meher—What a fine deep-toned piano this is! A splendid bargain, the best pa ever made! Play, dear, and I'll sing you something—say, the "Last Rose of Summer!"

Tehemi—That reminds me this is our first from Rose—and Co. And they always supply the sweetest and the best!

મેહેર—કેવી સુંદર અને મધુર આવાજની આએ પીઆનો છે ! બાવાએ એ શેદો તો ઘણીજ સારી કીધીચ હું. ચલાવ, ડીયર, તું "લાસ્ટ રોઝ આફ સમર" વગાડ, હું તે ગાઇશ !

તેહેમી—હા, એ "લાસ્ટ રોઝ" ઉપરથી મને યાદ આવેચ કે મુંબઈવાળી રોઝ કંપનીમાંથી આએ પીઆનો તો આપરે પેહેલવેહેલીજ લીધીચ, પણ એ લોક એવા સારા માણુસ છે કે સરવેથી મધુર ને સરવેથી સુંદર ને ઉંચોજ માલ હંમેશાં વેચેચ !



THE MANGO SEASON.

Shomla Bhat.—Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch-ch! Oh All-i-i-i! Do it gently!

Mrs. S. B.—Now don't cry like a child! You ought to have thought of it before gulping down 125 mangoes at a stroke! These are all so many external evidences of your gluttony.

Shomla Bhat—Ah—oh—ah—All, what a clever hand you are! A capital surgeon you'll make in the Goculdas *Ishpital*! Sweet is mango to eat, and sweeter still to be operated upon by such gentle hands!!! For this, I'll even risk another 125!

કેરીની મોસમ.

[ગુજરાતી માટે જુઓ પાનું ૪૬૮ મું]



SYMPATHY!

Poor girl! She is in tears because she thinks she is persecuted, and her faithful dog fully participates in her grief!

[The *Mahratha*, *Native Opinion*, *Indu Prakash* and other Mahratha papers are much exercised at the action of the authorities in persecuting some of the gentlemen who were concerned in the late disturbances at Wai.]

દીલસોજી!

ગરીબ બીચારી વાઈ! તેણી પોતાપર સીતમ ગુજરતો સમજે છે અને નવધાર આંસુ પાડે છે, અને તેણીનો નીમકહલાલ કુત્રો તેણીના દુખમાં સંપુરણ ભાગ લે છે!

[વાઈ ખાતે થયલાં ફેસાં ફુલડના સંબંધમાં આવેલા કેટલાક ગ્રહસ્થોને સતાવવાનાં લાગતા વળગતા સતાવાળાઓનાં કામ સામે મરાઠા, નેટીવ ઓપાનીયન, ઈંદુ પ્રકાશ અને બીજાં મરાઠી પતરો બહુ ફરયાદ કરવા મંડી ગયાં છે.]

An awful monster recently let out in a church!—A second-hand sermon with eight heads.



A MODERN MAMMON;

OR, A DREAM OF SATISFACTION OF THE WOULD-BE SON-IN-LAW.

He would be a life-long slave to the girl, and would clean her slippers with the regularity of a clock if his dream were realised.

આ જમાનાનો પઈસા પરસ્ત;

અથવા, ગોલામગીરીમાં વેચાવાને ઇનતેજાર જમાઇએ જોયલો એક સ્વપનો.

જો તેનો સ્વપનો ખરો પડે તો તેને દલ્લો લાવી આપનારી બાયડીનો જનમ સુધીનો ગોલામ થઈ રેહેવાને અને દરરોજ એકસરખી રીતે તેણીની સપાટ લુછવાને તે કદીબી પાછળ પડશે નહી.



A HAPPY UNION.

Justitia—Bless you, my children! May your union be one long continued sunshine of happiness!

[Mr. Justice Farran has been appointed Chief Justice of the Bombay High Court. The appointment has given general satisfaction.]

એક ખુશાલીભરેલું જોડાણ.

ઈનસાફદેવી—સુખી રહો, મારાં બચ્ચાંઓ! તમને મારા આશીસ સફળ થાઓ અને તમો વચેનું જોડાણ લાંબો વખત સુધી સુખી અને સંતોષકારક નીવડો!

[મુંબઈની હાઈ કોરટના વડા જડજ તરીકે મી૦ જસ્ટીસ ફેરનને નેમવામાં આવ્યો છે, અને તેના નેમણુક તરફ સરવે તરફથી સંતોષ બતાવવામાં આવે છે.]



"Thou shalt kick no more!"

"JUST look at Mr. Jones over there, flirting with that girl! I always thought he was a woman-hater?"—"So he is; but she's not here to-night!"

ANOTHER TITLE!! SUPPLEMENTAL GAZETTE OF BIRTHDAY HONOURS.—Dr. W. G. Grace to be Cricket-Field-Marshal.

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 13th June.—The Ass-ass-ment department again! We are evidently smarting under the humiliation caused by the recent public exposure of its lax manner of doing business, and Mr. Hewett's string of questions shows that before long there may be a thorough overhauling. The fiat has gone forth that the Ass-ass-ment shall kick no more, or rather, shall kick the bucket if only our zeal does not flag.

Since my last, nature had done not a little to mitigate the oppressiveness of the weather from which we had been suffering, and to-day it was a comfort to see Dr. V. Gas join forces with nature. Out of compassion for the sufferings of the ward that has done itself the honour of returning him as one of its doughty champions, perhaps also out of compassion for us—the sweating servants of the public—the worthy doctor led us through the cool fragrance of a garden (to be) at Mandvie! At Mandvie, the busy centre of commerce, where fat men—fat in body and in purse—"most do congregate;" where, if you are pressed for time, you must pass over carts and bullocks' necks (standing cheek by jowl) to go from one end of the street to the other; at Mandvie, redolent of spices, sugar and ghee! Just now, as Dr. Gas pointed out, there was suffocation in the air, and death-rate in consequence was high. This was unjust to a ward from which we derived a fat income, a very poor return for all the good it was bringing to us. With all the enthusiasm which a worthy cause inspires, the doctor opened out his hands, and exhorted us to open up Mandvie, just as he would open a boil! For,

> "Who that has reason and his smell,
> Would not among roses and jasmines dwell,
> Rather than all his spirits choke
> With exhalations of dirt and smoke,
> And all th' uncleanness which does drown
> In pestilential clouds a populous town?"

"Good, very good," said Major Mein, "but I know what gardens are in Bombay, for ayahs and sleeping brokers—I mean, loafers—made gardens where, "on every side you look, you behold the wall," where,

> "No pleasing intricacies intervene,
> No artful wilderness to perplex the scene;
> Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other;
> The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
> Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
> With here a fountain, never to be play'd,
> And there a summer-house that knows no shade."

Gardens, if no better than we can make them, are not the thing. Give us rather, pursued the gallant Major, open recreation grounds and parks, where men



Going to open up Mandvie.

and women may breathe freely and boys play at cricket or other athletic games; with here and there an embowered shade for talking age and whispering lovers made."

But, asked Mr. Leo, why confine our atten tion to Mandvie? Are other places better supplied with parks, and don't they need them as much as Dr. Gas' ward? I like Major Mein's Parks better than any of the existing municipal gardens, but let them be all over the city rather than in one place.

So encouraged, several of us spoke, each in favour of his own favoured spot. Why not Bhuleshwar, reeking with smells innumerable, or why not Parel, blackened and begrimed with the soot of many a mill? Why not—

But, protested Mr. Dharamsi, why import other places when Dr. Gas only mentions Mandvie? Mandvie we know, is a dear place, and therefore costly for opening up, so that, if we allow our minds to wander cheaper places, like Byculla, will get their parks and poor Mandvie will have to go without.



Poor Mandvie will have to go without its park!

We are not selfish, argued Mr. Watcha, and what Mandvie wants, it shall have. Only let us not give to Mandvie alone, what was meant for all Bombay.

Thus overwhelmed on all sides, poor Dr. Gas and his Mandvie will only take their turn along with the rest of us. The rich always have it their own way; here, strangely enough, Mandvie, being rich, may fare worse than many a poorer place.

Edith: "I don't believe Jack will ever learn to dance!"—Alice (whose dress has suffered): "Worse than that—he will never learn not to attempt it!"

Home for decayed gentlewomen: "The cemetery.

Insularity.—"By the way, Raddles, a Russian Pri[nce] is coming to dine with us next week!"—"Ah, then, sir, suppose he ain't o' much account in his own country!"

Musical exercise for bicyclists: Try Wagner's "'Cycle."



IN THE GARDEN OF SLEEP.

Hind.—Would that those Samaritans now let me undisturbed! I have had too much of their philanthropic attentions, and long for quiet repose in my Garden of Sleep!

[As soon as the Report of the Opium Commission was laid before Parliament, Sir Joseph Pease, the champion of the Anti-Opiumists, proposed a resolution asking the House to declare that it was worthless, and that the cultivation of the poppy and the transit of Malwa opium through British territory should be prohibited. The House rejected the proposal by a majority of 117.]

નીંદ્રાદેવીના ખસખસના બાગમાં.

હીંદ—પેલા પરદુખભંજન પરમારથીઓ હવે મારો પીછો છોડે તો બસ! તેઓના પરમારથથી હું ઘણી ધરાઈ ગઈ છું,—તેઓએ મારી તરફ તે દેખાડીને ઘણું ઘણું જ હેત પ્રીત બતાવ્યું છે,—પણ હવે મને નીંદ્રાદેવીના ખસખસના આ બાગમાં તેઓ નીરાંતે આસાએસ લેવા દે તો સારૂં!

[પારલામેંટ હજુર અફીમ કમીશનને લગતો રીપોરટ રજુ કરવામાં આવ્યા પછી હીંદુસ્તાનનો અફીમનો વેપાર બંધ પડાવવા નીકળેલા પરમારથીઓના આગેવાન સર જોસફ પીસે આમની સભા હજુર એવી દરખાસ્ત રજુ કરી હતી કે, એ રીપોરટ તદન નકામો છે એવું સભા માને છે અને ખસખસની ખેતી બંધ પાડવાનો તથા અંગરેજી હકુમત તળેનાં મુલકમાંથી માળવા અફીમને મોકલવાનું અટકાવવાનો સભા હુકમ કરે છે. આ દરખાસ્ત ૧૧૭ વધુ મતે સભાએ રદ કીધી હતી.]



IN MEMORIAM.
Mr. HARIDASS VEHARIDASS, *the late Dewan of Junaghad.*
Born 29th July, 1840. Died 16th June, 1895.

ભલા નરની ભલી યાદમાં.
મી૦ હરીદાસ વીહારીદાસ,
જુનાગઢના આજી દીવાન.
જનમ, તા૦ ૨૯ મી જુલાઈ ૧૮૪૦. મરણ, તા૦ ૧૬ મી જુન ૧૮૯૫.



THE HEAVY RAINS IN BOMBAY.
Effect of fearful gusts of wind on poor Peroja!

મુંબઈમાં ધોધબંધ વરસાદ.

ગરીબ બીચારી પીરોજા! એક તો તે સુકાયલી ઉગાયલી અને તેંતીયાળ હોવા સાથ નેંગણા જેટલી ટાંગણ હોવાથી, પવનના ભારે સપાટા અને વરસાદના જબરા ધોધના પાટાઓ આગળ તે બીચારીના શું આસરા રહે! ગરીબ બીચારી સુકટબાનુ!

A WORD TO THE HOUSEWIFE.



Punchoba—Do your pounding, my dear, so that the *masálá* may be of the first quality, to which nobody can take exception!

[Replying to the address of welcome of the Poona Sarvajanik Sabha, H. E. Lord Sandhurst said that "no cause can be materially advanced by sweeping and unsupported allegations against a body of public servants who, for years past, have done their work before the eyes of the public of this Presidency," and while he should ever be ready to give a patient hearing to the representations of the public, he will expect those who approach him "to deal with Government officials as honourable men, anxious to do their duty according to their lights."]

ઘરધણીયાણીને બે બોલ.

પંચોબા—તું એવી રીતે મસાલો છુંદ અને તે એવો સરસ બનાવ કે પેહેલે નંબરનો તે ગણાય અને કોઈબી તેની સામે ટુંકારો કહાડી શકે નહી!

[પુનાની સારવજનીક સભા તરફનાં માનપત્રનો જવાબ વાળતાં નામદાર ગવરનર લારડ સેંડહરસ્ટે જણાવ્યું હતું કે, "સરકારી નોકરોનું જે મંડળ વરસો થયાં આ ઈલાકાની પ્રજાની નજર આગળ કામ કરતું આવ્યું છે તેમને સામાન્ય રીતે અને કાંઈ પણ પુરાવા વગર સંડોવ્યાથી કોઈ પણ હેતુને પાર ઉતારવામાં ઝાઝી મદદ મેળવી શકાતી નથી." અને જો કે પ્રજા તરફની હરેક અરજ ઉપર ધીરજથી ધ્યાન આપવાને હું હંમેશ તઈયાર રહીશ તોપણ તેજ વખત હું આશા રાખીશ કે, "જેઓ મારા આગળ સરકારી અમલદારોના સંબંધમાં આવે તેઓ તે અમલદારોને તેમના વાચારમાં નેક દેખાય તેવી રીતે પોતાની ફરજ અદા કરનારા આબરૂદાર પુરૂષો તરીકેજ લેખશે."

Pesibá—So you're determined not to go out in this weather.

Peeloo—No, not I.

Pesibà—Not even to the evening party at "Gulsan," where you'll have an opportunity of shining—

Peeloo—And doing honour to a retiring judge who has never done anything worth remembering! No, thank you, I prefer to keep my lovely new *saree* for a better cause.



પેસીબા—તારે તું વરસાદમાં બાહારજ નીકળવાની નથી કે, પીલુ ડીયર?

પીલુ—નહી, હું તો વરસાદમાં કેઠે જવાની જ નથી, ડીયર પેસી.

પેસીબા—પણ જસ્ટીસ બેલી માટેની "ગુલસન"માં થનારી પારટીમાંબી નથી આવવાની કે? ભપકો કરીને બાહાર નીકળવાની અને મોજ કરવાની આવી સરસ તક તું છોડી દેસે તે તુને કેમ પાલવસે?

પીલુ—સઉ ચાલસે. વરી જસ્ટીસ બેલીએ સું ધોરીને ધચ કીધું ચ જે તેને વાસ્તે હું ભપકો કરૂં ને મારી સરસ સારી ઉખેડવાની મેહેનત કરૂં! મુવો વરસાદનો છાંટોબાંટો પર યો તો ઓજ્જા! નહીજી, હું તો કોઈ બીજાં વધારે સારાં અવસર માટે મારી નવી સારી પેહેરીને ભપકો કરવાનું રેહેવા દેઉંચ



A PARROT CRY.

First Parrot.—"A garden for me!"

Second Ditto—"And for me!"

Third Ditto—"For me!"

Forth Ditto—"For me!"

Civic Father—A plague on ye, ye confounded screechers!

[At a meeting of the Municipal Corporation held the other day, Dr. Viegas moved for a garden in the Mandvie ward. Several other members, representing the Bhuleshwar, Byculla and Parel wards, urged the necessity of having gardens in those places whereupon the Corporation ultimately rejected Dr. Viegas' motion.]

પોપટોનો એક સરખો પટપટારો.

પેહેલો પોપટ—મારે માટે એક બાગ બનાવ!

બીજો પોપટ—ને મારે માટેબી!

ત્રીજો પોપટ—ને મારે માટેબી!

ચોથો પોપટ—ને મારે માટેબી!

શેહેરી બાવા—અરે માથું ખાઈ ગીયા રે, નખોદના ગીયાઓ! તમારૂં સતયાનાશ જાય, મુંગા મરો!

[માંડવીના લતાપર એક બાગ બનાવવાના દરખાસ્ત ડાક્ટર વાગસે કારપોરેશનની સભામાં રજુ કીધી હતી. તેને લગતી તકરાર વેળા ભુલેશ્વર, ભાયખલા, અને પરેલ વારડના કારપોરેશન મંબેના કેટલાક પ્રતીનીધીઓએ મજકુર લતાઓપર બાગની પેહેલી જરૂર છે, એમ જણાવ્યું હતું, જે [illegible]થી ડાક્ટર વીગાસની દરખાસ્ત કારપોરેશને રદ કીધી હતી.]



TWO OLD FRIENDS.

Friend John Bull.—Look here, friend, everything, including my friendship, has a limit. If you don't do just what I tell you and mend your ways in Armenia, I'll have to blow you out of the water!

Friend Abdul Hamid—Ha, ha, ha! Come on, *biràdar*, sit down aud smoke a quiet pipe with me]; you will find it better than bothering about going to Beyrout and playing in the hands of that *Shaetān* Russ!

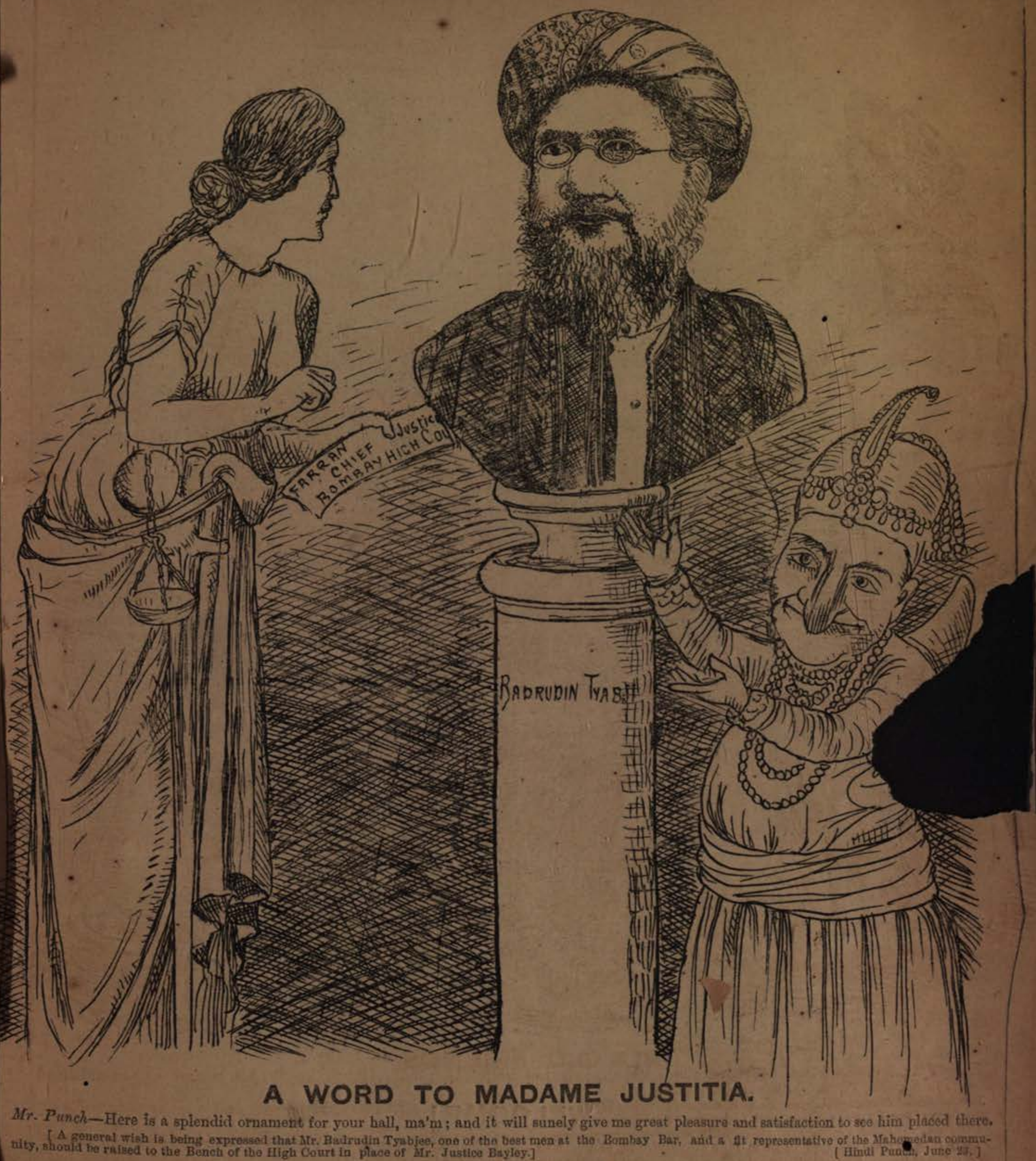
[The reply of the Porte to the note of the Great Powers demanding reforms in Armenia is regarded as tantamount to a refusal to conform to the wishes of the Powers.]

બે પુરાના દોસ્તો.

દોસ્ત જાન બુલ-દેખીયે દોસ્ત, સબ ચીઝકી હદ હોતી હય, ઔર મેરી દોસ્તીકી ભી હદ ઔર ઇનતેહા રહેગી. મેરે કેહનેકે મુવાફીક અગર તુમ રાહ પર નહીં લાઓગે, ઔર આરમીનીયામેં જો દોર તુમ ચલાતેહો ઉસ્પેસે તુમહારા હાથ નહીં ઉઠાવગે તો મયેં તુમકો તોપકે મુંહસે પાનીમેં ઉડા ડલુંગા!

દોસ્ત અબ્દુલ હમીદ—હા, હા, હા! આઇયે બીરાદર, મેરી નજ્દીક બેઠીયે, ઔર યે હુકેકી ગુડગુડી ગુપચુપ ચલાઇયે. બએરૂત જાનેસે ઔર વોહ સએતાન રૂસકી મતલબ મુવાફીક કામ બજાનેસે યેહી ગુડુડુડુડુ કરના બેહતર હય!

[આરમીન્યામાં સુધારો કરવા માટે યુરોપનાં મોટાં રાજ્યોએ તરકીની સરકાર ઉપર જે માંગણી મોકલી છે, તેનો તેણે જવાબ મોકલ્યો છે, જે મોટા રાજ્યોની ઇચ્છા પ્રમાણે કામ નહીં કરવાની તેની નેમ દેખાડનારો સમજવામાં આવે છે.]



A WORD TO MADAME JUSTITIA.

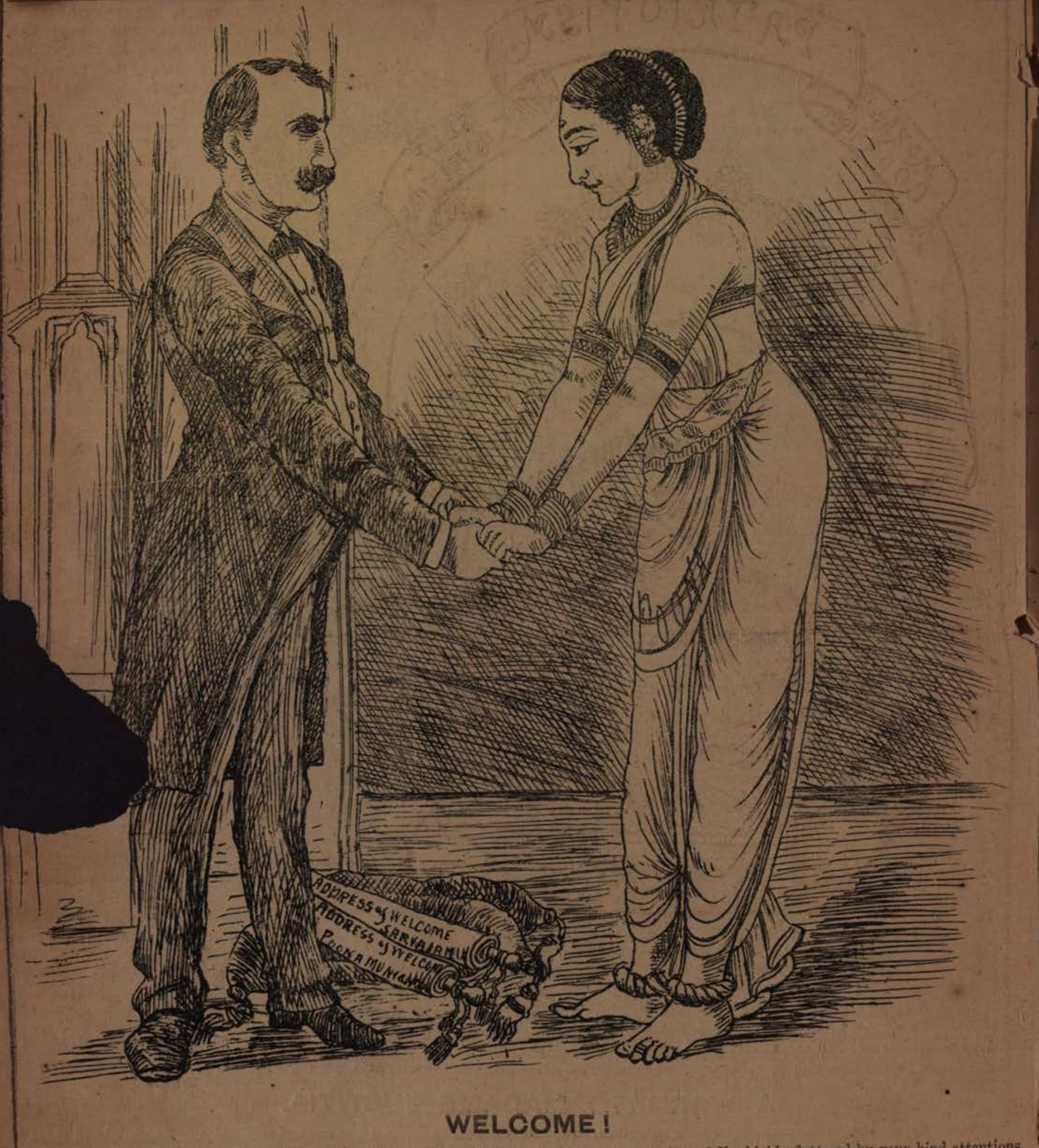
Mr. Punch—Here is a splendid ornament for your hall, ma'm; and it will sunely give me great pleasure and satisfaction to see him placed there.

[A general wish is being expressed that Mr. Badrudin Tyabjee, one of the best men at the Bombay Bar, and a fit representative of the Mahomedan community, should be raised to the Bench of the High Court in place of Mr. Justice Bayley.] [Hindi Punch, June 23.]

ઈનસાફ દેવીને એક બોલ.

મી૦ પંચ—તમારાં દીવાનખાનાને ખરેખર સનગાર થઈ પડે એવું આ શોભાયમાન પુતળું છે, બાઈ સાહેબ; અને તેને ત્યાં મુકેલું જોવાથી ખચીતજ મને બેહદ ખુશાલી અને સંતોષ ઉપજશે.

[મી૦ જસ્ટીસ બેલી ઓફીસ છોડી જતા હોવાથી તેની ખાલી પડેલી જગાએ મુંબઈની હાઈ કોરટના એક જડજ તરીકે મી૦ બદરૂદીન તઈયબજીને નેમવામાં આવેલા જોવાની ખાહેશ સામાન્ય રીતે બતાવવામાં આવે છે. મી૦ બદરૂદીન મુંબઈની "બાર"ના એક આહોશ મહસ્થ છે, અને હાઈ કોરટની બેંચ ઉપર મહોમેદન કોમના ખરેખર એક લાયક પતીનીધી તેઓ થઈ પડશે.] [હીંદી પંચ, તા૦ ૨૩ મી જુન.]



WELCOME!

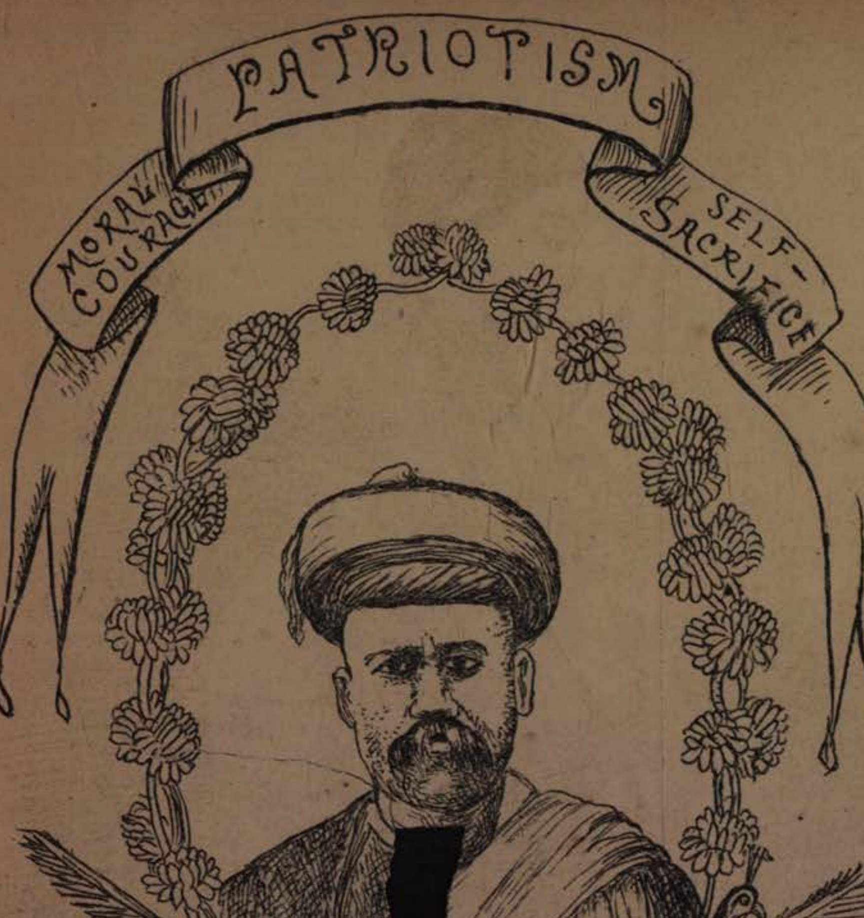
Lord S-ndh•rst—Very glad to form your acquaintance, m'am. I've long looked forward to it, and I'm highly flattered by your kind attentions.

[Two addresses of congratulation—one from the Poona City Municipality and the other from the Poona Sarvajanik Sabha—were presented to H. E. Lord Sandhurst welcoming him to Poona.]

ભલે પધારયા!

લારડ સેંડહર્સ્ટ—તમને જોવાથી અને તમારી સાથ ઓળખાણ પાડવાથી મને પરમ આનંદ થયો છે, બાઈ સાહેબ. દીવસો થયા તમને મળવાને હું ઈંતેજાર હતો, અને તમોએ મારી તરફ જે માયા મેહેરબાની અને ભલીભલાઈ દેખાડી છે, તેથી હું બેહદ ખુશ થઈ ગયો છું.

[નામદાર ગવરનર લારડ સેંડહર્સ્ટને પુણા પાતે આવકાર દેનારાં બે માનપત્રો આપવામાં આવ્યાં છે, જેમાંનું એક પુણાની સીટી મ્યુનીસીપાલીટીએ અને બીજું પુણા સારવજનીક સભાએ આપ્યું છે.]



In Memoriam.

PROFESSOR GOPAL GANESH AGARKAR, M. A.,
Fellow of the Bombay University, Principal of the Fergusson Collage, Poona,
and Editor of the *Sudharak* or Reformer.

Born 1856. *Died* 17*th June*, 1895.

One of those men who sacrificed their happiness to their work. Essentially perhaps the bravest man of his age, he would not move an inch for threat or flattery; centred in rectitude, conscience never made him a coward. He bore great calamities with the serenity of a Margus Aurelius."—DR. NICHOL CARLYLE.

સ્વર્ગવાસી સપુતના રૂડા ગુણોની યાદમાં.
પ્રોફેસર ગોપાલ ગણેશ અગરકર, એમ. એ.
મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટીના ફેલો, પુણાની ફરગસન કાલેજના પ્રીનસીપાલ, અને
"સુધારક" પત્રના અધીપતી.

જનમ, ૧૮૫૬. મરણ, તા૦ ૧૭ મી જુન ૧૮૯૫.

["ફરજ અદા કરવા માટે પોતાના સુખને ભોગમાં આપનારાઓમાંનો એક. પોતાના જમાનાના લોકો સાથે સરખાવતાં તે એટલો તો બાહદુર હતો કે, ધમકી અથવા ખુશામતથી તે જરા પણ ચાલતો નહીં હતો; સચ્ચાઈ ઉપરજ તેનો પાયો હોવાથી તેનું અંતકરણ તેને કદી પણ ધ્રુજાવતું નહીં હતું. મોટાં આફતો વચ્ચે તે શાંત સ્વભાવ રાખતો હતો." —ડાકટર નીકલ-કારલાઈલ.]

IT VARIES.—Brown: "I never could understand how it is the Queen has so many birthdays."—Jones: "Many! She's only one."—Brown: "Not a bit of it. There's her own birthday, the Trooping of the Colour birthday, and the Government holiday birthday."

MISTOOK THE "LAY."—First coster: "Dash my pippins, Bill, where did you get them 'ere clothes? Blest if yer don't look like a bloomin' parson!"—Second coster: "Done it a purpose, old fellow."—First coster: "What for?"—Second coster: "Can't yer see I'm after a stall in the Abbey?"

THE PICCADILLY STANDARD.—1st bright intellect: "What sort of chappie is this Afghan Prince?" 2nd bright intellect: "As right as the nimble nine-pence, and no fear of an empty pocket."—1st bright intellect: "How's that, deah boy?"—2nd bright intellect: "Carries his uncle about with him, in case he runs short."—1st bright intellect: "Bai Jove! What an obliging arrangement!"

AGREED.—He: "Are you engaged?"—She: "Yes."—He: "How lucky! Let's flirt."

FEMININE AMENITIES.—Ethel: "Jack is the softest fellow I have ever known."—Maud: "He must be as you have managed to mash him."

TOMMY: "That's Blogg Major Looks very cocky now, but I could *ruin* him at school if I liked!"—Sissy: "Ruin him! What do you mean?"—Tommy (with fine scorn): "Why, I saw him out walking the other day with the *nurse and kids.*"

AT THE SOLICITOR'S.—Elderly maiden lady: "I really have terrible fears about appearing in a witness-box. One is asked such dreadful questions. I am sure I shall never be able to go through with it."—Solicitor: My dear madam, things will by no means be as bad as you picture them. The first plunge is the only difficulty. When you have once given your age you will find that the worst is over.

FEMALE AMENITIES.—Flo: "Maud Smith has got the hay fever."—Ethel: "I thought something would happen when she bought that bottle of 'straw colour' hair dye."



"METERING" MEGH-RÁJ!

Civic Father—Hai! hai! If in the dry weather wastage of pipewater kills thousands, this downpour will destroy millions! Must try METER on Megh-ráj!!!

"મેઘરાજ" ને પાણીનો બગાડ [illegible] કેમ અટકાવવા?

શેહેરી બાવા—ઓ બાપારે! ઓ [illegible] જ્યારે સુકા દાહાડાઓ માં લોકોનાં ઘરમાંથી નળનું પાણી ધુમ ધોળાઇને વગડવાથી હજારો જણા મરી જાય છે, ત્યારે આ મેઘરાજના જબરાં પાણીથી તો લાખો ને કરોડો જ મરી જશે! બસ, મેઘરાજને પાણીનો એવો બગાડ કરતો મારે અટકાવવો જોઇયે! તેનાં ઘરમાં મારે "મીટર" મુકવુંજ જોઇશે!!!



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 28.

THE HON'BLE MR. JAVERILAL UMIASHANKAR YAJNIK,
The representative of the Bombay University for the Legislative Council.

મી॰ પંચનાં ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાં॰ ૨૮.

આનરેબલ મી॰ ઝવેરીલાલ ઉમ્યાશંકર યાજ્ઞીક,
ધારાસભા માટેના મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટી તરફના નવેસરથી ચુંટી કાહડવામાં આવેલા પ્રતીનીધી.

FLOORED!

OR, THE RESULT OF THE FIGHT IN THE CENTRAL DIVISION.

According to Hindu Mythology, Vishnu rides the *Garud* and *Tilak* (symbolical sign) mounts Vishnu's forehead, *ergo*, *Tilak* wins the race.

[The contest in the Central Division has ended in the return of Mr. Bal Gangadhar Tilak as a member of she Legislative Council; Mr. G. R. Garud having been defeated by a number of votes.]



अंजनि गीत,

विष्णु हा बैसे गरुडा पाठी।
टिळक शोभे विष्णु ललाठीं।
यातूनी कौं मिलच्या माना साठीं।
टिळक जिंके नवल का हीं? ॥१॥

જમીનદોસ્ત !

અથવા, મધ્ય વીભાગમાં ચાલેલી રસાકસી ભરેલી લડતનું પરીણામ.

શ્રી વીષ્ણુ ગરૂડ પક્ષીની પીઠ ઉપર બેસે છે, પણ તીલક તો વીષ્ણુને કપાળે શોભે છે. ત્યારે તે બંનેમાંથી [illegible] બેસવાની લડતમાં તીલક વીજયી થાય તેમાં આશ્ચર્ય જેવું શું છે?

[મધ્ય વીભાગ તરફના મુંબઈની ધારાસભા માટેના એક પ્રતીનીધીની ચુંટણીને લગતી લડત પુરી થઈ છે. મી૦ બાલ ગંગાધર તીલક આ લડતમાં ફતેહમંદ ઊતરયા છે, અને તેમના હરીફ મી૦ જી. આર. ગરૂડ હાર પામ્યા છે.]

A NEW CUT INCIDENT.—Prosecutor: "Fust of all, your worship,'e gives me a prod in the ribs with a knife, and then 'e bolts orf".—Magistrate: "Ah, I see—a case of cut and run."



READY FOR THE EVENING PARTY.

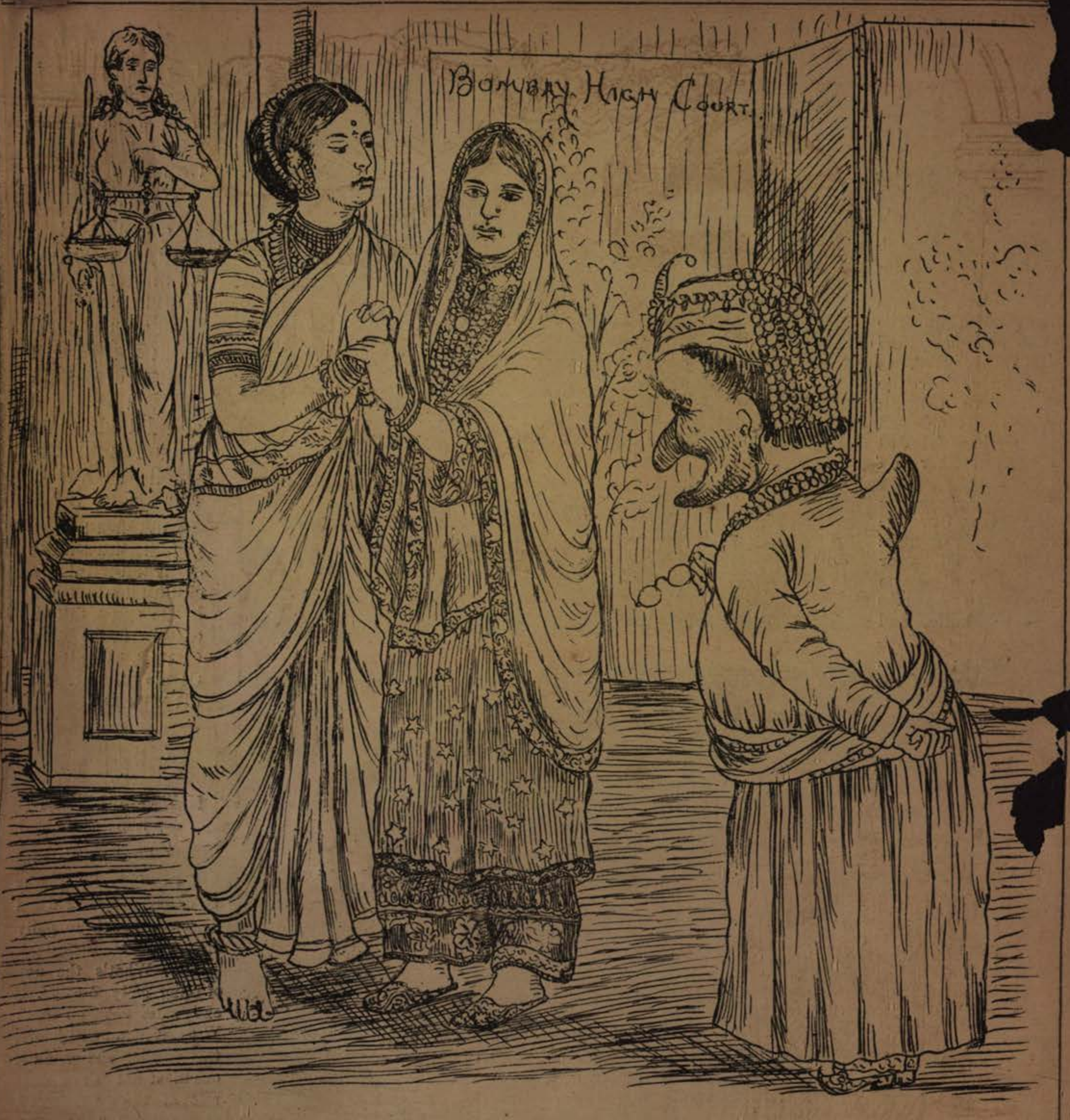
Time 9 p. m.

Hilla—Silly Silla, why so cross? Why so sad and dejected, though so gaily dressed?

Silla—What's the use of being gaily dressed, if one must not go out! What avail all this finery, this powder and paint, if one must not show oneself at the "Gulsan" evening party! For thi, half hour there has been such an accursed downpour, and that coward of a Solee says he won't stir out! As if he had any clothes to spoil! Don't I risk mine?

ઇવનીંગ પારટીમાં જવાને માટે તઇયાર થઇ રહયા પછી.

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૧૮ મું.]



A HAPPY COALITION.

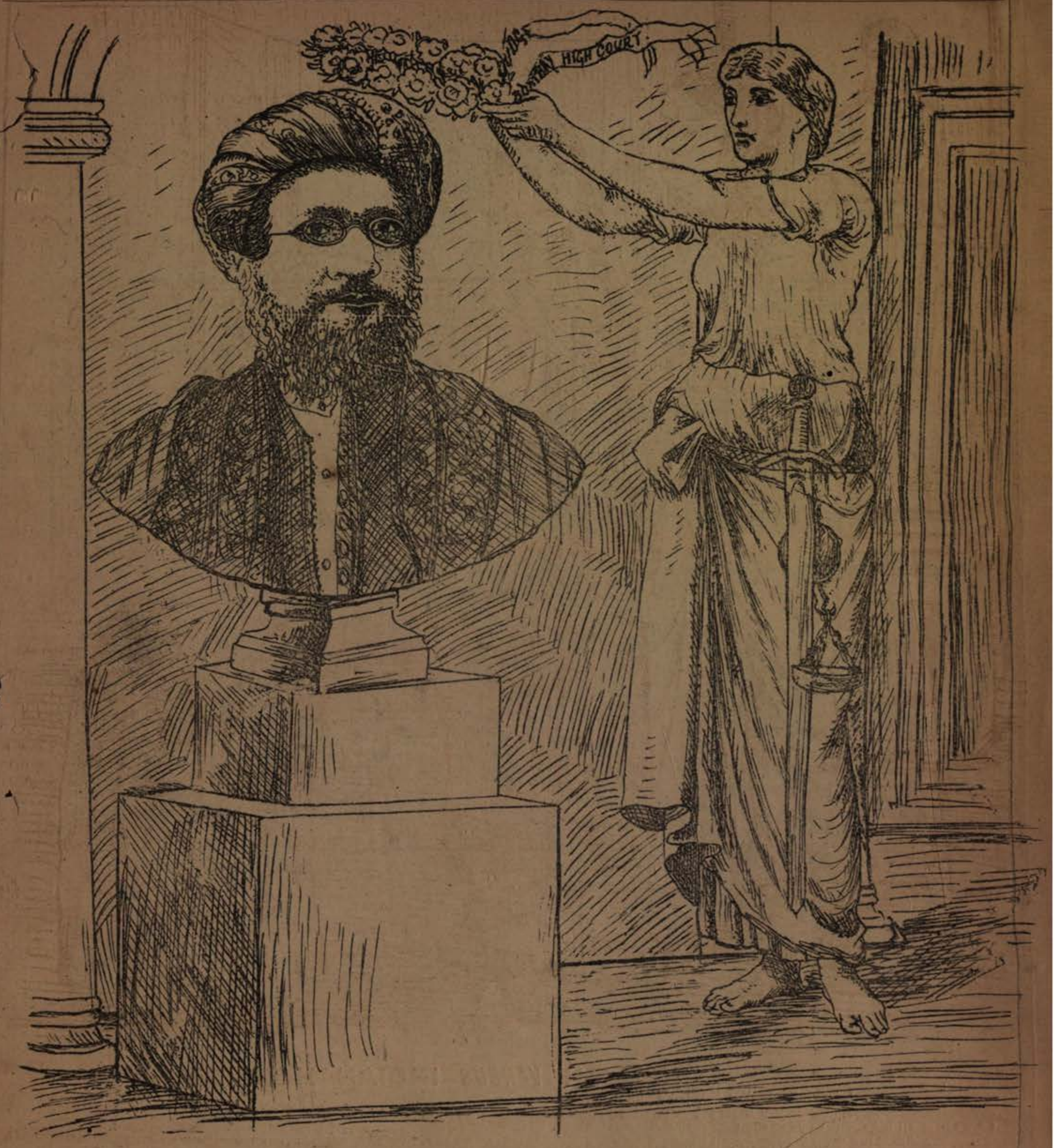
Mr. Punch—'Tis a memorable Mohurrum! Let me congratulate you, Mrs. Rahim, upon the honours you're going to share with Mrs. Ram in Justitia's home of Peace and Order!

[The elevation of Mr. Budrudin Tyabjee to the bench gives Bombay two Indian Judges—a Hindu and a Mahomedan. The appointment is hailed with satisfaction by the public.]

એક ખુશખુશાલીભરેલું જોડાણ.

મી૦ પંચ—આ વરસનાં તમારાં મોહરમ તો ખચીતજ યાદગાર રહી જશે, મીસીસ રહીમ. ઈનસાફ દેવીના સુલેહ સમાધાની અને શાંતીનાં ઘરમાં મીસીસ રામ સાથ તમો જે માન મરતબો અને આબરૂ ઈજ્જત ભોગવવા લાગયાં છો, તે માટે હું તમોને ખરાં જીગરથી મુબારકબાદી આપું છું.

[મી૦ બદરૂદીન તઈયબજીને હાઈ કોરટના ન્યાયાસન ઉપર બીરાજમાન કરવામાં આવ્યાથી મુંબઈને પેહેલીજવાર બે દેશી જડજો—એક હીંદુ અને એક મહોમેદન—મળયા છે. મી૦ બદરૂદીનની નેમણુકથી આખી પ્રજામાં ભારે ખુશાલી અને સંતોષ ફેલાયાં છે.]



JUSTITIA'S TRIBUTE; OR, HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR, &C.

[Mr. Budrudeen Tyabjee, who has been appointed a Judge of the Bombay High Court, took his seat on the Bench yesterday.]

[Hindi Punch, June 30.]

ઈનસાફ દેવી તરફથી લાયકને લાયક માન.

[મી૦ બદરૂદીન તઇયબજી, જેમને મુંબઇની હાઇ કોર્ટના એક જડજ તરીકે નેમવામાં આવ્યા છે, તેઓ ગઈ કાલથી બેંચ ઊપર બીરાજમાન થયા છે.]

[હીંદી પંચ, તા૦ ૩૦ મી જુન.]



ENGLISH *VERSUS* INDIAN HOSPITALITY.

John Bull—Hulloa! What's this?

Hind—Only a little set-off against your draft on me for feting the Afghan Prince in England!

[" We have all India with us in standing out against the inexpressible meanness of making her pay the bill for England's hospitalities (to Prince Nasrulla Khan). . . . Not in this way has India herself treated illustrious guests who have come here from England. . . . England herself cannot afford to have it proclaimed throughout Asia that when, as an Imperial power, she asks princes and potentates to come from afar to look upon her palaces and take in something of the splendour of her power, she takes care that it shall cost her nothing. "—*Times of India*.]

અંગ્રેજી વીરૂધ હીંદી પરોણાગત.

જોન બુલ—હલલો ! એ તું શું કરેચ ? એ શું વળી ?

હીંદ—એ તો જુવોની સાહેબ, અફગાન શાહજાદા નસરૂલાખાનને તમે તમારા ઘરમાં મોજમજાહ કરાવો છો ને તેની સાથે તમે મોજ મારો છો, તે સઘળાંના ખરચની જે હુંડી તમો ભાઈએ મારી ઉપર લખી છે, તેથી એક નાનો જેવો સામો દાવો તમારી સામે હું તઈયાર કરૂં છું, સાહેબ !

["શાહજાદા નસરૂલ્લાખાનની મેહેમાનદારી ઈંગ્લંડ કરે તેનો ખરચ હીંદુસ્તાનને આપવાની ફરજ પાડવાની નહીં વરણવી શકાય એવી હલકાઈની સામે થવામાં આખો દેશ અમારી તરફેણમાં છે... ઈંગ્લંડથી જે નામીચા પરોણા હીંદુસ્તાન આવ્યા છે તેમની મેહેમાનદારી એ રીતે હીંદુસ્તાને કરી નથી... ઈંગ્લંડ પોતે પણ આખાં એશયામાં એમ જાહેર કરાવવા ઈછશે નહી કે, તેના મેહેલો નીહાલવા અને તેનાં મોટાં બળની સમજ મેળવવા ત્યાંના રાજાઓ તથા શાહજાદાઓને નોતરૂં કરતી વખતે, તે નોતરાંથી તેને પોતાને કશો પણ ખરચ નહીં થાય તેની સંભાળ તે લે છે."—ટાઈમસ આફ ઈનડયા.]

there is all this alleged waste of water, or that the people are responsible for it? Are we sure that we die because of this waste? Are we sure that we have stopped all other possible avenues and loop-holes for death to enter through, and that there is only this boasted meter wanted to keep the Destroyer out altogether? You have heard, gentlemen, from our friend Captain Walshe that the meter is by no means an amiable character. Let me ask you to beware how you introduce this loafing interloper into your household. Among the first results, will be an army of inspectors, who, making common cause with the meter, may levy blackmail and so oppress the poor. Far be it from me to formulate charges of this grave nature against a respectable body of men. We are all honest until proved otherwise. But inspectors are only human, and may or may not be proof against the temptations, which an untruthful meter may put in their way. I, Meeta, say, no *meter*. No comparatives over me, if you please." And here for the present the matter rests. May it rest in peace for ever! But if some kind friends again seek to revive it, let us hope the Corporation will bear in mind the warning voices of today and stoutly resist the introduction of a system which, among others, will have the effect of swelling the number of the great unwashed.

CHOW-CHOW.

Disinterested (?) Philanthropy.

HAPPY is the lot of the mill-hands, the miners, the opium-eaters and the lascars in India for whose weal powerful leagues in mighty England are ever watchful, though by a strange fatuity all this solicitude is both unappreciated and unreciprocated. All power of persuasion failing, the philanthropic instincts of some of these good Samaritans drive them to seek the assistance of law for ameliorating the condition of these poor sufferers in a land of darkness and poverty. Whilst the efforts of the Indian Party in Parliament for securing the welfare of the Indian people generally, fail to awaken the conscience of the British nation, the interests of these four fortunate classes have become their special care, and nothing, not even the bitterest and most withering sarcasm, can wean them from their great favourites.

* * *

The Indian Lascars.

THE most recent evidence of this all-absorbing concern for Hind's children is afforded by Mr. J. H. Wilson, the working-man's friend in Parliament, who thinks the Indian lascar should be better housed on board ship. The lascar has begged to be saved from his friend. He protests that he is content with his lot and has more accommodation than he needs, and that if additional space is thrust upon him his whole occupation, and with it his bread, would be gone; but the lascars' friend apparently knows better, (as a mother knows best her babe's wants,) and will interfere in the interests of his ignorant Indian brother. It is to be hoped the member for Labour will one of these days divert his attention for a while from the Indian Merchant Shipping Act to the working of the Municipal Acts in Indian cities, beginning with *Urbs prima in Indis*, and see how the poor generally are housed in crowded centres and what their sanitary wants are. A study in this direction may expand his ideas and enable him to judge who is better off—a working-man in a Bombay chawl, or a lascar in a ship's forecastle at sea. Mr. *Punch* thinks it a pity that such active, irrepressible energy in a good cause should have such a restricted scope for its exercise! Disinterested love should have a wider area for free play and should be all-embracing.

* * *

Domicile of Fever in Bombay.

SPEAKING of a Bombay chawl, by the by, brings to mind the undrained chawls at Parel; the old well which these chawls are said to feed with their foul stream; the germs of typhoid fever which that nursery of an old well has been nourishing so long; the European residents of the locality whom the germs have attacked; the Municipality that has been fostering the nursery ground all the while; the luckless owner of the chawls, Mr. Lakhamsi Nappu who was hauled up with such indecent haste in a Police Court to be punished as the wicked wizard who raised up the fever germs for devouring the people, and finally the Magistrate, a veritable Daniel, who fixed the sin at the door of that great sinner—the Civic Father, the real breeder of the deadly germs! Is there any law to punish this real offender who neglects drainage works? The old well at Parel is after all a narrow sink compared with the "elongated cess-pools" or open side gutters that don't drain in Khetwadi and other places in the native town where demon Fever reigns supreme all the year round. The happy occupiers of *sarkari khurchi* in the People's Palace are evidently fetish worshippers: if so, the public may yet have a chance of seeing them perform a pilgrimage to these sacred *kunds* one of these days!

* * *

The late Prof. Agarkar.

ANOTHER powerful too of great usefulness—the fifth of its of its kind,—in the workshop of the Deccan Education Society, Poona, has collapsed,—one more career of great promise to the country, prematurely cut short. Professor Gopal Ganesh Agarkar, M. A., the popular Principal of the Fergusson College, and Editor of *Sudharak* or Reformer, is no more. A cruel fatality is pursuing the small band of patriots who with the devotedness and sin leness of purpose, worthy of the Jesuit Fathers, have been labouring hard to facilitate and cheapen education. India believes in sacrifice: in her eyes it hallows all good work. May the immolation of so many of her noble sons at the altar of high education fully meet the test of the gods and bless the efforts of those who have been spared to continue the good work!

(*Hindi Punch*, 23-6-95.)

CHOW-CHOW.

The new Judge.

FROM freedom to prison, from the eyry on lofty hill-top to the golden cage, the erewhile unfettered limbs now in silver shackles,—a Congress veteran on the bench! And withal a noble retirement from a stormy to a quiet life, where sterling wisdom well-matured is still at the service of the country. Mr. *Punch* heartily congratulates Mr. Justice Budrudin Tyabji upon his elevation.

* * *

Miss Sundrabai Pawar.

MISS SUNDRABAI PAWAR (it is "Power" sometimes, and a *power* she is) still looms largely in anti-opium agitations. A prophet is seldom honoured in his own country, and this prophetess forms no exception to the rule. Her work in the Zenana Mission is little known to the public here, and yet we are told the Indian women, who have fallen within her fascinating influence, are ready to embrace Christianity, but that the sight of an unthinking and perverse Government, which encourages the cultivation of the poppy, makes them waver in their faith! The Chinese have the same trouble; but then, in their case, the drug, the creation of old Nick is *in them* and they are debarred from salvation. The Indian women do not use opium—at any rate Sundrabai has not told us that yet—but their eyes have been opened apparently. The serpent in the garden of Eden was less insidious. The wily snake is evidently on a different tack now, and, in the form of the poppy, is sending millions in India and China to the regions of burning hell! The anti-opiumists are doing their best to save these millions, and the daughters of India have been taken in hand by Sundrabai. Knock the Poppy-snake down and battalions of Indian women are on the *qui vive* to march triumphantly on to salvation. The Christian dealers in Alcohal are not backward in the good work. They are flooding the country with gin, rum, brandy and whiskey. Huge posters on street walls in the Bazaar loudly proclaim the saving power of Alcohol. The British coat-of-arms embellish the placards. The opium-eaters are, alas! too far lost to sip the immortal nectar and to give up the deadly drug! Miss Sundrabai Pawar's Indian ladies, who are on their tip-toes to enter the Christian fold, should, instead of cursing Government, ply their male folks with brandy bottles and wean them from the Satanic drug!

* * *

Meghraj and Water-meters.

A CORRESPONDENT in the English dailies writes: "There is no controlling Jupiter Pluvius by meters." The writer has apparently formed a poor estimate of the real power of our local Municipality. The able Engineers, who make sullage in Bombay drains gravitate *upwards*, are capable of achievements undreamt of by Science. They can muzzle and bind Meghraj if the old Civic Father would only pay the cost of the performance. What a harvest for manufacturers of water-meters if the clouds are going to be controlers for the benefit of Bombay's health! And if melted eventually fail—(this word by the by, though it does not occur

> "In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
> For a bright manhood,"

is sometimes to be found in the record of proceedings of the Civic Father,—but then he is not in his youth)—if meters, we say, fail there is no lack of canvas in the world for a rain-awning to be stretched over this fair *nagri*. So Shri-Krishna in prehistoric times sheltered his favourite shepherds from a heavy down-pour threatening deluge, by poising a hill on his little finger! Then a harvest for canvas manufactures, contractors, *et hoc genus omnes*!

(*Hindi Punch*, 30-6-95.)

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

SUSPICIOUS.—"I shall not see you again, my dear, for some time. I am going on the Continent for a couple of months."—"Indeed! Does your husband go with you?"—"No. Business matters necessitate his staying in town."—"And doesn't object to your going away and leaving him behind alone?"—"Not in the least."—"If you take my advice, as a married woman who has had more experience than you have, you would do well to stay at home."

A SNUB (AND A TRUE STORY).—Customer: "They fit all right, but 35s. seems a lot for a pair of pumps. Why, I get them at the stores for 12s. 6d.!"—Artist in boots: "Oh, really, sir, if you are incapable of distinguishing between *our* goods and the—hah—stores, you'll excuse my saying that this is not the establishment for *you!*"

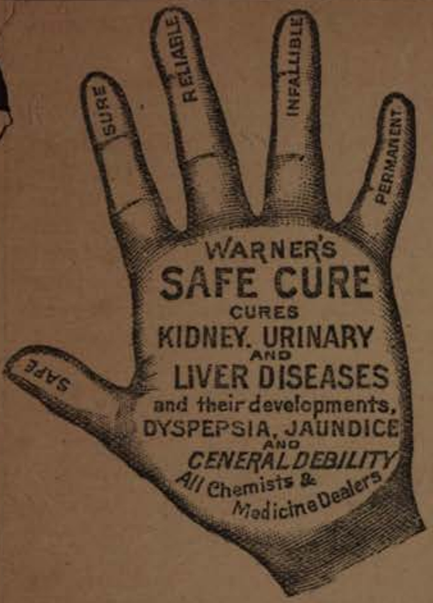
DISGUSTED WITH HIMSELF.—Detective: "It is a rather curious thing, your worship, that the prisoner packed up a lot of electro-plate for removal, but failed to notice a cash-box containing a large sum in notes and gold."—Prisoner: "You don't mean to say so! Commit me for trial at once. I deserve something heavy for being such a fool."

FEMININE CRITICISM.—He: "What a wonderful complexion Mrs. Needham has!"—She: "That's made up."—He: "But you can't deny that she has a good figure."—She: "That's made up also."—He: "But, then, she has mental abilities."—She: "Oh! as regards her mind, that's about the only thing she never does make up."

OUR old friend, R. Dup, says he has discovered perpetual motion at last. We asked him how, and he said: "I have something in my place now that has been running for over five years." "And not a clock?" said we. "No." "Then what on earth is it?" "A tailor's bill."

HOW THINGS WILL OUT.—(The Judge is not at home and Brown, Q. C., asks permission to write him a note), —Mary Elizabeth Jane: "Would you like this book, sir? Master always uses it when he writes letters!" [Heavens! it's an English dictionary!]

COLD WORK.—Doctor: "You must have got a chill, though I don't see how you managed it in this lovely weather."—Mrs. Stafford: "Oh! I think I can account for it. I have been reading a book on Arctic explorations."



5 REASONS FOR USING 5
WARNER'S SAFE CURE.

1. IT DOES AS REPRESENTED.
2. IT CURES PERMANENTLY.
3. IT IS MADE ON HONOUR.
4. IT IS SAFE AND SURE.
5. IT GIVES A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

૪.

BEYNON, & Co.

Esplanade Pharmacy, Bombay and Market Pharmacy.

ચમતકારીક રીતે અસર કરનારા

નવા ઉપાય.

GILL'S BLOOD DEPURATIVE

ગીલનો બ્લડ ડેપ્યુરેટીવ

અથવા લોહીને સ્વચ્છ કરનારી દવા.

જુદા જુદા જે ખરાબ રસથી શરીર બગડે છે ને તેને હેરાનગતી પુગે છે, તેમને લોહીમાંથી તદનજ દુર કરવાને આ બહુ પુષટીકારક ઊપાય છે.

કીંમત રૂ ૧-૪ અને રૂ ૨-૪.

TATE'S GOLDEN TONIC.

તેટનું ગોલ્ડન ટોનીક.

સામાનંય નબળાઈ, ભેજાંની થાક અને શરીરની નાકઊવતી માટે આ એકજ એખલે ઊતમ ઊપાય છે.

કીંમત રૂ ૨.

બેનન એંડ કંપની,
એસપલેનેડ ફારમસી, મુંબઈ
અને મારકીટ ફારમસી. ૧

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

HAS NO EQUAL
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
COLDS, COUGHS,
INFLUENZA,
SORE THROAT,
And all other Disorders of the
Throat and Lungs.

It will relieve the most distressing cough, soothe the inflamed membrane, loosen the phlegm, and induce refreshing sleep. For the cure of Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all the pulmonary troubles to which the young are so liable, there is no other remedy so effective as

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

HIGHEST WARD
Chicago World's Fair, 1893,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

☞ Beware of cheap imitations. The name—**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**—is prominent on the wrapper, and is blown in the glass of each of our bottles.

H. E. BODE & SONS, 16 Green St, BOMBAY
HOWR, BALCH & Co, 15 Hare St, CULCATTA

એયરનો ચેરી પેકટોરલ.

આ દવાના જેવી બીજી કોઈ દવા નથી કે જે સલખમ, ખાંસી, ઈનફ્લુએનઝા, ગળસોજો તથા ગળાંનાં અને ફેફસાંના સરવે રોગોને તાબડતોબ સારાં કરે.

એ દવા અતીશે પીડા કરતી ખાંસીને આરામ આપે છે, સુજેલી ઝીલીને થંડી પાડે છે, ખુસ્ક બલગમને ઢીલો કરે છે, અને મીઠી ઊંઘ લાવે છે. કુરૂપ, સંસણી, ગળસોજો અને ફેફસાંના બીજા સરવે રોગો જે મુખય કરીને છોકરાંઓ ઊપર આવી પડે છે તેના ઈલાજ સારૂ એયરના ચેરી પેકટોરલ જેવી અસરકારક દવા બીજી કોઈ નથી.

ચીકાગોના ૧૮૯૩ના "વરલડસ ફેર" ઈયાને મહોટાં પ્રદરશનમાં એ દવા સારૂ ઉચામાં ઊંચું ઈનામ મળયું છે.

એયરનો ચેરી પેકટોરલ ડાકટર જે. સી. એયરની કુંપની બનાવે છે.

ઠેકાણું—લોવેલ, માસાચુસેટ અમેરીકા.

☞ એયરના ચેરી પેકટોરલને નામે ખો... સતી દવાઓ વેચાય છે; માટે ખરીદદારે જે... Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—બોલો ... ઉપસી આવેલા છે તથા શીશી પર... કાગળપર બરોબર છાપેલા છે.

હો, બાલ્ચ, એંડ કંપની, ૧૫ ...
એચ. ઈ, બોદ એં...
૧૫, ગ્રીન સ્ટ્રીટ ...

REMEMBER. ☞

"Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak part. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with PURE BLOOD."

WILKINSON'S

Essence or Fluid Extract of
RED JAMAICA
SARSAPARILLA

Trade WW Mark

Established since 1829, and pronounced by the HIGHEST AUTHORITIES the most
WONDERFUL PURIFIER
OF THE HUMAN BLOOD,
The BEST Remedy for Torpid Liver, Debility, &c.

IMPORTANT EVIDENCE.

"We cannot speak too highly of it."—*Lancet.*
"We recommend your Red Jamaica Sarsaparilla."—*Medical Review.*
"The only preparation for removing what may be called *sequelæ* of a mercurial course."—*Sir R. Martin.*
"I am never without it: for, when feeling depressed or out of sorts from anxiety or fatigue, a dose or two animates me."—*The late Lord Clyde.*
"Your Essence of Red Jamaica Sarsaparilla cured me of a Torpid Liver when all other medicines had failed."—*Earl of Aldborough.*

Sold by all Chemists and Dealers in Medicines.
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

યાદ રાખો યાદ રાખો. ☞

આપણી આસપાસ કાંઈ હજારો ખરાબી જામતી રહે છે અને તક આવતાં શરીરના નબલા ભાગને પકડી લે છે માટે પરથમથી તમારાં લોહીને સવછ કરી મજબુત રહો.

વીલકીનસનનો રેડ જેમેકા
સારસા પેરીલા

માણસના લોહીને સવછ કરનાર અજાયબી જેવી ખાશીયત ધરાવે છે.

તેથી સુસત લીવર, નબલાઈ વગેરે દરદે તદન નાબુદ થાય છે.

મેડીકલ રીવીઊ અને ઉમરાવો લારડ કલાઈડ, અરલ આફ અલડબરો વગેરે પોતાની અજમાયશથી તેની જાબલ વખાણ કરેહ.

SAVARESSE'S SANDAL CAPSULES.

સાવારેસની સુખડના તેલની ગોળીઓ.

પીશાબને લગતી ગમે એવાં ખરાબ અને હઠીલાં દરદો અને ગરમીના રોગો ઊપલી ગોળીઓ લીધાથી જલદીથી સાજા થાય છે. એ અંગ્રેજી નામીચી બનાવટની ગોળીઓની સીફારસ આજ ૩૦ વરસ થયાં મોટા મોટા ડાકટરો કરે છે ...
... હીંદ...

PREMIER VINOLIA SOAP.

Does not "touch up" the skin.



Makes the skin as soft as velvet.

UNSURPASSED FOR THE COMPLEXION.

ESPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE MOST DELICATE, SENSITIVE, IRRITABLE SKINS.



VINOLIA

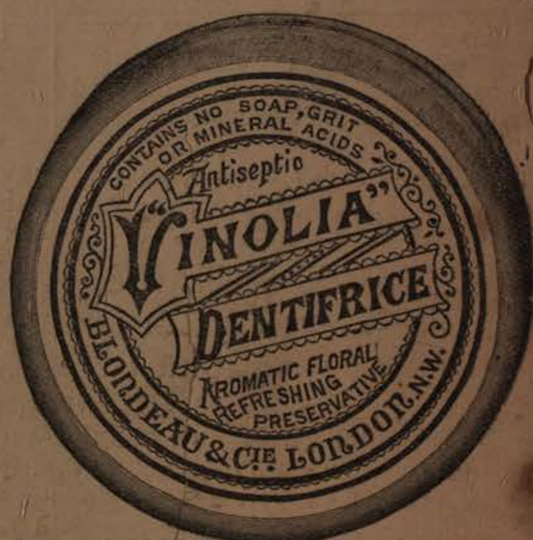
SHAVING SOAP.

Causes no Blotches under the Chin.

A Stick of VINOLIA SHAVING SOAP *yields gallons of creamy demulcent lather.*

CKS.

KEEPS THE TEETH IVORY WHITE.



No. 2.—In Metal Boxes.

Most soothing to tender Gums and Sensitive Teeth.

Contains no salicylic acid or bleaching corrosive alkalies.

KEEPS THE BREATH SWEET AND THE GUMS STRONG.

In 2 sizes.

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINEANT.)

Monday, 17th June.—Captain Walshe's incorrigible meter so engrossed my attention, and took so much of my allotted space last week, that I was obliged to defer chronicling another business of the day, viz., the presentation of a petition from the inhabitants of Nagdevi against the laying down of the Tramway line in their street. Not that the Nagdevites are opposed to progress, and object to the march of civilisation when it comes in a tram-car. Neither are they averse to using the cars themselves, when they can take them elsewhere than at their doors. Theirs is a case of distance lending enchantment to the view; afar, it is all very well, nearer home, they won't have the line at all. And for a very good reason too. Their street is so narrow, though personally they do not suffer from any narrow prejudices. Here, I must say, they have my warmest sympathy. There is Abdul Rehman Street, for instance, as narrow a place as you would like to see, especially in one part, and whenever I have passed by it in the tram, my heart has leapt into my mouth. What with private and public conveyances going up and down, children running to and fro, men and women passing and repassing, the wonder to my mind is, not that accidents occur at all, but that they do not occur oftener than they do. Clearly, the Tram is not intended for a narrow street, but in the case in point, we could do nothing, for the Nagdevi people came to us too late. "Perhaps," urged Mr. Kabrajee, "they had no notice." "Oh yes, a notice as large as life and in the English papers too." "Ah! that accounts for it. In Nagdevi, English scholarship is at a discount. The schoolmaster, very much abroad elsewhere, has not yet penetrated that benighted locality. And for all practical purposes, the poor fellows had really no notice, until the workman knocked at their doors to give them an object-lesson in the art of laying Tram-lines." "But stop," said Mr. Mehta, "if they had no notice, no more had we. And by a resolution passed years ago, the Municipal Commissioner is required to submit plans and all the information necessary to enable our forming an opinion on the desirability or otherwise of a proposed extension. That it was not done in this ase, argues high-handedness on the part of Mr. Ac—" What! He whom only the other day we sung home in triumph, Mr. Mehta leading the swelling chorus? The very same. I cannot pursue this painful topic any further, and dropping a silent tear over the weakness of human nature in general, and Municipal Commissioners in par ticular, I drop the subject.

(*Hindi Punch*, 7-7-95,)

AT SHOEBURYNESS.—Artillery recruit: "This constant firing of big guns gives me a headache."—Sergeant: "Shooting pains, I suppose!"

AN "ARRANGED" FIGHT.—Briggs: "You may not believe me, but I had a hard fight with myself before I gave in."—Smngler: "Oh, I believe you. When a man fights with himself it's always 'put up' job."

CHOW-CHOW.

IT was Ferozepore yesterday, it is Dinapore today, it will be some other *pore* to-morrow, and so on at every pore of the great British Indian Empire while England's noble sons, who are here to defend us, have stout hearts, and stout legs to kick with, "those dark millions of her realm," to whose health Tennyson drinks so enthusiastically, will continue to be kicked, and if they choose to die after, so much the worse for them. For if they expect thereby to incriminate the *pore* British soldier who kicks them in the unsophisticated freedom of his island independence, they are very much mistaken, and they shall find out their mistake in the grave. No properly constituted, common-sense British Jury, endued with a becoming sense of the dignity of human nature, will ever be persuaded that man, the "image of his Maker," can possibly die of kicks. We are but too familiar with the Indian trick of seeking to make the British soldier's kicks answerable for the effects of a bad spleen.

* * *

THANKS to the shrewdness of British juries, this has met with the exposure that it deserved. But trust the Indian ingenuity for finding out new modes of imposition. A punkah-puller at Dinapore, having received some mal-treatment from a soldier, insolently brought it to the notice of the superior officer, for which he was naturally threatened by the soldier to be paid off. Being acquainted with the spirit of a Britisher, he knew his chastisement to be certain, but he knew also that he had no bad spleen and could not die as readily as some of his countrymen. So what did he do? He laid a most diabolical plan. One day, while pulling the punkah, he got himself killed by some agency or other, the knowledge of which the rogue has carried with him to the grave or the pyre, wherever it is that he has gone to. As he lay dead, by a most unlucky chance but exactly as he had foreseen it, who should come up on the spot but the identical soldier who had threatened him. The soldier saw the man lying before him, his threat rushed to his mind, the temptation was too great to be resisted. He instantly fell to kicking the man in right British fashion, till, tired out probably by what he thought was the man's perversity in giving no signs of life, he left off out of sheer weariness. After a while, the effects of the interrupted punkah began to be felt, and on enquiries being made, the punkah-puller was found dead at his post. Six soldiers were arrested on suspicion o[illegible] murder, among them being the one who had threate[illegible] the man's life. This last, concluding rather hasti[illegible] his knowledge of what had gone before that h[illegible] was the cause of the Indian's death, m[illegible] breast of it. This in the flurry and [illegible] moment.

* * *

WHILE awaiting trial, h[illegible] him on mature reflection th[illegible] accusing himself as he h[illegible] had he for believing th[illegible] began kicking him, [illegible]

the rapidity of thought that he could not call to mind any attempt on the man's part to defend himself. Had he beaten a corpse? There could be no doubt about it. Not very courageous certainly for a soldier and a Britisher, but it was the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and so had to be confessed. A British jury would surely know how to appreciate it at its worth. He had trusted aright. The jury that tried him accepted this view of the case most readily, reasoning probably with regard to the point of courage, alluded to above, that anger is both blind and deaf, and that the soldier could not be expected to notice that the punkah-puller neither stirred nor cried out when he was being kicked. As for the right of kicking, it is a British soldier's birth-right. Thus was the plotting Indian's fraud once again foiled by the sound common sense of a British jury.

Hands all round!
Law the darkey's tricks confound!
To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great art of kicking, round and round.

(*Hindi Punch*, 7-7-95.)

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

THE MAN AND THE MAID.
(Up to-day "Biking" Version.)

"WHERE are you going, young man?" cried the maid.
'I'm going a-cycling, miss!" he said.
'May I come with you, youug man?" asked the maid.
"Why, ye-e-es, if you feel like it, miss!" he said.
"But—why do I find you like man arrayed?"
"Oh, knickers are cumfy, young man!" she said.
"But the boys will chivvy you, miss, I'm afraid!"
"What does *that* matter, young man?" she said.
"Are you a scorcher, young man?" asked the maid.
"Nothing so vulgar, fair miss!" he said.
"Then I don't think much of you!" mocked the maid.
"Neither does 'Arry, sweet miss," he said.
"What is your ideal, young man?" said the maid.
"A womanly woman, fair miss!" he said.
"Then *I* can't marry you, sir!" cried the maid.
"Thank heaven for *that*, manly miss!" he said.

PROVERBS BY AN ILLUSTRIOUS FOREIGNER ON TOUR.

THE time of special trains was made for slaves, not Asiatic Princes.

You may take an Eastern magnate to a manufactory, but you can only with difficulty get him to lunch with the ...al mayor.

...The early mayor has to wait longest.

...erk is as good as a nod to a bowing multitude.

...a person of the first importance enters by the ...d arrangements disappear through the window.

...entative of an illustrious race laughs at

...lic enjoys a sensation, but the Indian

...y WOMAN.

...like men.
...like men.
...ike men.
...men.

So COMMON—HE HAD QUITE FORGOTTEN.

Jones (making business call): "Does Mr. Christopher Hawke live here?"

Mary Ann (proud of her master): "Not now, sir; he used to."

Jones: "What, has he changed his residence?"

Mary Ann: "No, sir."

Jones: "Then I suppose you mean he's not at home?"

Mary Ann: "The late Mr. Christopher is."

Jones: "Gracious, girl, you don't say he's dead?"

Mary Ann: "Dead, sir! I never mentioned such a thing!"

Jones (getting out of temper): "Who the dickens does live here?"

Mary Ann (with emphasis): *Sir* Christopher Hawke.

Jones: "Confound it—yes! (To Mary Ann) I wish to see Sir Christopher."

Mary Ann: "Will you step inside, please?"

UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCE.—Curate (to parish choir,) practising the anthem): "Now we'll begin again at the 'Hallelujah,' and please linger longer on the '*Lu*'"!

A STRAIGHT REPLY.—Daughter of a hundred Earls (who is about to marry for love): "Now I am going to have a house of my own, Mrs. Rustle, I shall get you to give me a hint or two."—The maternal house-keeper: "Well, Lady Clara, I'm afraid I can't help you much. I know very little about the contrivances of people with small means."

ANOTHER TITLE!! SUPPLEMENTAL GAZETTE OF BIRTHDAY HONOURS.—Dr. W. G. Grace to be Cricket-Field-Marshal.

IT is curious to note how men vary in temper. W here. one man would heave a sigh another would heave a brick

ઓ અલી ઇઇઇ! આ વરસેા વરસ કેવી નાશીપાશીઇઇ!

[જુઓ ચીત્ર, પાનું ૪૮ મું.]

"ઉ-ઉ-ઉ-ઉ-ઉ-ઉ-! ઓઇ! ઓઇ! ઓઇ! ઓ અલી ઈઈ! આ શેા ગજબ! આ કેવું તારૂં હીનભાગય! આ માન અકામતું ધીઆઇટ એકવાર ફરી બાહેર પડયું છે, અને એકવાર ફરી હું તે મહીથી બાહેરજ રહી ગયેા છું! ઓળા પારપેા, પેલેા જાંહાંગીર રેડીમની બે લાખ રેાકડા પકડાવીને સર નાઈટ બાહાદુર થઈ બેઠેા, ત્યારે હવે તું ને હું તે શું કરયે? આપણે તે કેટલા લાખ કાઢી આલીએ કે આપણને પણ એકાદ ચળકતા ચાંદની ચાઇ ચાઈ મળી જાય? અરે પણ પઈસા કાઢીને આલવા છતાં ગરીબ શેામલા ભટની આજે કેાણ દાદ લીએ છે! ઓ-ઓ-ઉ ઉ-ઉ-ઉ ઉ-ઉ! ઓ અલીઈઈઇઇઇઈઇ!" [પાછી પેાક મુકે છે!

તરયાપાવ પર!

[જુઓ ચીત્ર, પાનું ૪૮ મું.]

શેહેરી બાવા—એ બચાજી, હવે બસ. હું તારાં કેાટકે વધારે વખત સાંખવાનેા નથી! તારૂં ખમતાં ખમતાં મારૂં પાકીને પલેઠર થઈ આવયું છે! હુંબી તેા ખરેા કે તારી આપખુદીની મેાહેાકાણને લીધે જે પઈસા મને ઓકવા પડે તેની પાઈએ પાઈ બસ તારી પાસેજ ઓકાવાં તેાજ મારૂં નામ!

[કારપેારેશનની મંજુરીવાત વીના વરલીની ગટરને લગતાં ચેાકસ બાંધકામ વગેરેના પલાન અને અડસટા મેજર ટલેા પાસ કરાવવાનેા ચઉદ હજાર રૂપયાનેા ખરચ કરવા માટે મી૦ એકવર્થનું પાઉતરાવાવણી ની વાતેા ચાલે છે.]



RESTORED SIGHT.

Mariambi—I see it now as clear as the noon-day sun. It is for our mutual good to be like this, instead of trying to tear each other's eyes out.

Shantabai—Quite so. It is a day for clear visious. There is, for instance, the ornament of your community, with improved eye-sight, holding evenly the scales of justice. A good augury.

નવી ઉઘડેલી નજર.

મરયમબી—હવે તેા ધેાળા દીવસના ઉજેરડાં જેવું ખેાલું હું જોઇ શકું છું. ખરેજ, એક બીજાના ટેાટા પીસવા કરતાં અને અકેકના ડેાળા ખેંચી કહાડવા કરતાં આવી રીતે હળીમળીને ચાલવામાંજ આપણેા બંનેનેા લાભ છે.

શાંતબાઇ—ખચીતજ. સઘળાઓની નજર ખુલ્લી કરનારેા આજનેા દીવસ છે. દાખલા તરીકે, તારી મહેામેદન કેામને દીપાવનારા એક નામીચા હીરાએ, પેાતાની આંખનું તેજ સુધારીને ન્યાયનેા અદલ કાંટેા સીધેા ધરવાનું કામ હાથમાં લીધું છે. એ બધી સારા સગનની નીશાની છે.



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS—NO. 29.

MR. JEHANGIR COWASJI JEHANGIR, the new Sir Knight Bahadoor!!!

The Jackdaw strutting a brand new peacock's feather, costing a couple of lacs!

મી० પંચનાં ફેન્સી પેારટ્રેટ—ન० ૨૯.

મી० જેહાંગીર કાવસજી જેહાંગીર,
નવા સર નાઇટ
બહાદુર!!

બે લાખની કીમતનું મેારનું એક નવું કેારૂં પીછ ખેાસીને કાગડાભાઇ કેવા ભપકાબંધ ડેાક ઉંચી અને ગરદન મરેાડદાર શેખીને ચાલે છે!



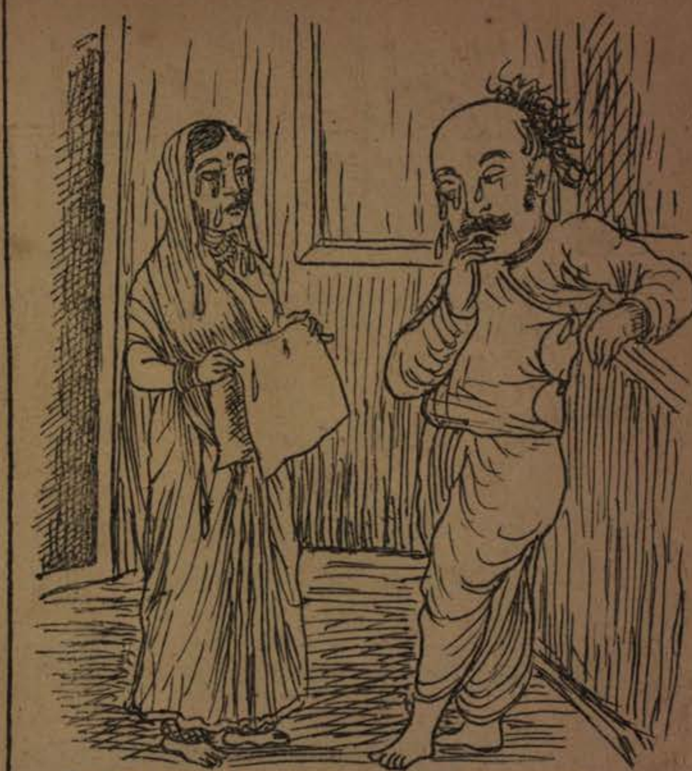
IRREPRESSIBLE!

[Party strife is raging very high in Baroda, and great discord and disunion prevail among the Maratha and the Gujerati Hindu factions.]

દાબતાં દબાતો નથી!

એને દાબીને બેસાડી દેવાને માહરાજા સાહેબને પોતાના સંપુરણ બળ અને ચાલાકીનો ઉપયોગ કરવો પડશે.

[વડોદરાના રાજકારોબારમાં મરાઠા અને ગુજરાતી હીંદુઓનાં પક્ષો વચેનો કડવા અને અંટસ બહુ વધી પડયો છે.]



" Oh ! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroyed ! "

"Boo-hoo-ooo! Oh Ali! How hard is my lot! The Honours' Gazette is out again, and I am again out of it!! That Parsi Jehangir Readymoney paid two lacs of ready cash and has managed to get in and become a Sir Knight Bahadur! What shall we do? Say, how much will suffice to buy us another such glittering bauble? Poor Bhat, nobody cares for Shamla Bhat! Boo-hoo-ooo!!!"

[*Bursts into a flood of tears.*

ઓ અલીઈઈઈ! આ વરસો વરસ કેવી નાશીપાશીઈઈ!

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૪૬ મું.]



THE LAST STRAW.

Civic Father—This is insufferable! Enough to tire even Job's patience, let alone mine. And I'll bear it no longer. I'll make you disgorge every pie of the money that your impertinent high-handedness has cost me. See if I don't!

[There is a strong feeling at work, seeking to bring Mr. H. A. Acworth, the late Municipal Commissioner, to book for having incurred, without the sanction of the Corporation, an expenditure of £700 in the shape of fees to Major Tulloch for preparing plans and estimates for Worlee drainage.]

તરચાપાવ પર!

[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૪૬ મું.]



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Peelee—What a lovely creature, and how clever! In five minutes, he has taught himself to utter the name of your *fiance*.

Aloo—You don't mean to say so. Oh! let's hear—say, pretty bird, the dear name.

Cockatao—*Gadhâ-sir*—*Gadhâ-sir*!!!

Aloo—Oh! You stupid thing, shut up, will you, or I'll throttle you.

Peloo—Don't fly into such a passion. Birds can't discriminate, you know. He caught the sound from Pa, and there is really such an imperceptible difference between *Ardasir and Gadhâsir*.

અરદેસર વીરૂધ ગધેસર!

પીલી—આપરો કાકાટઉિઓ કેવો મજેહનો ને કેવો કલેવર છે! હજી તો આજે તું અદસર્ઈ તેટલાં તો પાંચ મીનીટમાં તાસ વરનું નામબા બોલતાં એ શીખી ગીયોચ!

આલુ—હું, ખચીત? તારે તો જોઇયે, એની પાસ બોલાવ્યે. બોલો કાકાટઉિઆજી, મારા ડીયરનું નામ શું?

કાકાટઉિઓ—ગધેસર—ગધેસર—!

આલુ—ચપ મુંગોરે! મુવોરે તું! ગધેસર કોણ? મુવાને ડોકી મરડીને બારી વાટેથી ઉડારી નાખું, એવી ચીર ચહરેચ!

પીલી—હવે તું એમ છણની ના પર, આલુ. એ બીચારૂં મુંગું પક્ષી તે શું સમજે. એ તો બાવા બોલ્યા ને એણે તે બોલ મોહનામાં પકરી લીધો. તેમાં એ બીચારાનો શું વાંક? ને વરી અરદેસર ને ગધેસર વચ્ચે એટલો બધો ફરક તે શું બરયોચ જે તેની વાત!



BOILING, PUFFING AND STEAMING!

[The Hon'ble Mr. Chimanlal Harilal Setalwad has been returned as the representative of the Northern Division for the Bombay Legislative Council. There was a great deal of hard fighting and canvassing between the rival candidates; but with all that, Mr. Goculdas Kahandass Parekh received 41 and Mr. Kalabhai Lalloobhai only one, while Mr. Setalvad got 43 votes.]

ચુહુલે ચહડેલો કીટલો.

કીટલામાંનું પાણી ઉકળી રહયું, અને મહીંથી બાફ સુરરરરરરર કરતો બાહેર નીકળી ગયો!

[મુંબઈની ધારાસભા માટેના ઉતર વીભાગ તરફના પ્રતીનીધી તરીકે આનરેબલ મી॰ ચીમનલાલ હરીલાલ સેતલવડને પાછાં ચુંટા કહાડવામાં આવ્યા છે. આ બેઠક માટે બાહેર આવેલા ઉમેદવારો વચ્ચે બહુ રસાકસી ભરેલી હરીફાઈ અને મતો મેળવવાની તાણાતાણી અને ખેંચાખેંચી ચાલી હતી. પણ તે સઘળું છતાં જ્યારે મી॰ ગોકળદાસ કહાનદાસ પારેખને માટે ૪૧ અને મી॰ કાળાભાઈ લલુભાઈ ને માટે એકજ મત નોંધાયું હતું, ત્યારે મી॰ સેતલવડને ૪૩ મત મળયાં હતાં.]



CAN THIS BE?

[Writing about the work of rescuing two of the unfortunate men who were entombed in the debris of the fallen houses at Dongres street the week before last Mr. J. W. Seager says: "It is a crying shame that the work of rescue should not have been kept up continuously. At 6 o'clock on Monday evening when is arrived on the scene of the accident I found the Municipal work people knocking off work with no intention of starting again till the next morning, although they were aware there were two unfortunate beings buried under the debris." In commenting on the above, the *Times of India* says:—"As the matter stand I presuming Mr. Seager's story to be correct (and it is supported by the President of the Jamat), it can only be held to constitute a grave public scandal."]

આ ચીતાર શું ખરો છે?

[મુંબાઈની મ્યુનીસીપાલીટીના એકઝીક્યુટીવ ઈજનેર ખાનબહાદુર મંચેરજી કાવસજી મરઝબાને ડુંગરીપર પડી ગયલાં ત્રણ ઘરોની હોનારતમાં કચડાઈ મુવેલાં માણસોને શોધી કહાડવાનું કામ રાત ને દીવસ ચાલુ નહી રાખ્યું તે સામે સખત ફરયાદ ઉઠાવવામાં આવે છે અને તે શરમ ભરેલું અને નાલેસી સરખું સમજવામાં આવે છે.]

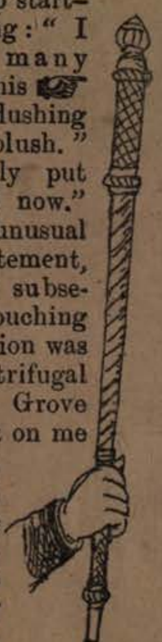
Disgusted with Himself.—Detective: "It is a rather curious thing, your worship, that the prisoner packed up a lot of electro-plate for removal, but failed to notice a cash-box containing a large sum in notes and gold."—Prisoner: "You don't mean to say so! Commit me for trial at once. I deserve something heavy for being such a fool."

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(By a Corporator Fainéant.)

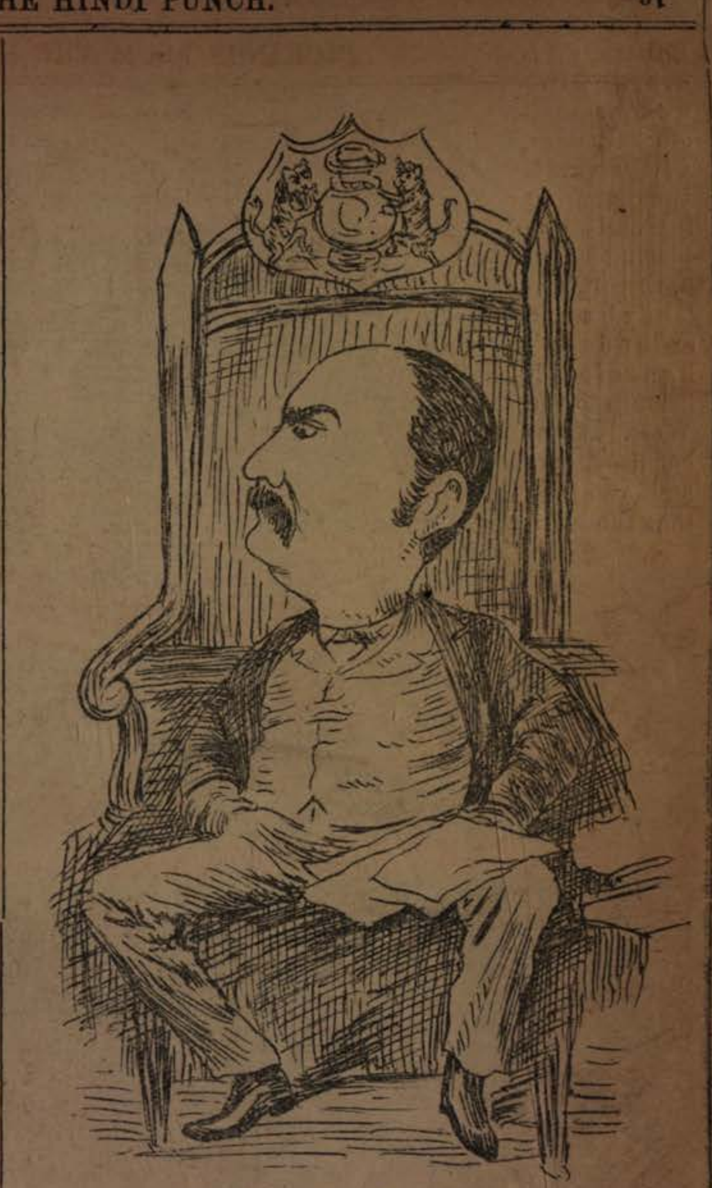
Monday, 8th July.—We began to-day very humanely with bye-laws relating to slaughter-houses. This sounds very much like a contradiction in terms, but those who remember that there are such things as codes of honour among thieves will be at no loss to grasp the idea. It is true that while the slaughter-houses remain, the laws relating to them cannot be deemed perfect, but animals, like men, ought to be thankful for small mercies, and if the hog cannot remain whole, he ought to be content to be cut up according to the laws enacted by a philanthropic municipality.

We next considered the desirability of employing a staff for working the gully-flushing pumps. As you are aware, in common with so many of my colleagues, I am not in the habit of obtruding my views on the Corporation, but in the midst of the discussion on this subject, I could not help starting up notes in hand and exclaiming: "I hope this staff of ours, unlike so many others, will prove more efficient than this ☞ otherwise the pumps, instead of flushing the gulleys, will make our cheeks blush." "However that may be," impertinently put in a wag, "*you* certainly look flushed now." This was a libel, but unfortunately my unusual excitement lent some colour to the statement, which received further support from my subsequent conduct. While I was engaged in touching up the above illustration, the Corporation was discussing trollies for mounting centrifugal pumps formerly in use at the Love Grove Pumping Station. Generally the effect on me of such tremendous topics is soporific, but the words trolly and Love Grove, falling incoherently from time to time on my ears, suggested, by a somewhat curious association of ideas, to my poetic mind the nursery rhyme of the amatory frog. The impulse was irresistible. I never thought of resisting but if I had, I don't think I could have resisted it. To the horror of the President in particular and my friends in general, and to the infinite amusement of the wag alluded to above, I began trolling forth in the full *eclat* of my cracked voice:—



A frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Trowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
With a trowley powly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Antony Trowley!

It was long before the House recovered from this, but the longest alley has a turning and the longest song an end, and at last we returned to business. The question of the grant of personal allowance to the Commissioner's Hindoo Head Clerk coming up before us,



The horror of the President!

the proposed grant was supported by several of the Hindoo members of the Corporation. To Mr. Hamilton's legal mind, this support did not appear impartial enough, and he gave it as his opinion in so many words. This was rather personal. So was the allowance, you will say. But that is no reason. Mr. Hamilton might remember that if his countrymen followed his principle, there would be very few people to recommend them. To quote but one instance, our cosmopolitan Mr. Mehta excepted, who were loudest in Mr. Acworth's praise, if not his own countrymen? It is hard to be obliged to say this, but "be Kent unmannerly when Lear is mad."

CHOW-CHOW.

The "barbaric splendour" of the West.

Talk of the gorgeous East and its "barbaric splendour!" The tide is rolling the other way and the wealth of Ind—the little that is left—continues to flow westward. Gold—the precious metal—is already exhausted and poor Sir Richard Temple has now to talk of hoarded or buried *food grains* where he before tempted the cupidity of his listeners with glowing accounts of buried *treasure*. Precious metals and precious stones are fast disappearing from Hind's treasure-chest and the

country is overflowing with glass and crockery ware. Civilization is thus pouring in and displacing barbarism. The "barbaric splendour" henceforth belongs to the West. It was her neck, ears and wrists that the British dame heretofore chiefly decked with jewellery—only occasionally varying the process by trimming her dress with rich pearls. In the abundance of her wealth she now decorates her very *shoes*! Here is a cutting:

"A West End bootmaker has been making some startling statements to a *Cassell's*



OUR COSMOPOLITAN MR. MEHTA.

Saturday Journal representative as to the huge sums which some of the aristocracy spend on shoes, and especially on slippers. Only the other day a countess, whose name is familiar to everyone, had a pair of slippers made which were decorated in a picture pattern, like a pair of worked slippers, with precious stones, these being largely rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The result was exceedingly beautiful, but the cost was over £4,500! The present Dowager Countess of—some years ago had made a pair of slippers in which she was to appear as Cinderella at a fancy dress ball given by the Duke of Manchester." The slippers were one mass of diamonds, the value of the stones being considerably over £12,000, whilst the cost of mounting them was upwards of £150."

Ye Christian Missionaries, philanthropists and reformers! Lecture the Indians no more on the weakness of their women-folk for jewellery!

* * *

Poor albion.

AND yet England must be poor, seeing she is unable to entertain her Kabuli guest without begging for funds. Hind will, as a matter of course, open her purse; but Mr.—now Sir Henry—Fowler, a member of the British Cabinet, hard-pinched, could not resist the necessities of poverty, and actually begged for alms from Mr. Webb and other hon'ble members, in order to feast Shahzada Nusserallahkhan, the Afghan prince. Cruel necessity! Before the world had quite forgotten the humiliating sight of Mr. Fowler at the feet of Miss Lancashire for a few votes, begged in the name and for the discomfiture of Hind, he is once more on his knees with his hat upturned!

* * *

Tramway martyrs.

WHAT expressions of glee and exultation do we find in certain quarters on the conviction of a Tramway servant for assaulting a passenger! Mr. *Punch* always thought sevice in tram-cars promoted the virtue of humility; but then even a worm will sometimes turn. Thou mour, and often to bear the insolence of, thousands of masters daily—of some perhaps who never owned a servant until they bought the two-pice ticket for a ride in the car,—is more than flesh can endure. To the Tramway conductor from morn to midnight it is a continuous propitiation of the exacting crowd with sweet words—" Baba," " Meeya," " Janab," " Shetji'" and " Rao Sahib"! There is seldom a word of sympathy from the passengers for this much abused poor drudge, who stands constantly in dread of " reepotes" (complaints) and trembles at the thought of appearing before the morning Court of Inquiry at Colaba to be fined for his " cheek." One-tenth of this treatment, this discipline, this regard for the good opinion of the public—the real master—would transform our policemen and railway officials into model public servants. This, however, cannot be. The atmosphere pervading these American tram-cars is wonderfully invigorating. The moment a weak, ragged, mendicant, with a half-anna piece of copper in his pocket, steps on the foot-board of the tram-car, he begins to realize his rights as a citizen and sets about enforcing them. In another place, perhaps, a sturdier fellow will cower before an insolent policeman, or if happening to be in a crowded railway compartment, will meekly submit to be packed like sheep in a cattle van. The bravado of the tram-car is an arrant coward on the railway platform and a slave in the railway carriage.

* * *

Tardy submission of Health Reports.

DR. ISMAIL JAN MAHOMED wants to know why there should be such unconscionable delay in the submission, to the Civic Father, of the quarterly Health Statistical Report? The worthy Doctor apparently forgets that it is no easy matter to prepare a medical case carefully without questioning or consulting the patient. Various circumstances in the life of the sufferer have to be noted and thought over besides the symptoms and the treatment followed. This consultation is not easy where the sufferers have shuffled off the mortal coil and gone to the bourne whence no traveller returns. *How* it all came about and *why* they chose to kick the bucket in a particular place and season, thus adding to the swelling figures in the mortality return, must be accurately ascertained. Through what medium, occult or otherwise, and in what time—six, twelve or eighteen months—these data are obtained, it would be interesting to know if Dr. Ismail succeeds in his interpellation; but delay there must be!

(*Hindi Punch*, 14-7-95.)

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

THE ways of stories are at all times inscrutable. I have myself—I confess it without a blush—deliberately invented and spread abroad a story about a semi-public dinner. I did so merely because it struck me as containing elements of humour. Besides, it not only might have happened, but ought to have happened. A year or two later six gentlemen, who had been present when the incident did not occur, related it back to me, each one with a little special embellishment of his own. Some of them were magistrates, most of them were fathers of families, and all were honourable men. Yet they were all prepared to stake their reputations on the absolute veracity of this myth; and, what is even more curious, they retailed it to its inventor and disseminator.

THEY TALK IT OVER.—" I hear you've had a bereavement ?"—" Yes."—" Lost your wife, so I'm told ?"—" Unfortunately."—" Sorry I did not attend the funeral."—" Funeral! She isn't burried!"—"Er—I—I—don't understand. Not buried ?"—" Oh, dear no! You'll find her cricketing, cycling, franchising, or some fine thing or other."—" Heavens, man! I thought you were a widower ?"—" So I am."—" Hang it all! What the deuce are you driving at ?"—" The difference between a New Woman and a *wife*."—" My dear fellow, you have my heartiest sympathy!"

A NEW HEALTH RESORT.—(Two City men meet.)—" I suppose you'll soon be thinking about the sea-side ?"—" H'm! All depends on the date-rate."—" Death-rate! What the dickens do you mean ?"—" Simply that 14 decimal odd in 1,000 wants a lot of beating; and while London remains at that figure I've not the slightest intention of risking my health at some insalubrious watering-place."

Unlucky Speeches.—"Many happy returns of the day!" says the bashful Jones to fair bride on the occasion of her third marriage.

Unlucky Speeches.—Host: "You'll have a nice drive home!"—Guest: "Yes; that's the best of it!"

How to Fix the Happy Day.—Q.: When's the best day for a wedding?—A.: Why, of course, "a *Weddin's day.*"

Sundered Lives.—Bertie: "I thought you two never met without kissing. Anything the matter? The green-eyed monster?"—Muriel: "No, you silly! Hats."

A Late-at-Night Riddle.—Q.: Why is it probable that the supper provided by the Royal Academicians for their guests at their *soiree* would be chiefly or entirely vegetarian?—A.: Because all the dishes are "R. A. dishes."

Omniscience.—Son of the house: "I'm going to Oxford for a week, Mary, so mind and send my letters there. *You* know where Oxford is?"—Mary Elizabeth Jane (the smart new parlourmaid who knows everything): "Yes, sir. *Cambridge*, of course!"

How Romantic!—She: "I say, *this* is pretty awful! Poor little Miss Messup!—It says here that 'shortly after the wedding she discovered he wasn't really a baron'!"—He: "Well. Think of the poor Johnny when *he* found out she wasn't really an heiress!"

A Story of Waterloo (with Variations).—Porter: "Last train just gone, sir; next one hour an' forty-five minutes!"

We've got a new slavey. And now I know why the large coffee cups are called breakfast cups. Even the tea-cups are now breakfast cups too.

Domestic.—Mrs. Bicker: "But you have such an immense belief in your own judgment, my love!"—Mr. B.: "No, my angel, I haven't. Not since I married you."

Up to His Tricks.—Policeman: "The next time I catch you playing on here I'll take that whip and top off you!"—Tommy: "Crikey, Bill! 'e wornts to play isself!"

The Reply Courteous.—Scene: Gallery door of theatre. Crowd going in. Old lady (to Cooper, who has been pushing): "Allow me to tell you that you're *no man*"—Cooper (with a smile of infinite sweetness): "Well, you know, if it comes to that neither are you."

No Mystery.—She: "Do you know, Mr. Smithly, you painters are a perfect enigma to me. You work about a month in twelve, turn out one picture or so, and then seem perfectly satisfied. What you do during the other eleven months goodness only knows!—I don't."—He: "You'd soon learn, though, if you'd the said picture to sell!"

Trying It On.—"I want a hat suitable for a lady of about forty."—"Certainly, madam, I suppose you would like to try it on."—"Certainly not. It is for my mother."

Light is said to travel to the earth at the rate of twelve million miles a minute. No wonder the advocates of rapid communication are in favour of light railways.

"There," said our own dear Mrs. Malaprop, as she laid down a contemporary, "just think; during the 18 years ending June 30th, 1890, no fewer than 1,826 persons were killed by cyclones in the United States. Ah! I always said they was dangerous, and, now the girls has took to ride 'em, there will be more, notwithstanding irrational costumes. There's millenniums more now."

At a Seaside Boarding House.—Hostess: "One thing I can declare, and that is that the water here is absolutely pure. We filter it till it has neither taste nor colour."—Boarder: "Do you filter your coffee also?"

Medical.—Doctor: "Why, he is quite delirious! You should have called me in while he was still in his proper senses."—Mrs. Kilburn: "But when he is in his proper senses he will not allow a doctor to enter the house."

Mary Ann: "Mrs. Wilkins presents her compliments, and would be glad to hear how Mr. Combe is getting on."—Mrs. Combe: "He is very bad indeed. Any moment may prove his last."—Mary Ann: "Do you think I had better wait for a little?"

At a Problem Play.—Mr. Caulfield: "Try and look a little more interested."—Mrs. Caulfield: "I don't think I can. The play is so bad."—Mr. Caulfied: "No doubt; but you must endeavour to try and imagine that we are getting some value for our money."

Maxims for Mean Men.

Yes, use that dirty envelope. When your friend receives the letter he is bound to think it was soiled by the postman.

Have a cigar case with a very complex fastening, over which yor bungle and growl. This will generally draw a cigar from a friend who wants you to "light up and come on."

Never be such a fool as to have smaller change than half a sovereign about you when you have offered to share the hansom that is just going to set you down.

Always wait and be last to leave a railway carriage. It is safest, and you can then take all the newspapers that are left, and *may* get an umbrella.

Le Premier Pas.—Young bud: "What is the first step to take in the management of a husband?"—Old maid: "Get one."

He (in a shower): "Pray, can't I offer you my umbrella?"—She (demurely): "Thank you very much. Half of it will do."

Quite Prepared.—He (to *debutante* at her first ball): "Are you engaged?"—She (shyly): "No: but it—it must be—just lovely!"

An Explanation.—Mamma: "My dear, do you know wherein virtue lies?"—Daughter: "Yes, when it tells a rich old man that it loves him!"

A Matter of Business.—Mrs. Swelle: What seaside place are you recommending this summer, doctor?"—Doctor (smiling blandly): "I—er—haven't made arrangements with any as yet!"

Caution.—He (rapturously): "How beautiful you are! Just to gaze into your eyes intoxicates me."—She (in alarm): "Hush—sh—sh. Don't speak of it. This is a Local Veto town, and I may be locked up and fined."



HEAVILY HANDICAPPED.

Plucky girl! So fettered, and yet ready to run the race, and hopeful of winning it too.

[The proceedings of the meeting of the Bomba y Mill-Owners' Association fully testify to the fact that the Bombay Mill Industry is still capable of holding its own against all odds.]

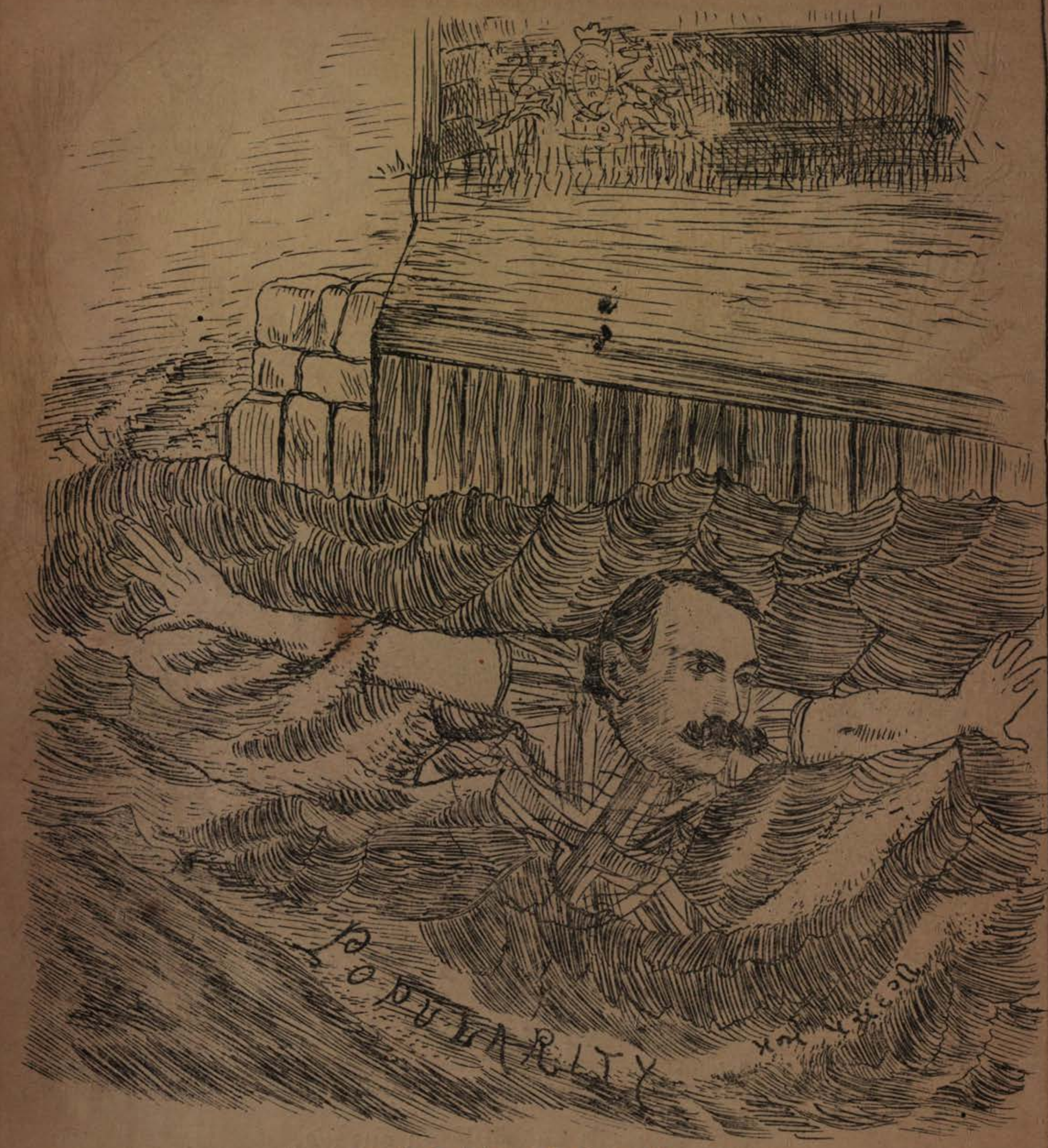
ભારે વજન અને ભારે બેડીઓના ભાર તળે.

ભારે વજન અને ભારે બેડીઓના બોજા છતાં, આ હીમતવાન છોડી શરતમાં દોડવાને તઇયારજ છે અને વળી તેમાં જીત મેળવવાની આશા રાખે છે.

[મુંબઈની મીલ-ઓનરસ એસોસીએશનની સભામાં ચાલેલાં કામકાજ ઉપરથી આટલું તો ખાતરીપુરવક દીસેછે કે, મુંબઈના મીલ ઉદ્યોગને કચડી નાખવાની સઘળી જાતની વીરૂધ કોશેશો છતાં તે તેમની સામે ટકી રેહેવાની શકતી ધરાવે છે.]

HIS FIRST PLUNGE.

["His Excellencey Lord Sandhurst has become the patron of the Bombay Swimming Bath. "—*Newspaper.*]



પાણીમાં પેહેલ વેહેલી ડુબકી.

[નામદાર ગવરનર લાર્ડ સેંડહર્સ્ટ મુંબઇનાં " સ્વીમીંગ બાઠ " ના " પેત્રન " થયા છે.—વરતમાનપત્ર.]

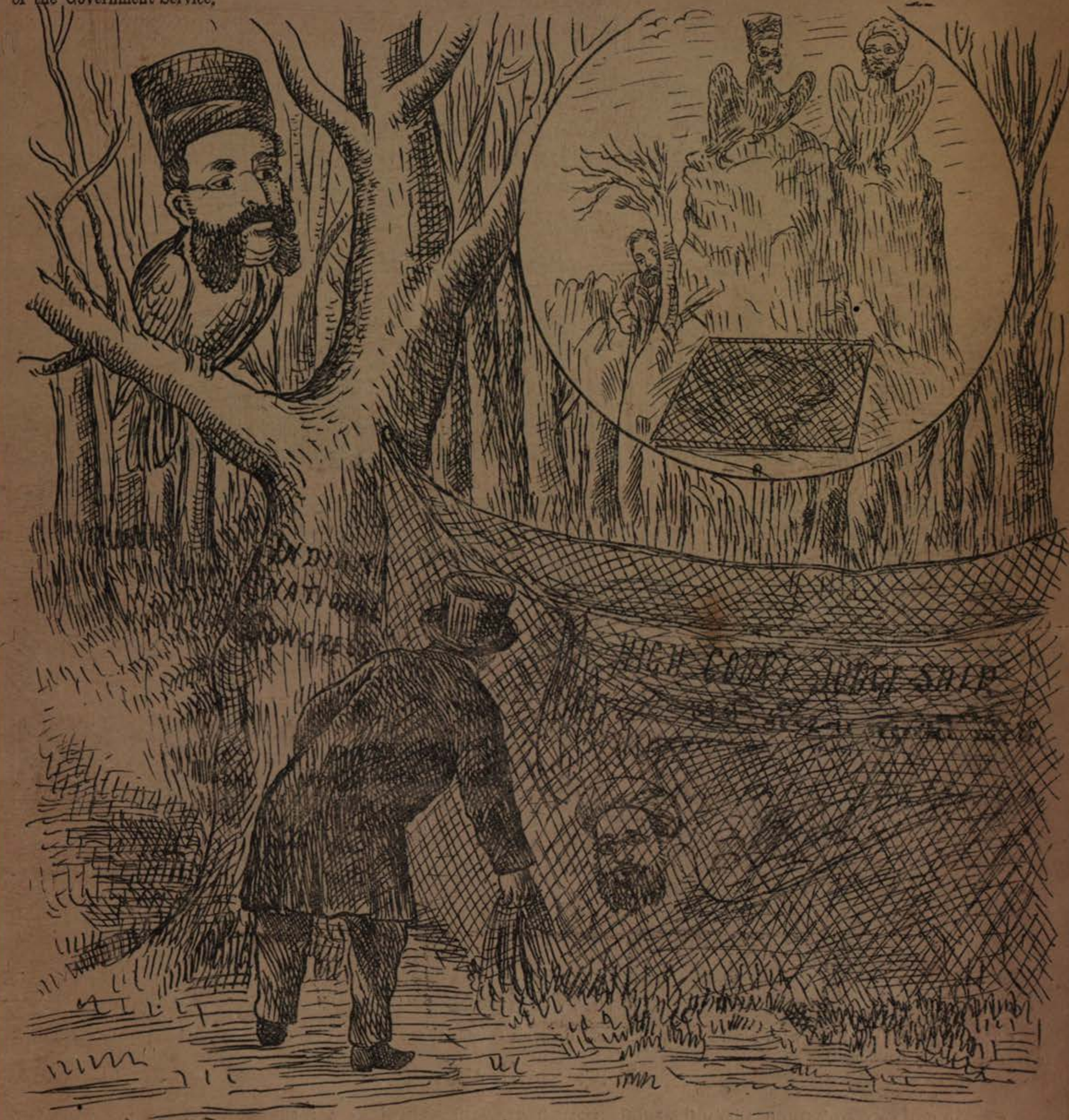
ROUGH.—She : " Did my voice fill the drawing-room?" —He : " Yes, and it filled the conservatory and garden—everyone went out there."

A FRIENDLY LEAD.—He : " What besides the date do they usually put in engagement-rings ?"—She (pointedly) : " Fingers."

YET ANOTHER !

(*SEQUEL TO THE CARTOON "CAUGHT:" VIDE "HINDI PUNCH," OCTOBER,* 1887.)

[One of the best Congress leaders—the late Mr. K. T. Telang—was raised to the High Court Bench some time ago. Now another equally distinguished leader—Mr. B. Tyabjee—is elevated to the same proud position, and there only remains Mr. P. M. Mehta to be caught in the net of the Government Service.



એક બીજું પંખેરૂં જાળમાં સપડાયું !

[અકટોબર ૧૮૮૯ નાં "હીંદી પંચ" માં આવેલાં "જાળમાં સપડાયલું પંખેરૂં" વાળાં ચીત્રનું જોડયું ચીત્ર.]

[કાનગરેસના એક આગેવાન-મરહુમ મી૦ કાશીનાથ ત્રીમબક તેલંગને ૧૮૮૯ માં હાઈ કોરટનાં ન્યાયાસન ઉપર બીરાજમાન કરવામાં આવ્યા હતા. તે પછી હમણુ તેવાજ એક બીજા માનવંતા આગેવાન-મી૦ બદરૂદીન તઈયબજીને એજ માનવંતા મરતબાપર ચહડાવવામાં આવ્યા છે, અને સરકારી નોકરીની જાળમાં સપડાવા માટે મી૦ ફીરોઝશાહ મેહરવાનજી મે હે તે એકલા બાકી રહ્યા છે.]



HATCHING.

[The attitude of the Porte with regard to Armenia and Bulgaria creates the gravest anxiety in Europe, and the political outlook is considered very ominous.]

સેવણ બેઠેલી ટરકી.

[આરમીનીયા અને બલગેરીયાના સંબંધની ટરકીની સરકારની વરતણુકથી યુરોપમાં બહુ ગંભીર ચીંતા પેદા થઈ છે, અને ત્યાંને રાજદ્વારી મામલો અત્યંત અશુભ ચીનહો દેખાડનારો થઈ પડયો છે.]

HIS REASON.—(Fact). The Member for North-South Blankshire : "Gentlemen, you twit me with having turned my coat. Years ago I supported this measure. Then I had a reason. But now. gentlemen, I have lost my reason !" [And he wondered at the deafening smile that pervaded the meeting.]

THE TRUTH.—"Hullo, Hopper ! You out at night ! How did you manage it ?"—"I told my wife that I had it go out on a message of mercy."—"I did not think you would tell such a lie."—"It isn't a lie."—"How so ?"—"You can't deny that it is a mercy to me to find myself out of the house in the evening for once in a way."



"IT IS NOT SO NOMINATED IN THE BOND."

Mr. Punch. (To the Executive Engineer)—What, knocking off work, and all this debris to clear away, and bodies, dead or alive, to remove or extricate! *This* is where duty points to, not home to your comforts yet, my dear sir.

Mr. M. C. M-rzb-n.—Duty, perhaps as you understand it, not as I take it, and the Law is on my side.

Mr. P.—Then the Law is a greater ass than I took him for, and we must see that he mends his ways.

[At the Coroner's inquest regarding the Dongree Street catastrophe, Khan Bahadoor Muncherjee Cowasjee Murzban, the Executive Engineer, Bombay Municipality, said that under the existing law the duty of removing the debris, or the dead bodies of persons killed by falling houses, does not devolve on the building department of the Municipality.]

"કાયદામાં એમ કાંહ લખેલું છેજ !"

મીૢ પંચ-(મ્યુનીસીપલ એકઝીક્યુટીવ ઈજનેરને) શું તમે કામ નાખીને ચાલ્યા ? આ પડી ગયલાં ઘરનો બધો કાટ ખીસાડવાનો છે, ને તેની નીચે દબાયલાં માણસોને મુવાં કે જીવતાં હજી તો બાહાર કહાડવાનાં છે, તે સઘળું મુકીને શું તમે ઘરે સીધારો છો ? મારા સાહેબ, પેહેલાં આ કામમાં તમારી ફરજ બજાવો, પછી ઘેર જઈને મીષ્ટાન જમો અને છતર પલંગપર આરામ કરો.

મીૢ મં. કા. મુરઝબાન-તમે એમાં મારી ફરજ સમજતા હશો, સાહેબ; પણ કાયદો જુવો,-એ કંઈ મારી ફરજ નથી.

મીૢ પંચ-ત્યારે તો કાયદો કેહેા સરવેથી મોટો ગધો છે! ખચીત સરવેથી પેહેલાં તેને સીધી રાહપર લાવવો જોઈશે.



A FINAL KICK!

"Out you go, you good-for-nothing rascal!"

[The Bombay Government have finally decided against legislating for the prevention of frauds in cotton. A despatch to the effect has been sent to the Secretary of State.]

છેલ્લી છેલ્લી એક કકડાવી કહાડેલી લાત !

"નીકળ અહીંથી, લુચ્ચા કંગાળ, તારૂં કાળું કર ! તું એક ફુટી બદામનેબી કામનો નથી !"

[રૂમાં થતી ભેળસેળ અટકાવવાનો કાયદો બાંધવાનું મુંબઈ સરકારે સેવટનું માંડી વાલ્યું છે. એ મતલબનો એક ડેસપાચ હીંદુસ્તાન ખાતાંના પ્રધાન ઉપર તેણે મોકલી આપ્યો છે.]



PLAYING DISCORDANT MUSIC;

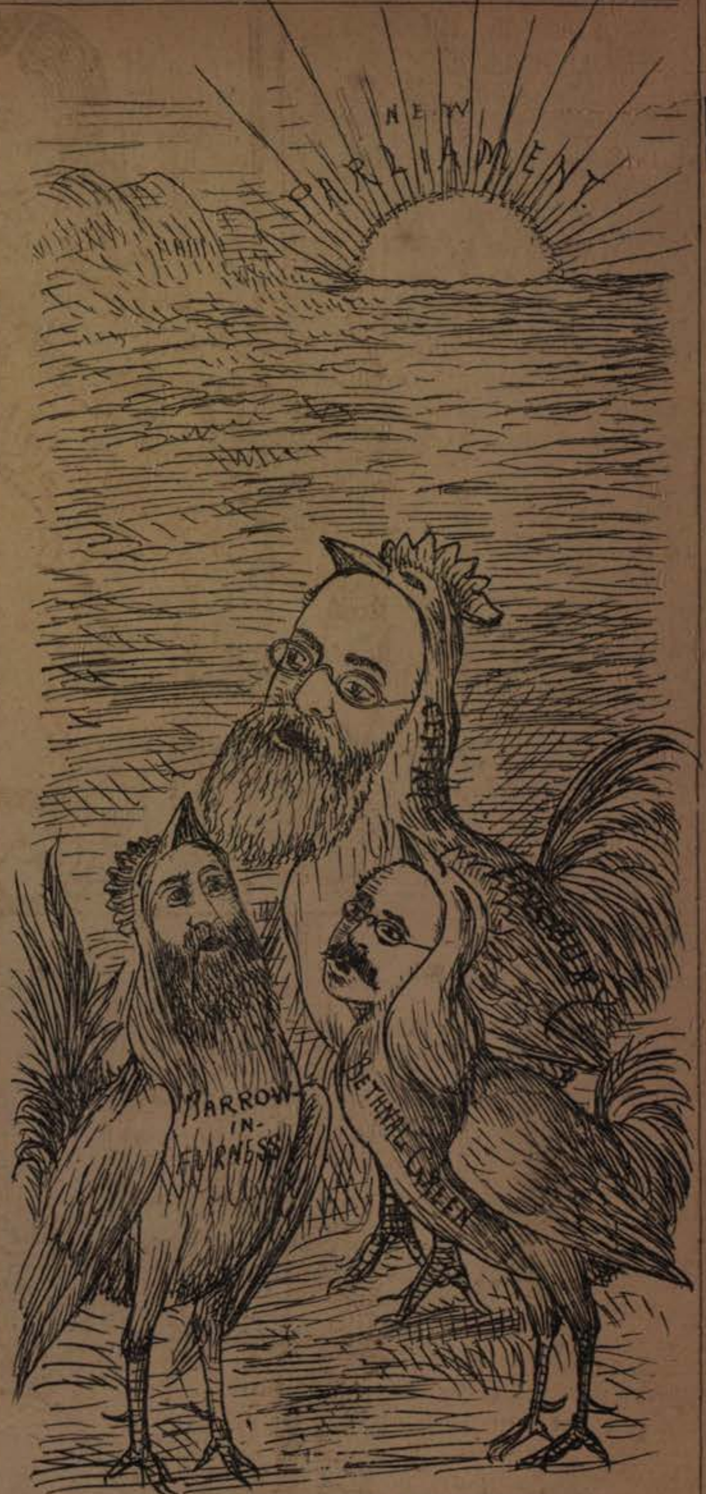
OR, TRYING TO BREAK THE NAGARA.

[Dissensions between the factions of the Maratha and Gujerati Hindu officials in Baroda are raging so fiercely, that sinister rumours of the State being placed under a joint administrator are being freely circulated.]

બેતાલું અને બેસુરૂં ગાયન;

અથવા, નગારાંને ફાડી નાખવાની કોશેશ.

[વડોદરામાં મરાઠા અને ગુજરાતી હીંદુ અમલદારોના પક્ષો વચ્ચે એટલી મોટી કુટફાટ ચાલે છે કે, એ રાજ્યને એક જોઈંટ એડમીનીસટરેટરના હસ્તકમાં વટીક મેલવામાં આવશે એવા નઠારી અફવાઓ ઘણી છુટથી ફેલાવવામાં આવે છે.]



SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE:

OR, THE INDIAN COCKS IN ENGLAND.

(With apologies to Tenniel.)

[The elections for a new Parliament commenced yesterday, and the Indian candidates—Mr. Dadabhai Naorojee, Mr. Womesh Chandra Bonnerjee and Mr. Muncherjee Merwanjee Bhownagree,—have addressed their respective constituents. The Bombay Presidency Association has sent messages of thanks to the electors of Central Finsbury and of Barrow-in-Furness for respectively allowing Mr. Dadabhai Naorojee and Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee, both thoroughly representative men, to stand as candidates for the new Parliament.] (*Hindi Punch*, 14 7-95.)

સુરજ ઉગવા આગમજનાં ગાયનો;

અથવા, ઈંગ્લંડમાં હીંદી મરઘાઓની કુકરેકુઉઉક.

[ઈંગ્લંડની નવી પારલામેંટ માટેની ચુંટણીનું કામ ગઈ કાલથી શુરૂ થયું છે, અને હીંદી ઉમેદવારો—મી० દાદાભાઈ નવરોજી, મી० વોમેશચંદર બાનરજી અને મી० મંચેરજી મેહેરવાનજી ભાવનગરી—એ પોતપોતાના મત આપનારાઓ હજુર ભાષણો કરયાં છે. મુંબઈની પરેસીડેનસી એસોસીએશને સેનત્રલ ફીનસબરી અને બેરો-ઈન-ફરનેસના મત આપનારાઓ જોગ તારના સંદેશા મોકલ્યા છે, અને મી० દાદાભાઈ અને મી० બાનરજી જેવા હીંદના બે પ્રતીનીધી મહસ્થોને પોતા તરફના પારલામેંટ માટેના ઉમેદવાર તરીકે પસંદ કરવા માટે તેમનો તેમાં ઉપકાર માન્યો છે.] (હીંદી પંચ, ૧૪-૭-૯૫.)

INJUSTICE IN THE TEMPLE OF JUSTICE.

Miss Justitia—Go on, drink, and don't allow that blackie brother of yours to share with you!

["A Would-be Advocate" writes about the unfair treatment given to the native juniors at the Bar by the Government Solicitor and the Clerk of the Crown in not instructing them at the last Criminal Sessions, while three English juniors had more than one chance given them.]



ઈન્સાફના મંદીરમાં ગેરઈન્સાફ.

મીસ જસ્ટીશીયા—ચ લાવ, પી જા, અને પેલા તારા કાળાભાઈને તેા એમાં ભાગ પડવા દેતાેજ ના!

[સરકારી સેાલીસીટર અને હાઈ કાેર્ટના ક્લારક આફ ધી ક્રાઉન તરફથી છેલ્લી અપ્રાધીઓની છાંડણુ કરનારી સેશન્સમાં કાેઈ પણુ જુનીયર દેશી બારીસ્ટરને એક પણુ મુકદમામાં રાેકવામાં આવ્યાે નહીં અને ત્રણુ અંગ્રેજ જુનીયર બારીસ્ટરાેને એકથી વધુ મુકદમામાં "ફ્રીફ" આપવામાં આવી, તે ગેરઇનસાફ સામે એક ચરચાપત્રી સખ્ત ફરયાદ ઉઠાવે છે.]

THE NEW WOMAN.—"You're not leaving us, Jack? Tea will be here directly!"—"Oh, I'm going for a cup of tea in the servants' hall. I can't get on without female society, you know!"

A RULE OF CONDUCT.—You *say* to a man what you *couldn't* write to him; and you *write* to a man what you *wouldn't* say to him.—JAMES THE TRANQUIL PENMAN, J.P.

Boochee—Aunty dear, what will you do with all this silk?

Aunty—Embroider a fine pair of slippers as a present to your new uncle, my fiancé, on his birthday!

Boochee—Don't, aunty, don't; or he will use the slippers on you, as pa does on ma when she wants money!



બુચી—માથીધી, આએ બધાં રેશમનું તમે શું તરપેા?

માસી—એની તેા કેની તે એક સ્લીપર ભરવાની છે ને મારી સાથ અહરાયલા તારા નવા માસાનું વરસ ઉગસે તે હાહારે તેયણુને તે હું પરજેટ આપસ!

બુચી—અરે ધેા માથીધી, તમે મારૂં માનેા તેા એમ બેમ તંઈથ તરતાં ના, નહી તેા માથાથી એ થીતીપર તમારા વ બરડાપર લેથે, ને ધેમ માયથી પઈયા માધવા ધાયત ને બાવા તીરહઈને માયને થીલી પર થીલીપરે ધેાથી તાહારેત તેમ તમુનેબી માધા ધેાથીએા થી તાહારથે તેા ઓધધા!

WHAT a charming surprise it is, to a man who has looked to his bicycle for two hours' peace and liberty a day, to come down on his birthday and find that his wife and his mother-in-law have taken lessons in secret, and will henceforth go with him always and everywhere!

MEM. BY AN UNLUCKY AMATEUR DABBLER IN THE CITY.—To go in for "Specs" is short-sighted policy.

AN OPPORTUNITY NOT TO BE MISSED.—Tired reviewer (to anxious author): "Ah! old fellow! I'm fagged out! Come and dine with me to-night? Sorry to give you such short notice."—Anxious author: "'Short notice!' Oh, please, never do *that*," [Exeunt together.]



THE JACKDAW AND THE PEACOCK.

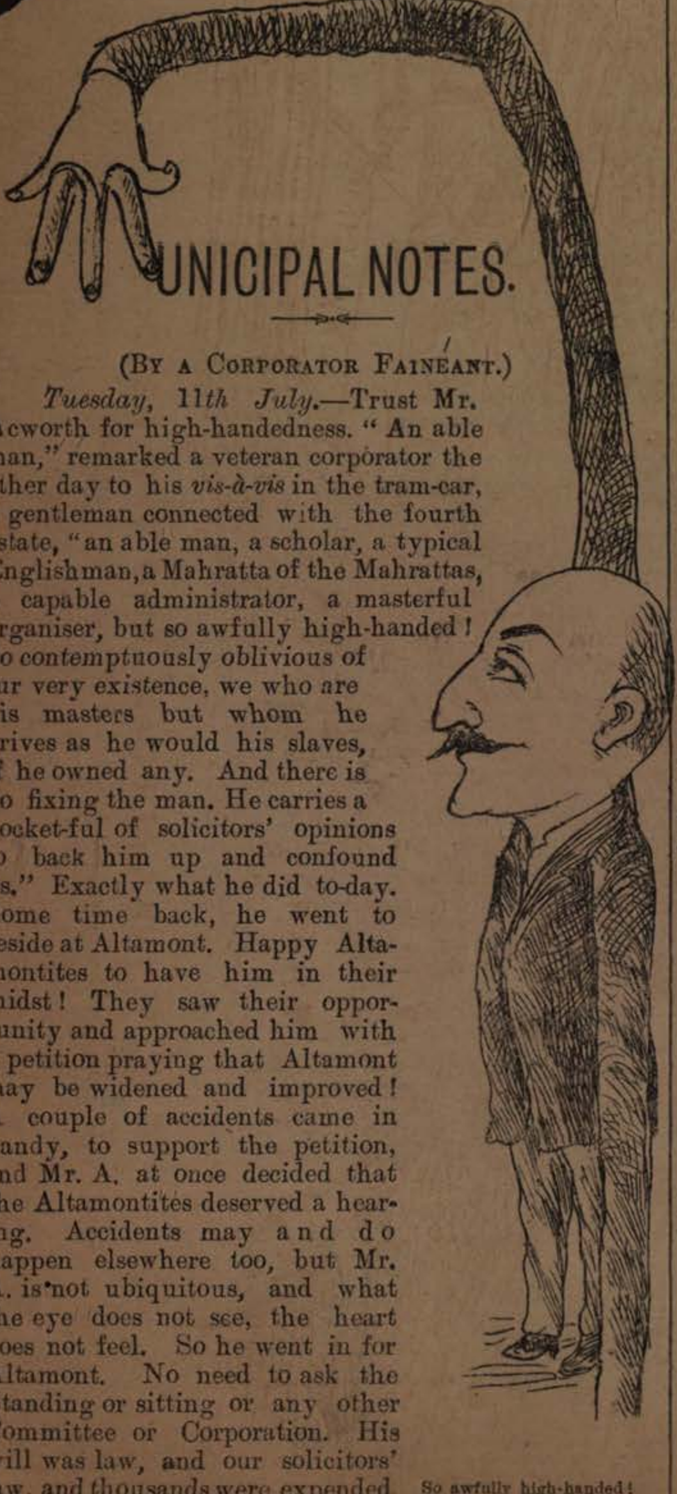
[The Bombay Press is unanimous in saying that the honour of Knighthood conferred on Sir Jehangir Cowasjee Jehangir is not deserved.]

કાગડો અને મોર.

[મુંબઈના છાપા એકમતે જણાવે છે કે સર જેહાંગીર કાવસજી જેહાંગીરને નાઈટહુડનો જે ખેતાબ બખશવામાં આવ્યો છે, તેને તેઓ લાયક નથી.]

A RUSSIAN professor of dancing has invented a dance alphabet. Probably the leading letters are L. E. G.

[illegible] Miss, this sherry of your seems to be very weak."— [illegible] ou want something strong, why don't you order



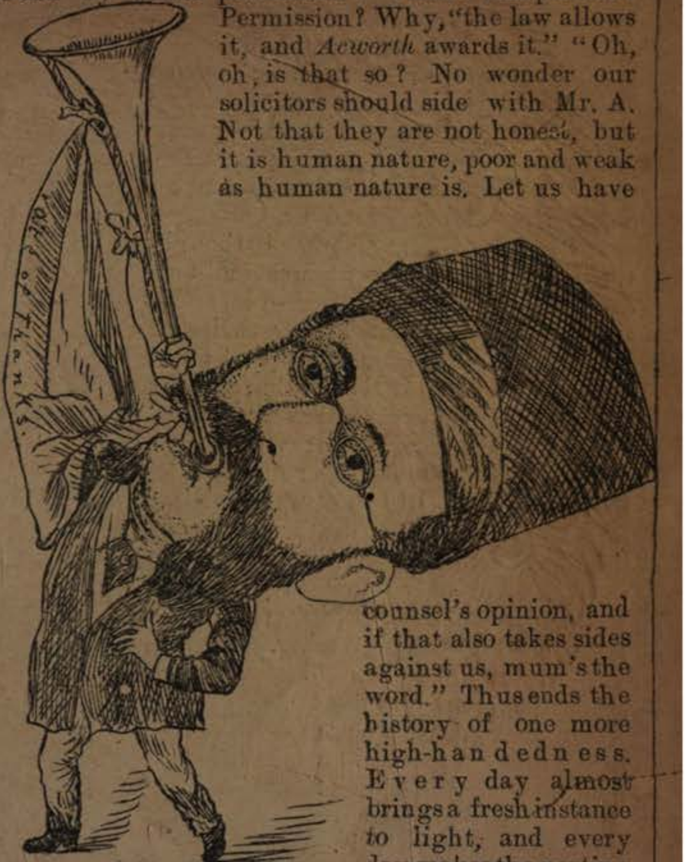
UNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Tuesday, 11th July.—Trust Mr. Acworth for high-handedness. "An able man," remarked a veteran corporator the other day to his *vis-à-vis* in the tram-car, a gentleman connected with the fourth estate, "an able man, a scholar, a typical Englishman, a Mahratta of the Mahrattas, a capable administrator, a masterful organiser, but so awfully high-handed! So contemptuously oblivious of our very existence, we who are his masters but whom he drives as he would his slaves, if he owned any. And there is no fixing the man. He carries a pocket-ful of solicitors' opinions to back him up and confound us." Exactly what he did to-day. Some time back, he went to reside at Altamont. Happy Altamontites to have him in their midst! They saw their opportunity and approached him with a petition praying that Altamont may be widened and improved! A couple of accidents came in handy, to support the petition, and Mr. A. at once decided that the Altamontites deserved a hearing. Accidents may and do happen elsewhere too, but Mr. A. is not ubiquitous, and what the eye does not see, the heart does not feel. So he went in for Altamont. No need to ask the Standing or sitting or any other Committee or Corporation. His will was law, and our solicitors' law, and thousands were expended.

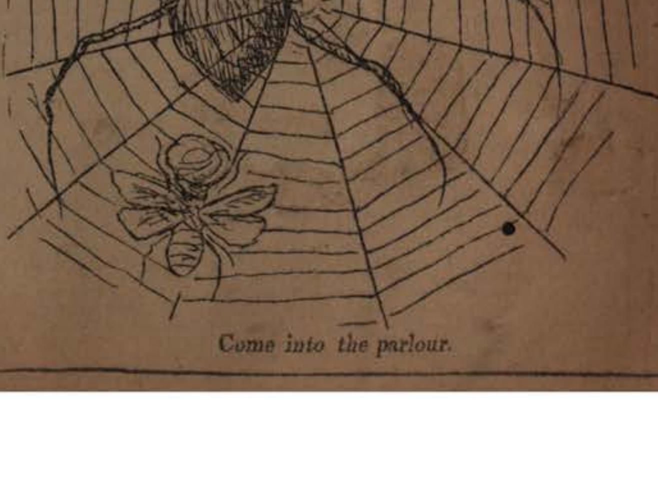
So awfully high-handed!

We ask by whose permission? Fools! Simpletons! Permission? Why, "the law allows it, and *Acworth* awards it." "Oh, oh, is that so? No wonder our solicitors should side with Mr. A. Not that they are not honest, but it is human nature, poor and weak as human nature is. Let us have counsel's opinion, and if that also takes sides against us, mum's the word." Thus ends the history of one more high-handedness. Every day almost brings a fresh instance to light, and every day makes the parting panegyric that we were befooled into passing, (thanks to Mr. Mehta), more and more undeserved. But what use crying over spilt milk—of human kindness!



Undeserved Blowing-up.

Some of us wanted to know exactly how many processes Mr. A. had fought for us, and lost, how many thousands had been spent in the fruitless efforts, what

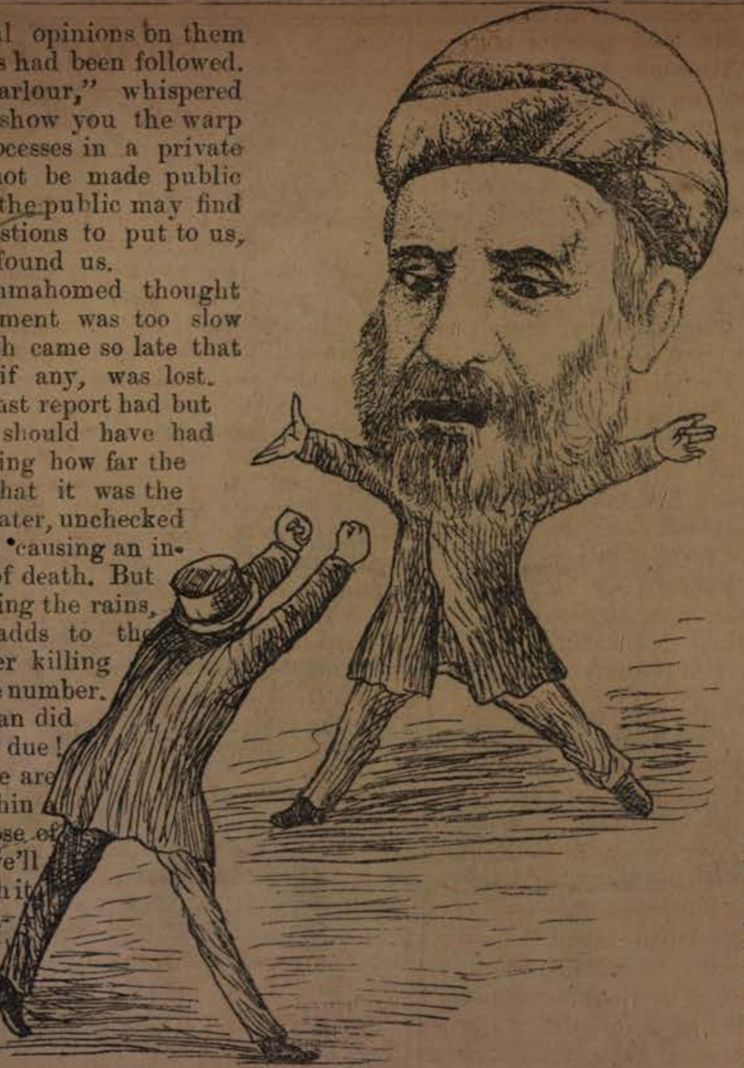


Come into the parlour.

had been the legal opinions on them and if the opinions had been followed. "Come into the parlour," whispered Mr. Snow, "and I'll show you the warp and woof of the processes in a private way. They must not be made public property." No, or the public may find some awkward questions to put to us, and confuse and confound us.

Dr. Ismail Janmahomed thought the Health Department was too slow over its report, which came so late that all the point of it, if any, was lost. For instance, if the last report had but come in time, we should have had opportunities of judging how far the complaint was true that it was the waste of Municipal water, unchecked by meters, that was causing an increased percentage of death. But the report comes during the rains, when nature only adds to the waste, without however killing more than the average number. In fact, fewer die than did when the report was due! Well, next time, we are going to have it within a month after the close of the quarter, and we'll know how to deal with it.

It was Dr. Bahadurji's turn next to ask a number of questions, and he was still asking when I left, for my notes had swelled inordinately.



Attack and defence.

Monday, 15th July.—Dr. Bahadurji again, who, having made our printing contracts his specialty, asked any number of questions relative to them, but when Mr. Snow good-naturedly rose to answer, or rather, *fell* to answering them he would not hav[...] Nothing short [...] report would satis[...] President saw n[...] to Mr. Snow's offer orally, an honest ma[...] being as good as his[...] But we have contracted [...] great a fondness for written reports, to give one up when we have an opportunity of getting it, and we decided in this case to have one. No harm certainly, it's only one report the more, if the questions were but reasonable. There was one, however, which struck me as not being such. Among other things, Mr. Snow is to state why Mr. Acworth had not brought a certain condition to our notice, the condition which made the discount payable to us dependent upon the quantity of printing work given. As if there could be any reason for his keeping the condition quiet, but the sweet will and pleasure of him that drank no water! To any one intimate with the shortcomings of Mr. Drinoter, the hardship of making his successor answerable for his faults, in addition to his own, will at once become apparent. Snow, like charity, hides a multitude of ugly things, but if Mr. Snow is wise, he will decline to accept the responsibility of Mr. Acworth's many sins of omission and commission. Let's await the report. The *report!*

> Fired at the sound, my genius spreads its wing,
> And flies to Tramways at the word of Mien.



Very much mixed.

Our tramways, it appears, have not only commenced running on more extensive lines, but also in wider grooves. This latter is not an improvement, as might appear at first sight, but quite the reverse. It is

fraught with danger to public and private conveyances, whose tires (how very tiresome it all is, to be sure!) are not so large. Here an optimist, labouring evidently under the impression that nothing goes wrong in the world for five minutes without its being detected and set to rights, asked why the wider-grooved rails were not objected to when first laid. "Because the original sample rail was lost and nobody could tell the difference," was the reply, at which the whole hall was convulsed with laughter. Not *h*all of us though, for I didn't laugh, and I am sure I don't know what there was to laugh at. Did my sapient colleagues see any *rail*lery in it? I can't tell really. Since, however, the corporate wisdom of the city laughed, my readers would perhaps like to laugh too, and I did not want to deprive them of the opportunity. If now they have had their laugh out, I should like to proceed with my notes. Mr. Kabraji thought, for reasons of his own, that there was no mean, or should be no *Mien*, between letting the trams run in any grooves they choose, and abolishing them altogether, and cried out in their defence,

"The Tramways, you see, Gentlemen,
Come like a boon and a blessing to men,
Like the Owl, the Pickwick and Waverley pen!"

And in a far greater degree, for many more use the tram than the pen. "It is especially a blessing to the masses," emphasized Mr. Kabraji. Yes, and a very much mixed blessing too, when five truly representative *masses* are wedged tight in one form warranted to hold only four! But that's neither here nor there. We do not want to do away with the tramways, Mr. Kabraji, but only to make them mend their ways or rails. "Good you're not going to abolish them, for if they are a nuisance, as some of us want to suppose, I can prove that some one else is a greater nuisance still. The Police, for instance, in their too stringent manner of regulating the street traffic! As if the veriest coolie, the moment he was 'dressed in a little brief authority,' became transformed into an expert driver, and knew ever so much more about the exact angles at which to turn into or out of a street than all the drivers of Bombay, amateur and professional, put together! The principle is right, but the yellow-turban oversteps the bounds of zeal. Only the other day, a Parsee lady, driving to the new Maternity Hospital had her carriage so stopped in the nick of time, that it was altogether too late for the poor creature, and unpleasant consequences followed. No light matter this!" No, but our next business was,—the lighting of two obscure streets by the glare of municipal lights. So-called streets, but not strictly so in our sense of the word. Again, our light is not ordinary light. For scientific purposes it travels fast enough, but according to municipal laws, it takes 20 years, and the streets in question must wait. No great hardship either, for no M. C. or other big-wig resides there!

(*Hindi Punch*, 21-7-95.

The good people of Bethnal-green have gone and elected Mr. M. M. Bhownagree-n! A very green business, and one that bodes no good to India. *Mais que voulez-vous.* He is an Indian after all, though of a questionable type, and we must perforce accept the inevitable, *bon gré, mal gré.*

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

Two Eccentrics.—"Nice comfortable sort Hartsey must be to live with."—"Rather eccent[illegible] ain't he?"—"Well, ra-ather, if you ask me. Wh[illegible] ye he's bin a-doin' now?"—"I'd be surprised at noth[illegible]" "Well, you knows his old woman's as ill as she can be; if he ain't bin to all the undertakers in the town to [illegible] out which'll bury her the cheapest!"—"That's lively."—"That ain't all, neither, but he goes and reads 'em all out to 'er."—"What does she say?"—"Say? why, bless my soul! she's just as anxious to be buried by the cheapest as he is."

A Nation's Games.—Mr. Solomon Mosenstein-heimer laid aside his *Sportsman* and folded his spectacles. "Vell, vell, vell," said he, "vun reads a great deal apout 'a nation's games' in de papers nowadays. 'Ere's a young feller's jaw broken at football, anudder killed vilst bicyclin', three lamed at gricket, and vun proke his collar-bone at polo. Who'll deny dat der Chews shew their vunderful visdom by sticking to solo vhist?"

Careful.—"John, get up at once."—"Eh?"—"Get up at once."—"What for?"—"There are burglars downstairs."—"Well."—"Be quick, and you may save our silver yet."—"You surely do not expect a man holding the position I do in the Civil Service to risk his reputation in a fight with a low set of housebreakers? Not I. I'm going to sleep again."

Latest Fashionable Arrivals.—The Butcher, from the chops of the Channel; the Confectioner, from Bakewell; the Dentist, from the Mouth of the River Thames; the Money-lender, from Borrowdale; the Doctor, from Lancing; the Undergraduate, from Reading; the Pew-opener, from Hassock's Gate; the Tailor, from the New Cut; the Male Flirt, from Florence, Constance, Nancy, and Sophia.

Our Fashions.—Paterfamilias: Maria, how does it happen that Gladys isn't going to church with you this morning?"—Materfamilias: "You know, John, that when the other two girls go with me somebody has to stay at home. There isn't room for four pairs of sleeves in our pew."

An Intelligent Office-Boy.—"Did you post those letters which I gave you to take to the pillar-box?"—"Yes, sir. I know there are some office-boys very careless, but I am always most particular. I was careful that the envelope marked 'immediate' was the first one I put in the box."

A Night Off.—"Well, old chap, how did your wife receive you when you got home last night?"—"Wouldn't speak to me."—"Lucky dog. Mine did."

At the Seaside.—"I think the water's rather too cold for Johnny to bathe to-day."—"You needn't trouble about that. He can wear two pairs of bathing drawers."

Hard work had made them rich, in spite of her perpetual nagging. At last, when they retired, she said: "I shall change my name!" He said: "Do! Call yourself Dynamite." She said: "Why?" He said: "'Cos you're always blowing up." [The end of that drama]



WHAT THE GAE-KWAREE *GÁE* SHOULD DO ONCE FOR ALL.

The *Gáe* (cow) is traditionally supposed to be very tame and docile and hardly ever loses her temper. This Gae-kwaree *Gáe*, however, will once for all have to assert herself and finish the Party Strife fiend who teases and torments her.

ગાય-કવાડી ગાયે શું કરવું જોઈયે ?

ગાય હંમેશાં ઘણી ગરીબ અને નરમ સ્વભાવની હોય છે, અને કદાચજ તેણી પોતાનો મીજાસ ખોહે છે. પણ આ ગાય-કવાડી ગાય ને એકવાર પોતાનું બળ દેખાડવું પડશી, અને " પક્ષપક્ષની મારામારી " નો જે કંગાળ દઈત તેણીને પજવે છે અને હેરાન કરે છે, તેને એકવાર બરાબર પુરો કરી નાખવો જોઇશી.



UNA TRIUMPHANT!

[At the General Election in England the Unionists have carri[ed] the country before them.]

જયવંત "યુના"!

અથવા, લીબરલ પક્ષપર કન્સરવેટીવ પક્ષની ફતેહ.

[ઈંગલંડની નવી પારલામેંટ માટેની ચુંટણીમાં યુનીયનીસ્ટ પક્ષે હમણા સુ[ધીમાં] લીબરલ પક્ષ ઉપર ફતેહ મેળવી છે.]



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 30.

MR. LAL MOHUN GHOSE,

The *Lál* mungoose of Bengal, against whose ways and means a warning voice is raised from the Congress camp.

મી૦ પંચના ફેનસી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાં૦ ૩૦.

મી૦ લાલ મોહન ઘોસ,

બંગાલનો લાલ મંગુસ, જેની રીતભાત અને પૈસા ટકાથી સંભાળમાં રેહેવાને કાનગરેસની છાવણીમાંથી ચેતવણીનો આવાજ ઉઠાવવામાં આવ્યો છે.



THE GREEDY VULTURES:

OR, INJUSTICE IN THE TEMPLE OF JUSTICE.—No. 2.

[The controversy about the unequal treatment of the Native and European Juniors of the Bar by the Government Solicitor and Clerk of the Crown, attracts a good deal of public attention.]

ભુખ્યા ગીદરા;

અથવા, ઇનસાફદેવીના મંદીરમાં ગેરઇનસાફ.

[સરકારી વકીલ અને કલારક આફ ધી ક્રાઉન તરફથી યુરોપીયન અને દેશી જુનીયર બારીસ્ટરોને એકસરખી રીતે ફ્રીફ આપવામાં નહી આવવાના સંબંધમાં જે ચરચા ઉઠાવવામાં આવી છે, તે તરફ જાહેરમાં ઘણું ધ્યાન ખેંચાયું છે.]



"HE THAT HATH NO MUSIC," &c.

An unmarried cousin from the country, just come down to claim an inheritance left by an old aunt; a fat prize worth playing for! So she plays away at the bidding of her diplomatic ma. But he heeds her not, nor sees: he sleeps and snores, the pig, and perchance dreams of another bride, far, far away!

દોસીને માટે તેનાં કાકી અચ્છો દલ્લો મુકી ગયાં છે, જે લેવાને તે હમણાજ ગામથી આવ્યો છે. દુન્યાદારીમાં પાહારવડાં થયલાં આપણી દીનબાઈનાં માયજી એમ સમજે છે કે, તેવણની બેહેનનો આએ દીકરો તો તેવણનો બેશક એક લાયક જમાઈ થઈ પડશે. અને તેની સાથ પોતાની દીકરીનું ચોકડું ગેડરેલું ઘણુંજ બંધબેસતું ગણાવા સાથ "બેતવાદેથ" નું જોડું ખાંચસનો તેવણને સવાબ લાગશે. આથી આ સોનેરી પંખેરૂંને જાળમાં સપડાવવા માટે તેવણે પોતાની દીકરી દીનબાઈને દીકરા દોસીનો જશ છવ શીખવવા પીયાનો વગાડવા બેસાડી. પણ અરે નસીબ! દોસી નહી દીનબાઈની ગાયનકળા સાંભળતો કે નહી તેણી તરફ મેહેરબાની જોતો! જેવું ગાયન ચાલયું કે તે તો એક પાલીયા ડુકરની માફક ખુરરરરર ખુરરરરરર ઘુરવા મંડી ગયો, કેમકે—કેમકે દોસી કાકાનો ડોહો તો કેદા પોતાના ગામની એક ગોરીમાં ખોભાયલો છે!

BASTINADOED!

Lay on him thick and fast that he may soon mend his ways an means!

[The Pilgrim Bill, introduced the Imperial Legi lative Counci to make better pro vision for the regu lations of pilgrim ships, has created an uneasy impression on the part of the Mahomedans of Bombay, who are sending telegrams and memorials on the subject to the Government.]



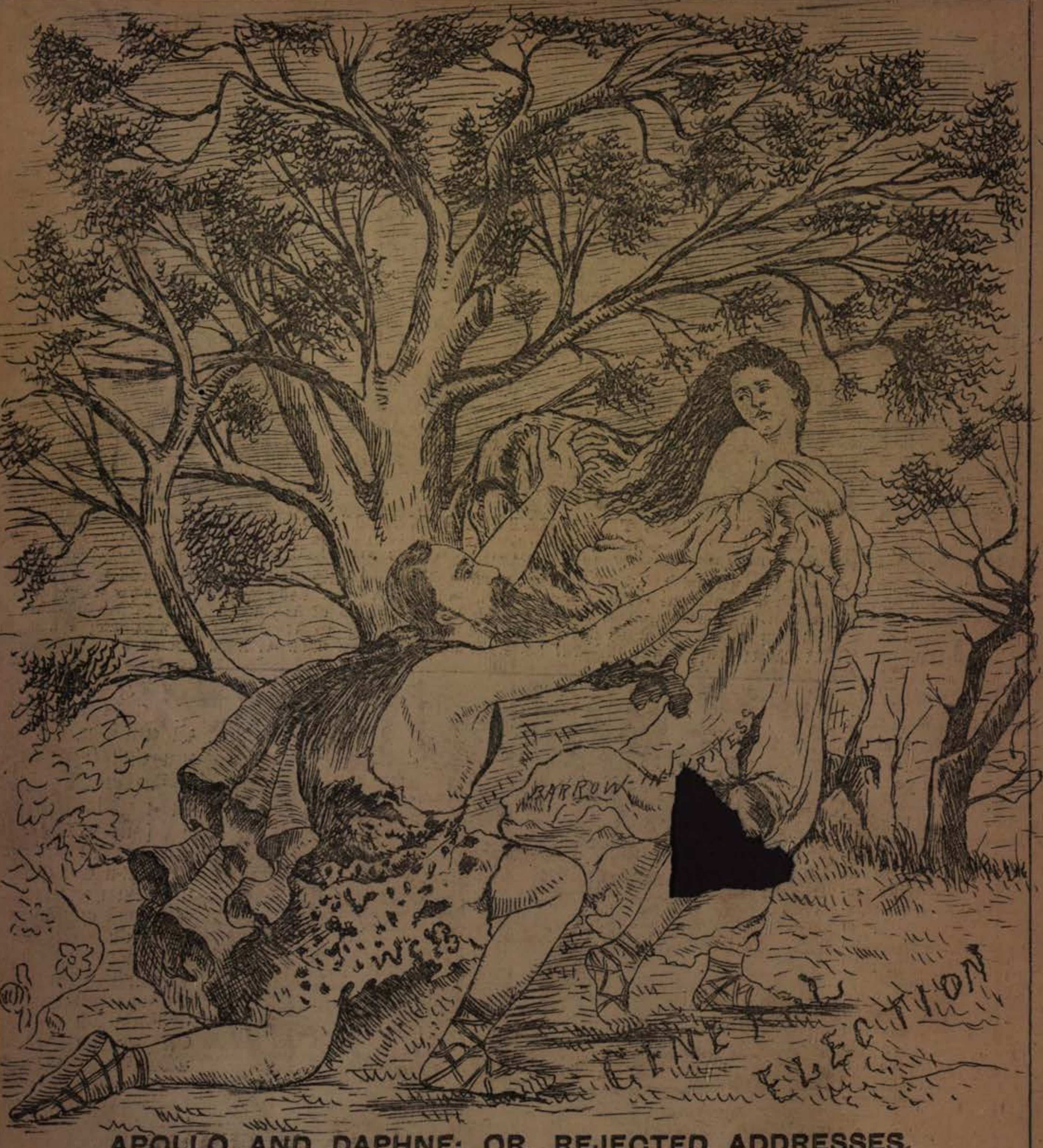
ડું દાપાક !

લગાવ બા, બોહોત જો રસે લગા દેઓ, કે એહી બદ માશ સીધી રાહસે ચલને લગે ઔર હાજીઓકુ હેરાન કરને ન સકે !

[મકા ખાતે હજ કરવા જતા હાજીઓને લઈ જનારી આગબોટોના સંબંધમાં વધારે સંગીન પાયા પર કાયદા કાનુન બાંધવા માટે હાજીઓને લગતો એક ધારાનો ખરડો વડી ધારા સભામાં રજુ કરવામાં આવ્યો છે. આ ખરડાથી મુંબઈના મુસલમાનો વચે બહુ બેચેની ફેલાઈ છે, અને તેઓએ તેની સામે સરકાર ઉપર અરજીઓ અને તારના સંદેશા મોકલવા માંડયા છે.]

"AH! what should we be without children?" said the visitor. "Ah! what indeed?" echoed the second sentimental ditto. "Why childless!" sighed poor Mrs. Quiverfull, their hostess.

WHAT'S THE ODDS?—"How goes the time?" asked Damon Jones of his friend Pythias Brown, as together one morning they neared the scene of their official labours. "Oh!" replied the other, "it's even betting." "What do you mean?" again inquired his friend. "Why, you see, it's *ten to ten*.



APOLLO AND DAPHNE; OR, REJECTED ADDRESSES.

(With apologies to Mrs. Ernest Normand.)

Daphne was a daughter of the river Peneus by the goddess Teria of whom Apollo became enamoured. The nymph heard with horror his addresses, and while he was still invoking her love and pity, she turned in fear and fled away from him. The god pursued her, and fearful of being caught, she invoked the assistance of the gods, who changed her into a laurel.—*Classical Dictionary.*

[Mr. Womesh Chandra Bonnerjee has been defeated at Barrow-in-Furness at the General Election.]

એપોલો અને દેફની;

અથવા, મોહબતભરી માગણી તરફ તુચ્છકારની નજર.

“ પીન્યુસ ” નદીની દીકરી “ દેફની ” દેવી ઉપર “ એપોલો ” દેવતા મોહીત પડયો હતો. તેણી સાથ પરણવાની તેણે માંગણી કીધી, અને પોતા પર પયાર અને દયા કરવા તેણીને વીનવી. તેની આ માગણી તેણીએ ભય સાથ સાંભળી, અને રખે તે તેણી પર ફાવી જાય તેથી ધાસ્તીની મારી તેની આગળથી તેણી નાહાસી ગઈ. એપોલોએ તેણીની પુઠ પકડી, પણ તે તેને પકડી પાડે તે આગમજ તેના પંજામાંથી બચવાને તેણીએ દેવતાઓની મદદ માગી, જેઓએ તેણીને એક “ લોરલ ” ના ઝાડમાં બદલી નાખી.—કલાસીકલ ડીક્ષનરી.

[નવી પારલામેંટની ચુંટણીમાં બેરો-ઈન-ફરનેસ તરફથી બાહાર આવેલા ઉમેદવાર મી૦ વોમેશચંદ બાનરજી નીષ્ફળ ઉતરયા છે.]

"Pigmies are pigmies still, tho' perched on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales."

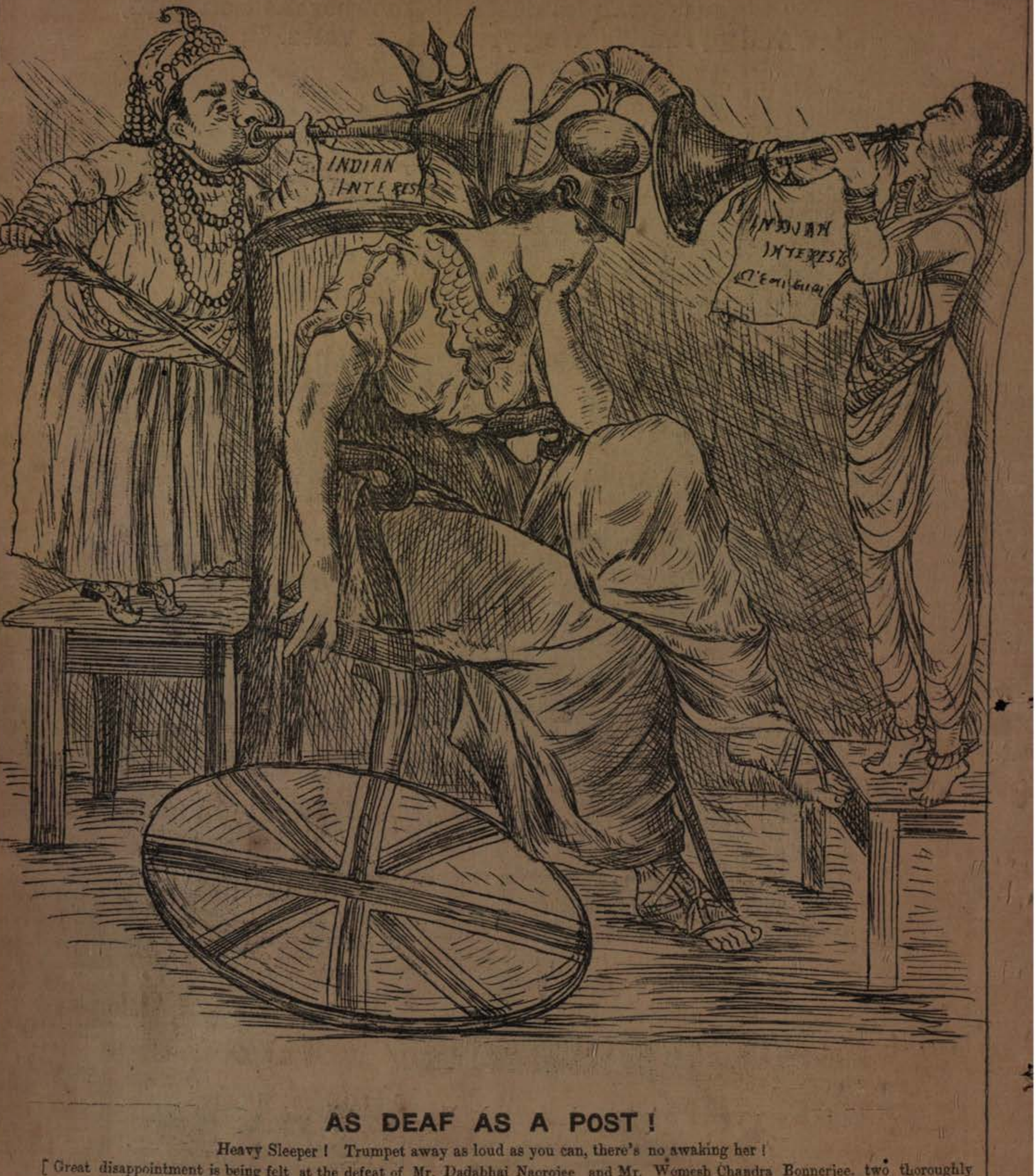


[While Mr. Dadabhai Naorojee has been unseated for Central Finsbury, Mr. Muncherjee Merwanjee Bhownugree has been elected for North-East Bethnal Green at the General Election for the New Parliament.]

પાહાડ અને વેંહેંતીયું.

આખર કરે પણ પાહાડ તે પાહાડ અને વેંહેંતયું તે વેંહેંતયુંજ. વેંહેંતયું એક બારગી આલ્પસ પરવતની ઉંચામાં ઉંચી ટોંચ ઉપરભી ચહડીને કાં નહી બેસે, પણ તે વેંહેંતયું તે કાંઇ પાહાડ થવાનું હતું ?

[નવી પારલામેંટ માટેની ચુંટણીમાં સેનત્રલ ફીન્સબરી તરફથી મી૦ દાદાભાઈ નવરોજીએ પોતાની બેઠક ખોહી છે, અને મી૦ મંચેરજી મેહેરવાનજી ભાવનગરીને નોરથ-ઈસ્ટ બેથનેલ ગ્રીન તરફથી ચુંટી કહાડવામાં આવયાં છે.]



AS DEAF AS A POST!

Heavy Sleeper! Trumpet away as loud as you can, there's no awaking her!

[Great disappointment is being felt at the defeat of Mr. Dadabhai Naorojee and Mr. Womesh Chandra Bonnerjee, two thoroughly representative Indians, who stood as candidates for Central Finsbury and Barrow-in-Furness at the General Election.]

કુંભકરણની ઊંઘમાંથી કોણ એને જાગરૂત કરે?

ગમે તેટલાં એના કાન આગળ રણસીંગડાં ને ધુંધારી વગાડોની, પણ એ ભર ઊંઘમાં પડેલી કદી પણ જાગવાની નથી!

[હીંદના બે પ્રતીનીધીઓ મી૦ દાદાભાઈ નવરોજી અને મી૦ વોમેશ ચંદર બાનરજી, જેઓ નવી પારલામેંટ માટેની ચુંટણીમાં સેનત્રલ ફીનસબરી અને બેરો-ઈન-ફર નેસ તરફથી ઉમેદવાર તરીકે બાહેર પડયા હતા, તેઓને મળેલી હારથી અતરે બહુ દલગીરી ફેલાઈ છે.]



A CLEAN SHAVE!

Barber—Shave you clean, Sir, in no time!

Civic Father—Yes, if you please, and Mr. Mehta will thank you for it, I'm sure.

[Since the passing of Mr. Mehta's vote of thanks, instances of Mr. Acworth's high-handedness have sprung up like mushrooms, and Corporation has had to hang its diminished or *shaven* pate down in sorrow.]

"પુરેપુરી હજામત કરી નાખું!"

હજામ—સાહેબનું માથું બોલ બોલતામાં બોડી નાખુંચ, સાહેબ!

શેહેરીબાવા—હા, ચલાવ બા; અને મારી ખાતરી છે કે મી० મે હેતા તે માટે તારો ઉપકાર માન્યા વીના નહીજ રેહેશે!

[મી० ફીરોઝશાહ મેહેરવાનજી મેહેતાએ મી० એકવરથનો ઉપકાર માનવાન દરખાસ્ત કોરપોરેશનમાં પસાર કરાવ્યા પુછી, એ માજી કમીશનરનાં આપખુદ કામે એક પછી એક ધગલાબંધ અજવાળામાં આવતાંજ રહ્યાં છે, અને તે માટે કારપોરેશનને પોતાની મુડી નીચી કરી અફસોસની હચ મારીનેજ બેસવું પડ્યું છે.]

Haji Mian.—Not a pie will the scamp get out of me! All my fortune goes in charity.

Mariambi—But charity begins at home—and in most cases, ends there. Whatever you do, do nothing to please *Shaetàn*.

Haji Mian.—No, and that's why this earthly *Shaetàn* of ours is going to get nothing. Otherwise he will only be, what some others have been before him, a pest to society and a blot on the unsullied page of our family history. He gets no money from me to throw away in doubtful pastimes.



હાજીમીયાં—ના, એ કગાળ બદમાશ દુકતાને તો મારી પુંજીમાંથી એક પાઈ પણ હું આપવાનો નથી. હું તો મારી સઘળી પુંજી ધરમખાતાંમાંજ આપી જવાનું "વીલ" કરૂં છું.

મરીયમબી—પણ ઘરના છોકરાને ઘંટી ચાટતો રાખવામાં કાંઈ ધરમ છે? પેહેલાં ઘરમાં ધરમ કરો અને એવું કાંઈપણ ન કરો કે જેથી શએતાન ખુશ થાય!

હાજીમીયાં—નહી, શએતાનને હું ખુશ કરવા માંગતોજ નથી, અને તેટલાજ માટે આ આપણા પેટે પડેલા શએતાનને હું એક પાઈ પણ આપી જવાનો નથી. નહી તો આપણી કોમના કેટલાક બદમાશો જેમ પોતાના બાપદાદાનું નામ દુબાડવાનાં અને ખાનદાનની હોરમત લુટાવવાનાં કામ કરે છે તેવોજ એબી નગીનો નીકળશે. હું એને માટે એક કોડીનો પણ તાળો કહાડતો નથી, કે જેથી લુચાઓની સંગતમાં ફરી હરીને પઈસા ઉરાડી નાખવાનું એની પાસે કાંઈ રેહેજ નહી!



THE MODERN ANDROMEDA.

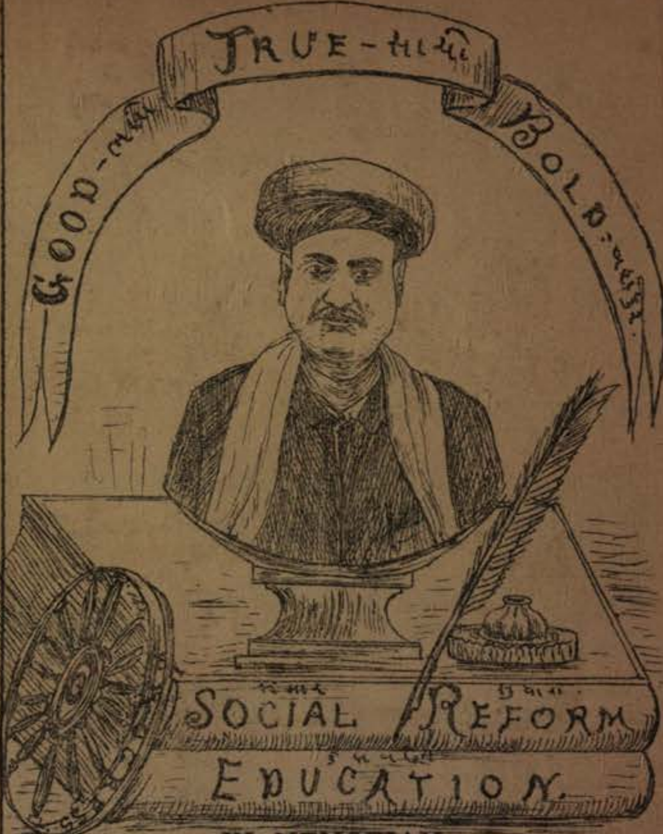
WANTED A PERSEUS TO RESCUE HER.

ખડક સાથ બાંધીને ભયંકર રાક્ષસના ભક્ષ માટે ખોલ્લી મેલેલી

આ જમાનાની "એનડ્રૉમીડા."

જોઇયે છે. તેણીને રાક્ષસના ભયંકર સપાટામાંથી બચાવવા માટે,

એક નવો "પીરસ્યુસ" પેહેલવાન.



IN MEMORIAM.

MR. MANISHANKAR DINANATH BHAT.

A Mahikantha Agency Vakil, a social reformer and an advocate of education.

Born 1843. *Died,* 4th *July* 1895.

ભલા નરની ભલી યાદમાં.

મીο મણીશંકર દીનાનાથ ભટ, મહીકાંઠાના એજન્સી વકીલ,

જેઓ ધારાના હીમાયતી હોવા ઉપરાંત સંસારી સુધારા અને કેળવણીના

કામોના પણ હીમાયતી હતા.

જનમ, ૧૮૪૩. મરણ, તાο ૪ થી જુલાઈ ૧૮૯૫.



THE WAY TO GET BRIEFS.

Mr. Solicitor—(*To Mr. Briefless Junior.*)—You want briefs from me, eh? Well, you'd better serve as an apprentice in my office, pay for the accommodation, and then time enough for briefs! Briefs, like everything else, only come to those who wait! And the waiting, I assure you, will not be brief!

બ્રીફ મેળવવાનો રસ્તો.

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૭૯ મું.]



Mr. Behli—(An almost briefless LL. B.) Come, make haste, love. I must be in office early, or that rascally tout will go and patronise some one else. There are shoals of lawyers prowling about, late and early, for work, and as if that were not enough of a misfortune, hungry, starving juniors of the bar are also going to cut us out of our daily bread.

Mrs. B.—What a scramble for work, and you such a handsome, well-built man too! But you mistook your vocation. If now you had gone into partnership with some of those hair-cutters in Kalbadevi, you would have earned more money, I'm sure, by fleecing superfluous hairs than you are ever likely to earn by fleecing superfluous heirs—at law.

મી॰ બેહેલી—(એક બ્રાફલેસ એલ. એલ. બી.) ચલાવતો ડીયર, ઉતાવળ કેર. જલદી મને આફીસમાં જ્વા દે, નહી તો પેલો લુચ્ચો કજીયા દલાલ મને મુકીને કોઈ બીજાને કેસ આપી દેશે. કુલ મેળવવા માટે હમણા વકીલો તો ગીદ્રની માફક અહીં તહી ઉભાઈ જાયચ. પણ તેટલું જા છે તે પુરતું હોય નહીની, તેમ ગેસમાં બારૂં વરી પેલા ભુખે મરતા જુનીયર બારીસ્ટરો અમારા ધંધાપર તરાપ મારવા નીકરીયાચ!

મીસીસ બેહેલી—એ શું બધો તમારો ભીખ્યારી ધંધો! આવા તમે પાહાર પથર જેવા ને આવા સરસ દેખાઓચ, તે છતાં ધંધા ધાપાને વાસ્તે આવાં ફાંફાં મારોચ! હરવાયા તમે. એ સો ભીખારી ધંધો લેવાને બદલે હજી કાલબાદેવીપરના બાલ કાપનારા કોઈ હજામની દુકાનમાં ભાગયા કાંય નહી થયા! કજીયા લડનારા કુલોને કાપવા ને તેઓના માથાં બોરવા માટે હાયસોસ કરોચ તેનાં કરતાં તો એવી હજામની દુકાન હજી ભલી! તાંહ આવનારા લોકોના બાલ કાપીને ને તેઓની હજામત કરીને હજી હું તો ધારુંચ કે તમે વધારે કમાણી કુટી કહાડતે!



Alo.—Now that they are selling titles in England, why shouldn't we try and buy one, Ali dear?

Ali.—But it is so dear buying a title. A couple of lacs—or more—to be a Sir Knight Bahadoor.

Alo—A mere nothing. What's a couple of lacs to the pleasure of hearing myself called *Sir* Kick-hard-ass Potianlall, Knight Bahadoor! I'll give away almost any sum for that satisfaction, though for any real public benefaction, never a pie will they get out of me.

અલો—અલી, સાંભળે છે કે? એલાઓ ઈંગ્લંડ મહી ખેતાબો હવે વેચવા લાગ્યા છે, તો ચાલને આપણે પણ એકાદ ખરીદી લઈયે?

અલી—પણ તે બહુ મોંઘો પડશેને. સર નાઈટ બહાદુર થવા માટે બે લાખ-કે તેથી પણ વધારે જોઈશે.

અલો—તો તે મહી શું મોટું! મને બધાઓ સર કીક-હારડ-આસ પોતીયાલાલ નાઈટ બહાદુર તરીકે બોલાવે તે આગળ બે લાખની તે શી બીસાદ! પ્રજા લાભના કામમાં તો મારી ચમરી તુટે પણ દમરી ના તુટે, પણ એવા ટાઈટલ માટે તો એઓ જે માંગે તે આપવાને હું તઈયાર છું!



A WARNING VOICE.

Shade of Ganesh Vasudev Joshi—Don't! Don't make yourselves ridiculous! Desist from this sad display and prove yourselves worthy successors of Ganesh Vasudev Joshi!

[The Native Press regrets the split that has occurred in such an influential political body as the Poona Sarvajanik Sabha, and is of opinion that there should be a spirit of compromise between the two factions, who, in their endeavour to foil the one side or the other, will do much harm to themselves and to the country.]

અગમચેતીનો આવાજ.

ગણેશ વાસુદેવ જોશીનો ઓલો—ખબરદાર! ખબરદાર, એ પ્રમાણે તમારી ફજેતી અને હસી ના કરાવો! આવો અફસોસ ભરેલો દેખાવ કરતા બંધ પડો અને ગણેશ વાસુદેવ જોશીની ખુરસીના તમો લાયક વારેસો છો એવું સાબેત કરી દેખાડો!

[પુણાની સારવજનીક સભા જેવાં અગતનાં સત્તાધારી મંડળમાં જે ફાટ પડી છે તે માટે દેશી છાપો દલગીર થાય છે, અને તે એવું મત ધરાવે છે કે જે બંને પક્ષો એક બીજાને તોડી પાડવાની કોશેશ કરવા લાગ્યા છે તેઓએ અરસપરસ છુટ મેલી સમજુતીપર આવી જવું, અગર નહીં તો તેઓ પોતાને અને દેશને ઘણું નુકસાન કરી બેસશે.]



Butler: "You must go away without even a *light* repast, sir!"

HE (decisively): "Women are fools."—She (sweetly): "Well, if there is anything in heredity an acquaintance with some of their sons would lead us to think so."

SHE CAUGHT ON.—Miss Passee: "How odd you are, Mr. Flye!"—Mr. Fiye: "Yes, but I should like to be even with you."—Miss Passee (with a delicious sigh): "Oh, this is so sudden!"

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 18th July:

> "For *lighting's* battle, once begun,
> Bequeathed by *blinded* sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Some such determination and some such hope would appear to actuate the benighted people of New Wadi and Kanda Wadi, who came to us again to-day with prayers for light. We are men of light and leading, accustomed to lo[...] public questions in a liberal spirit, and it there[...] refuse. We we[...] was really no p[...] the petitioners, a[...] even a *light* repa[...] us, "that while [...] allowing light [...] "Only one of [...]

pality. But if we must be consistent, why then, stop lighting all round. Far better that the deserving should go without it, than that one undeserving mass of humanity should bask in the gas light of our favours." And thus the stern decree went forth that there shall be no light for the people of New Wadi and Kanda Wadi. Poor fellows! What gropings in the dark wil[...] theirs, until th[...] Fathers s[...] But let th[...] and aga[...] Micawbe[...] that som[...] up at las[...] in the e[...] lighted [...]

Anoth[...] tion, no[...] for food,[...] ly enou[...]





Curry. please!

Road, where they are wanting to build a private market for the sale, among other things, of the ingredients for making curry. But we cannot suffer individual enterprise to take the bread out of our mouths. Bazaars are essentially municipal institutions, and must be kept in hand as fat sources of income. "I don't know that," said Mr. Seraph, "our bazaars are handsome to look at and pleasant to sleep in, but since the success of the Crawford Market tempted us into similar extravagancies elsewhere, we have reaped no adequate benefit at all, and they are all so many financial failures. Why then add another? Let Curry Road, if it likes, go to market at Parell, or go without curry."

Then came a serious matter, the late fatality in Doongree street. Some Bombay houses have a knack of falling during the rains, and, like the one now under discussion, carrying people with them and crushing them out of existence. "Did this house at all forewarn, and was the warning taken? and are any other houses going to fall too, and has anything been done to stop them from falling," asked Dr. Ismail



...den that I see before me?"

... Snow could not tell what other
...o, any more than he could exactly
...r snow. As for the particular
...down, we are going to have a
...any consolation to the poor men



THE NAG PANCHMI.—26TH JULY, 1895.

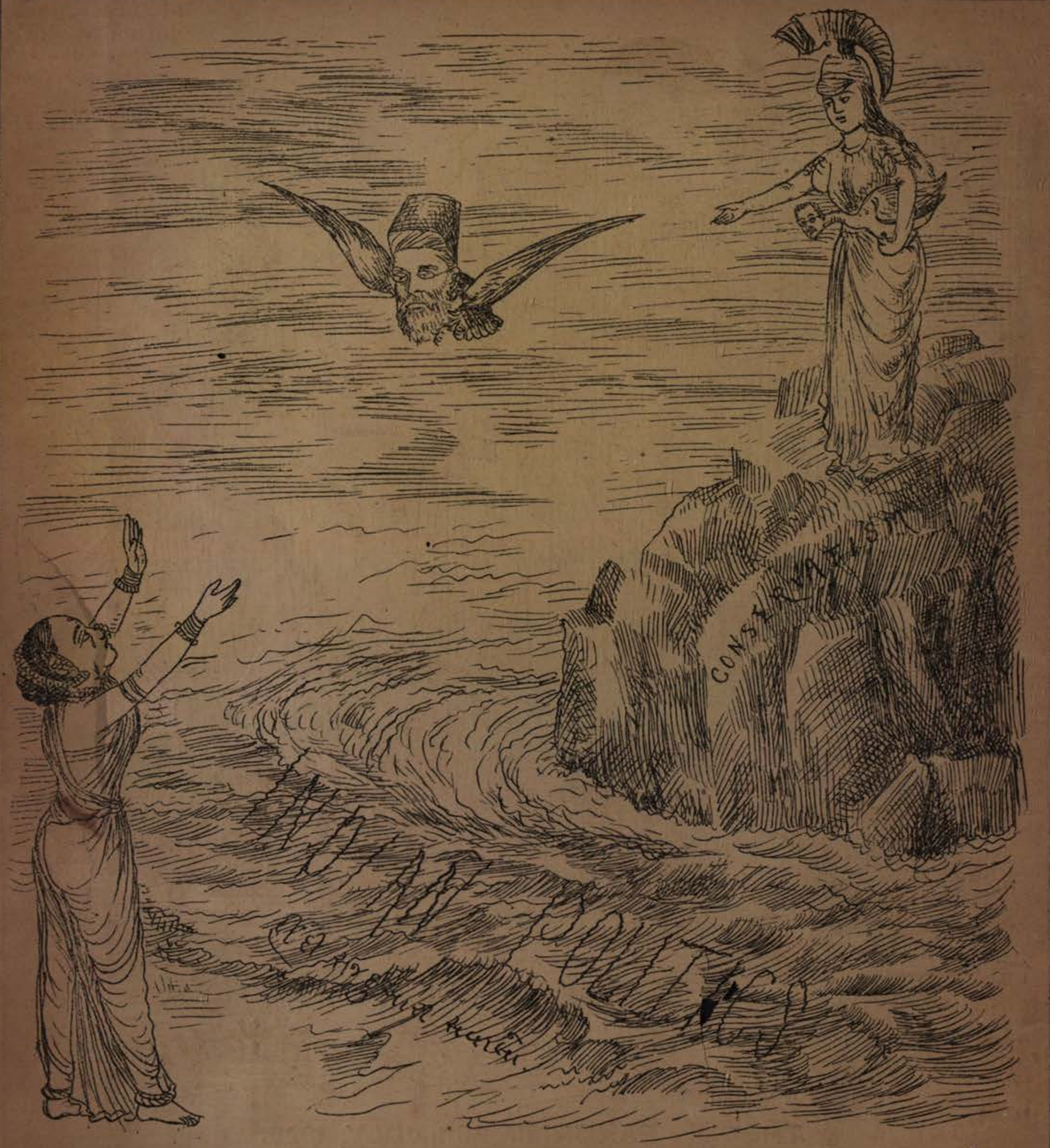
Hind—Be propitions, O ! Great Nág*!* Accept this humble offering of milk and harm not the inmates of that house !

નાગ પાંચમ : તા૦ ૨૬ મી જુલાઇ ૧૮૯૫.

હીંદ–અહો નાગોબા ! [illegible] આ નીરજીવ ભેટ તારી આગળ ધરૂં છું તે કબુલ કર, અને પેલાં ઘરમાં રેહેનારાંઓને રક્ષણહાર થજે, તેમનો ચોકી[illegible]ને હેરાન કરતો ના !

STATUETTE of a pilgrim [illegible] a "pilgr-image" —of course, but everyone w[illegible] of it.

NEW SONG.—"Goodness' Nose," by the author of "Beauty's Eyes"!



INDIA AT THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Hind.—" Does England with her cold wind wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Then, child of misfortune, come hith
I'll weep with thee tear for tear."

ઈંગ્લંડની પારલામેંટની ચુંટણીમાં

હીંદ—"જે લાગણી ઈંગલંડને એકવાર વાહાલી હતી, તેની ઊપર પોતાના થંડા પવનની તેણે શું સુકવી નાખી છે? ત્યારે તો આવ, અહીં આવ, નીષ્ફળતાના ભોગ થયલાં બાળક, તું અહીં આવ,—હું તારાં આંસુ સા ાવીશ! "

WHO WOULD BE A CHILD-MURDERESS!

Miss Poona—Dare I lay my hands, except in the way of kindness, on the neck of such a fine healthy chubby child like this? Oh to think of such wickedness! I would rather burn my fingers than foul them with the blood of innocence!

[There have been sinister rumours of some orthodox Brahmins of Poona, connected with the arrangements for the next meeting of the National Congress, thinking of not allowing the Social Conference meetings being held in the Congress mandap, and thus ostracising the reform question from the Congress politics next December.]



એક નીરદોષ બાળકની ખુની થવા કોણ ચાહે?

પુણાબાઈ— આવાં સુંદર તનદોરોસ્ત રાતામાતાં બાળકની ગરદન ભચડી નાખવાનું કામ હું શું મારા હાથે કરવાની હીમત કરૂં? અરે કેવો ઘાતકી, કેવો પાપી વીચાર! એ નીરદોષ કુચકુલાંના ગાલપર મીઠી માયાનો હાથ ફેરવું, તેનીપર વાહાલ કરૂં, તેને રમાડું ને ઉછાળું,—પણ કદી બી તેનો નીરદોષ કુમળો જાન લેવાનો પાપી વીચાર મારા મનમાં હું ઉભો થવા દેવાની નહીજ! એવાં નીરદોષના લોહીમાં મારા હાથ ખરડું તે કરતાં તો તે બાળી નાખવાનુંજ હું વધારે ભલુ સમજીશ!

[પુણામાં આવતી નેશનલ કાનગરેસની સભા ભરવામાં આવનાર છે, તેને લગતી ગોઠવણ કરવાના કામ સાથ સંબંધ ધરાવનારા કેટલાક ધરમાંધલા અને અસલી વીચારના બ્રાહ્મણોએ એવો મનસુબો રાખેલો જણાવવામાં આવે છે કે, સંસારી સુધારાને લગતી બાબતો વીશે વીચાર ચલાવનારી સોશીયલ કનફરન્સની સભા માટે કાનગરેસનો મંડપ વાપરવા આપવો નહી, અને તેમ કરીને કાનગરેસના રાજદ્વારી કામમાંથી સંસારી સુધારાને લગતા સવાલને તદનજ હાંકી કહાડવો.]



HOW TO ANSWER MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Referring to your advertisement asking for a young and beautiful wife, may I know what you are, or if you are anything? What chances you have of paying your way—let alone your wife's and children's, if any—in life? Whether you are young yourself, or on the wrong side of forty? What your own claims to personal attractions are, and whether you are fair—or foul, both within and without?"

"In answer to your queries, I beg to state that I am not like to see 40 again, and am as fair as—as—as you like. Handsome is that handsome does. My prospects are—a beautiful wife and nice quarters at her dear pa's."

પરણવાને લગતી જાહેર ખબરોના જવાબ કેવા આપવા.

"એક જુવાન અને ખુબસુરત બઈરી પરણવા માટે તમે જે જાહેર ખબર છપાવી છે, તેના સંબંધમાં તમોથી હું જાણવા માંગું છું કે, તમે પોતે કોણ છો અને શું કરીને ધંધ્ય કરો છો? બાવા નાહે ને તાપે તેવા તો તમે પોતે નથી? તમારી બઈરીનું ને જો છોકરાં થાય તો તેનું ગુજરાન કરવાનાં સાધન તમારી પાસ કાંઈ બળ્યાં છે? તમે પોતે જવાન ગબરૂ છેઓ, કે ચાલીસની ભરતીમાં ભરાઈ જઈને ધાંખરા થવા માંડયા છો? તમે પોતે દેખાવમાં કેવા છેઓ? અને જો બાહારથી ધોતાધોતા હોવો, તો અંદર થીબી તેવાજ છેઓ કે?"

"તમોએ પુછેલા સવાલોના જવાબમાં જણાવવાની રજા લેઊં છું કે, ચાલીસની ભરતીમાં હું ભરાઈ ગયો છું અને ફરીથી ૪૦ મું વરસ મને ઊગવાનું નથી. હું કેવો ધોતો ધોતો છેઊં તે વીશે જાણુંછું કે, તમોને—પ—પ—પ—પસંદ પડું એ—એ—એવોજ હું છું. હાલ તુરત મને મોટા મોટા આશા અને ઊકમાઈ કાંઈ નથી—ફકત જે છે તે એટલીજ કે, પુતલી પરી જેવી બઈરીને પરણું ને તેના બાવાનાજ ઘેરમાં રેહીને સસરાજીના પઈસાપર મોજ કરૂં!".



THE NEW PILOT.

Britannia—This poor girl of mine has been feeling very unsafe, since you've come in charge of the wheel, pilot.
Pilot S-l-y—H'm-m-m-m!

[" There is more hope of repeal of the (cotton import) duties under Lord Salisbury's Government than there could have been under Lord Rosebery's. This belief can hardly fail to be strengthened—for a time, at all events—by the choice that Lord Salisbury has made of a Secretary of State for India. Lord George Hamilton's contribution to the debate on Sir Henry James's motion last Ferbruary was the most pronounced attack upon the cotton import duties that has been made in Parliament."—*Times of India.*]

નવો સુકાની.

બ્રીટાનીયા—જ્યારથી તારા હાથમાં સુકાન આવ્યું છે ત્યારથી આ બીચારી મારી ગરીબડી છોકરી હીંદને ધ્રુજરાં લાગવા માંડયાં છે સુકાની; અને તેણી પોતાની સલામતી માટે ઘણીજ વમાસણમાં પડી ગઈ છે. **સુકાની સાલ્સબરી**—હં મ-મ-મ-મ-મ!!

["કાપડ સુતરપરની જગાત કાહડી નખાવાની આશા લારડ રોઝબરીની સરકારના વખતમાં રાખી શકાત, તે કરતાં વધારે આશા લારડ સાલ્સબરીની સરકારના અમલમાં રહેશે. લારડ સાલસબરીએ હીંદુસ્તાન ખાતાંના પ્રધાન તરીકે જે ધણીને પસંદ કરયો છે તેને લીધે કાંઈ નહીં તો ગોડો વખત પણ એવી આશા મજ્બુતી પકડયા વગર રહેશે નહીં. જગાત કહાડી નખાવવા બાબત સર હેનરી જેમસે ગયો ફેબરવારી માસમાં આમની સભામાં ઉભી કરેલી તકરાર વખતે, લારડ જયારજ હેમીલટને એ જગાત ઉપર જે પ્રકારનો હુમલો કરયો હતો તે પ્રકારનો સખત હુમલો બીજા કોઈએ કરયો નહીં હતો."—ટાઈમ્સ આફ ઈનડયા.]



A FIGHTING BOUT IN THE ARENA.

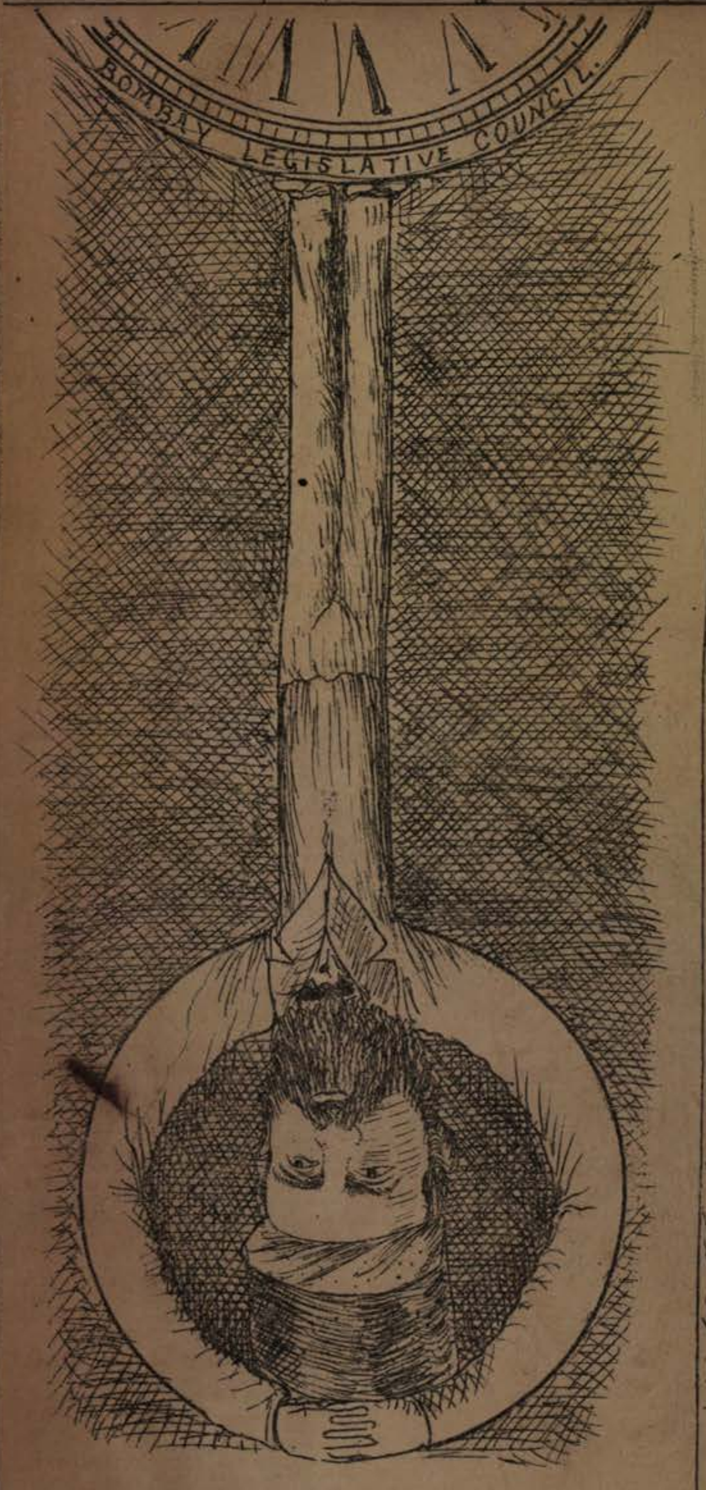
BOB CECIL THE VICTORIOUS AND ARCHIE THE VANQUISHED.

[The result of the General Election has been the triumphant return of Lord Salisbury to power, the Conservative Party having a clear majority of 150 over their Opponents the Liberals, the Anti-Parnellites and Parnellites put together.]

ઈંગ્લંડની રંગભુમી ઊપર મુક્કાબાજીની હરીફાઈની શરત.

બૉબ સેસીલ (સૉલ્સબરી)ની જીત અને આરચી, (રોઝબેરી)ની હાર.

[ઈંગલંડની નવી પારલામેંટ માટેની ચુટણીમાં લૉર્ડ સૉલ્સબરીની મોટી ફતેહ થઇ છે અને તેના કનસરવેટીવ પક્ષે પોતાના હરીફ લીબરલો, પારનેલાઇટો અને એનટી-પારનેલાઇટો કરતાં ૧૫૦ બેઠકો વધુ મેળવી છે.]



A FIXTURE!

[The Hon'ble Mr. Nowrojee Nusservanjee Wadia, C. I. E., has been once more nominated a member of the Bombay Legislative Council.]

સ્થીર થઈ બેઠેલું પેનડ્યુલમ !

[આનરેબલ મી૦ નવરોજી નસરવાનજી વાડયા સી૦ આઈ૦ ઈ૦ ને એકવાર ફરીથી મુંબઈની ધારાસભાના એક અધીકારી તરીકે સરકારે પસંદ કીધા છે.]



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS—NO. 31.

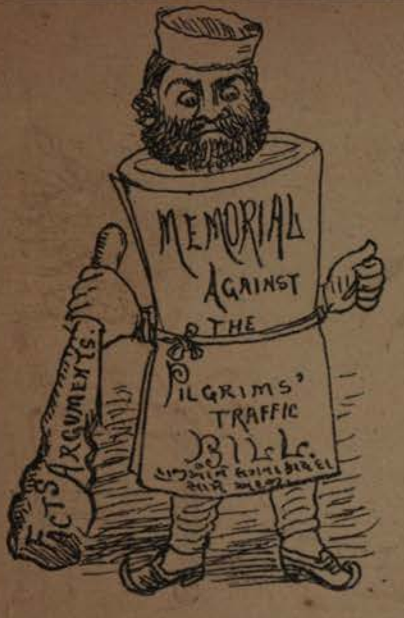
SIR SHÁMLÁ BHAT POTIANDASS, KNIGHT BAHADOOR!!!

A dress rehearsal by the Knight Bahadoor in prospective.

મી૦ પંચનાં ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ—નાં૦ ૩૧.

સર શામલા ભટ પોતીયાંદાશ નાઈટ બહાદુર ! ! !

અમારા ભવીષ્યના નાઈટ બહાદુરે, સર નાઈટનો ભાગ ભજી બતાવવાનો અત્યારથીજ રીહરસલ કરી જોયું છે.



THE PEHLWAN OF THE BOMBAY MAHOMEDANS.

May Allah crown your efforts with success, and enable you to vanquish the evil influences that now beset the pilgrim's path!

[The Mahomedans of Bombay have sent a respectful prayer to the Government of India, setting forth the grievances of the pilgrims against the Pilgrims, Traffic Bill.

મુંબઈના મહોમેદનોનો પેહેલવાન.

અલ્લા તારાં કામમાં તુંને જશ અને ફતેહ આપો, અને મકે હજ કરવા જતા ગરીબ હાજીઓના મારગમાંની બધી બલા દુર કરવામાં તે તારો મદદગાર થાઓ!

[હાજીઓને લગતો જે ધારાનો ખરડો વડી ધારાસભામાં દાખલ કરવામાં આવ્યો છે, તે હાજીઓને કેટલો પીડા કરનારો છે તે દેખાડવા માટે મુંબઈના મહોમેદનોએ એક નમંતાઈ ભરેલી અરજી નામદાર વડી સરકાર ઉપર મોકલી આપી છે.]



A DROP TOO MUCH!

Mr. Vishwanathjee—(*After a happy dinner with friends at a hotel.*) I tell you—er—er—I can playsh a drunkardsh partsh very well if I becomesh an actor!

Mrs. V.—But pray don't rehearse it in my presence!

લગાર છાંટો પાણી વધારે થઈ ગયો!

મી० વીશ્વનાથજી—(હોટેલમાં ખાઈપી આવીને) જો–હું–હું–જો નાટકનો એક્ટર હોઉં કેની–તો–અ–અ–છા–છા–છા–છાકટાનો પાર્ટ ઘણોજ સરસ ભ–ભ–ભજવી દેખાડું હું!

મીસીસ વી०—પણ તેનો રીહરસલ અત્યારથીજ મારી આગલ ના કરીદેખાડોની!



THE STREETS OF BOMBAY DURING THE MONSOON.

It is Tehmina's birthday and she and her sister Sherbanoo are on their way to the Fire-Temple. The road is ankle-deep in mud and the belles are at their wit's end to find out a clean place to go over without splashing their silk sarees or soiling their white shoes.

Tehmina (with a sigh of despair)—And this is how your boasted municipality keeps the roads tidy and clean! What are the Corporators doing, I wonder.

Sherbanoo—Well, you can't expect them to turn out with brooms on our account. But I would make those, whose business it is, to mind it better,—I would, if I were a Corporator.

ચોમાસામાં મુંબઈના મોહોલાઓની હાલત.

તેહેમીનાની વરસગાંઠ હોવાથી તે અને તેની બેહેન શેહેરબાનુ આતશબેહેરામ જવા ઘરથી નીકલ્યાં છે. તેઓના મોહોલાનો રસ્તો ઘુંટીપુર કાદવથી ચીકાર છે, અને તેથી આ ગુલબદન નાજનીનોને પોતાની સારી પર કાદવના છાંટા ઉડાવ્યા વગર અને પોતાના સફેદ જોડના બુટને ખરડયા વગર કીયે રસ્તે ચાલી જવું તે કાંઈ સુઝ પડતું નથી! ગરીબ બીચારીઓ!

તેહેમીના—(નીરાસીથી) મરેરે મુવા મયુનીસીપાલીટીવાલાઓને તે શું કેહીયે? મુવાઓ રસ્તો કેવો સાફ ને સોજો રાખેચ તે તો જો! ને પેલા કોરપોરેટર બલદીયાઓ કોણ જાણે શું ધોરેચ! હરવાચારે એ કોરપોરેટરના થતાઓ!

શેહેરબાનુ—પણ વારૂં તે લોક તે કંઈ તારે વાસ્તે હાથમાં ઝાડૂં બુતારા લઈને રસ્તો સાફ કરવા નીકલવાના હોતા! પણ હા, જે લોકનું એ કામ છે તે લોકની મુંડી બચવી જોઈયે; ને હું જો કારપોરેટર હોઉં તો તે લોક પાસે બરાબર કામ લેયા વગર રેહું નહી!



NÁRÉLI POORNIMÁ: PROPITIATORY OFFERING.

MONDAY, 5TH AUGUST, 1895.

Mr. Punch—Calm thy fury, O mighty Ocean! And let the bark, now tossing over thy angry waves with its precious freight, glide gently over thy bosom!

નાલીયરી પુરણીમાઃ શાંતી ક્રીયા.

સોમવાર, તા૦ ૫મી આગસ્ટ ૧૮૯૫.

મી૦ પંચ—અહો રતનાગર! અહો મહાસાગર! તારો જોશ નરમ પાડ! અને આ હોડકું જે તેમાંના કીમતી જીવ સાથ તારા ઊછળતા મોજાઓ પર આમથી તામ ડોળા ખાય છે તે શાંતીથી તારી સ્થીર સપાટી પર પોતાનો રસ્તો કાપે એવું કર!

CHOW-CHOW.

The Elections.

A HUGE wave of conservatism is passing over from the East to the West. The general elections in England, it is not difficult to see, are proceeding on the lines of caste. The stronghold of caste there—the House of Lords—so recently threatened with annihilation, is once more safe. Whether the cause of progress and freedom will on the whole gain or suffer in both countries, under the new regimè is, again, not difficult to estimate, from past experience. That evil spectre, Caste, has no good account to give of itself anywhere, much less in this caste-and-priest-ridden country. The elections out here have gone much on the same basis. Caste once more has determined the choice of voters in the selection of people's representatives in the Indian Legislative Council Halls. One broad line, however, marks the distinction between the power of Conservatism in England and in India. Each Conservative unit in England is a radical reformer at home,—a brave advocate of domestic and social reform near his hearth, though in politics an upholder of moderation, if not an out-and-out retrogressionist. How opposite in character is his brother politician in this backward country! The poor slave of caste and custom,—often of Hypocrisy,—tells Reform and Progress, in a threatening attitude: "You shall not cross this threshold!" and forthwith entering the house prepares for declaiming on the Congress platform, painfully casting about for eloquent expressions of appeal to Reform and Progress to help him on the field of politics. Alas! deaf are both Reform and Progress to these calls, after the treatment they received at the domestic hearth!

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The falling houses.

WHAT can have turned the heads of our Bombay houses? They totter and fall like drunken revellers after their midnight potations. And yet how carefully reared up under the paternal training and supervision of the Engineer's Department. They say, a child under undue restraint often turns out vicious. Our Bombay houses are, we might say without fear of contradiction,—though it may sound somewhat paradoxical—looked after even before their birth. The horoscope is prepared by the astrologer of the Engineer's Department when the child is yet unborn. Careful calculations are made and plans laid down for the infant's entry into the world, its upbringing and nurture, and its healthy growth into mature manhood. The sinister stars that are to cross its path are known, reckoned with, and their evil influence minimized. In fact no stone is left unturned by the paternal instinct of the department to ensure the child's safety in this wicked world! But all this over-solicitude, alas! ends in the long run in the child's ruin! Mr. *Punch* offers his hearty condolence upon these sad occurrences!

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The Shivaji Memorial Fund.

"IF you think of appropriating any part of the 'Shivaji Memorial Fund' towards feeding fat the Brahmans, we shall not join you," is in effect the rejoinder of the Marathas of this city to the appeal from Poona for co-operation. This may partly account for the delay in holding a public meeting in Bombay in furtherance of the movement. The *samádhi* or mausoleum of the founder of the Maratha empire, concerning which, primarily, Mr. *Punch* was solicitous all along, will, there is now little doubt, be erected and maintained in a befitting manner. The princes and chiefs promise to see to that and there the matter should end. It took long to rouse the Maratha to a sense of his duty: once awake, his patriotism now is all-engrossing. Poona will have whole Maharastra to add to the contributions of the princes and *sardárs*. Well, let it be so; but divert not the surplus funds towards Brahman *bhojans* in the name of the great warrior king. Feed rather his intellectually starved descendants. If a national appeal for funds must go forth, let it be for establishing "Shivaji Schools" throughout the length and breadth of Maharastra for the primary education of the illiterate masses. There is danger in overloading a surcharged stomach: the neglected brain, ill nourished, needs the food of knowledge most.

(*Hindi Punch*, 4-8-95.)

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The Council Hall.

THE recent proceedings of the Bombay Legislative Council were enlivened as usual by flashes of wit and humour. His Excellency—a man of few words—praised the industry of some of the hon'ble members who wrote out long speeches, and considered himself supremely happy that he was not bound by the rules to undertake similar Herculean tasks in delivering orations. The irritating interpellations once more exercised the nerves of the officials; but the gauntlet was run through any how. The Hon'ble Mr. Nugent thought the Council Hall had been turned into a circus for certain hon'ble members to ride their hobbies round. And why not? No man, it has been said, is without his hobby, and if he must ride it, why not do so in an arena where his performance can be seen to best advantage by the people at large? The hon'ble member was again of opinion that the Council Hall had been put to another ignoble use: to wit, as a mortuary for the dissection or *post mortem* examination of defunct subjects. "For the probing of festering wounds and, if needful, for operating on living subjects" would have been an appropriate description, for the subjects treated are never,—be it said to the credit of the principal physicians,—given their final rest for removal to the mortuary, but are ever on the road to be cured! A better designation more in keeping with the term "mortuary," used by the hon'ble member, would perhaps have been a "mortar-mill." One round of the rollers is barely enough to treat the materials effectively. The interpellation rollers are much too light to crush the griev-

ances subjected to their pressure by a single turn and to reduce the whole into a substantial redress. Many revolutions of the rollers are therefore necessary to produce the desired result.

* * *

The Junior Native Barristers.

So the Government will not, after all, help the junior native barristers with a few briefs at the Criminal Sessions. The native solicitors will, of course, have none of them. The native suitors have no faith in them. What an abundance of legal ability and energy is thus running to waste in this unappreciative city! Is there no way of conserving and utilizing these costly articles of indigenous product manufactured in the west? Is a warranty needed to induce public confidence? If so, it should be given. Test the utility of the wares. Insurance companies may be found ready to insure even rickety old buildings against fire, though surrounded by inflammable materials, but it would be difficult for a native suitor or solicitor to insure his "case" if entrusted to a juinor native barrister. Let him therefore be tested. Instead of wasting precious hours in courts from year to year, cannot these men without briefs, in black gowns, champion without fees the cause of the weak and the poor against the strong and the rich—if through no innate benevolent desire, at any rate as an advertisement? Even advertisements are costly in these days; but in the good cause indicated public attention will be cheaply attracted, and if the ware is once known to be good and sound, depend upon it, there will soon grow up a demand for it. The wares should be exhibited in retail shops and not locked up in gilded chambers.

* * *

Bandra Municipal Election.

ONE would have thought the town of Bandra was the last in the world to allow its civic affairs to be enshrouded in darkness. Of late years, the "Brighton of Bombay" has been rather too much in evidence before the public. The Gujerati Bombay dailies have given full reports of proceedings of the municipal meetings. It was therefore news to hear one Mr. Pereira Jas. Braize tell the good people of Bandra that he had been "asked by the Press" to enter the local Municipality in order to bring to light the deeds done in darkness by the civic fathers! Happy Bandra! that the entire Press of India should be on the *qui vive* to learn how local self-government grows and thrives in the land of pigs! All eyes were turned to see the elect of the Press proudly enter the portals of the Municipality to shed light and dispel darkness; but alas! the great luminary of the Press had at last to hide himself behind a *Monte* or mount!

* * *

BY the by, Mr. *Punch* would be glad to learn how far the pigs—nature's scavengers—who are allowed to roam unmolested about the town, help the Municipality in keeping the expenditure on halalkhors down. There is a majority of the Bombay East Indians in this Municipality, and the problem of the pigs *versus* halalkhors, which has long puzzled the Sanitary Commissioner, should not now be difficult of solution.

* * *

THIS Bandra by-election once more emphasises the truth of the remark in our last—that Caste, more than merit, is the ruling principle of selection of representatives. (*Hindi Punch*, 11-8-95.)

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

ECHOES FROM THE POLLS.

Elected, am I? Well, I am really much obliged.

Oh, certainly, shall be truly delighted to do anything in my power.

Only too pleased, but must be rather careful not to infringe the Bribery Acts.

Truly intend to live up to my opinions. Would not alter them for worlds.

Cannot recall everything I said during the heat of the election, and probably was imperfectly reported.

Do not claim any more liberty of action than to obey the dictates of my conscience.

Afraid cannot adequately represent every phase of political opinion.

Party arguments are rather superfluous after the contest, and therefore have to be avoided.

Sorry cannot stay longer in the Division itself, as my presence is required within the precincts of St. Stephen's.

Would have the greatest pleasure in life to discuss all these matters of controversy at another time.

NO CROSS FOR HIM.—Agent: "Pray be careful, and simply put a cross to your ballot paper."—Voter: "Not this child. The chap as I votes for will find his name written in a clear, bold hand."—Agent: "Gracious, man, you mustn't do that."—Voter: "Why?"—Agent: "Why—because the paper will be spoilt and the vote lost."—Voter: "That won't be my fault."—Agent: "Yes, it will. The law only allows a cross."—Voter: "And you expect me to put one! Who are you getting at? Think I went to Board school and *never learnt how to write?*"

AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.—The Professor (who has just come back from the North Pole): "—and the fauna of these inhospitable regions is poor as the flora! You couldn't name a dozen animals who manage to live there."—Mrs. Malapert: "Oh—I dare say I could!"—The Professor: "Really—what *are* they?"—Mrs. Malapert: "Well, now—five polar bears, let us say, and—and seven seals!"

FASHIONABLE DEPARTURES.—"The Tailor, to Great Coates; the Laundress, to the Wash; the Solicitor, to Devizes; the Milkman, to Chalk Farm; the Stingy Uncle, to Flint; the Gardener, to Weedon; the Regular Beggar, to Tatters (h)all; the Newly Married Man, to Edenbridge; the Dog, to join the family circle in Skye: the Cook's Fighting Cousin, to Battle.

INTELLIGIBLE, BUT NOT CLEAR.—"I think," said Mrs. R.'s married niece, "that good singing is quite wasted on an ordinary evening party. Now, I remember an evening when Santley sang in a crowded drawing-room at our house, and *a pin might have dropped!*"



THE GIANTESS AND THE PIGMY.

Giantess—Gently, gently, my little man, gently. None of your forward pranks here!

[" Mr. Bhownuggree has most unwisely abused the Congress and the educated and patriotic men of the Progressive party. But it is quite possible to do India good without sympathising with the Congress or being a member thereof. We trust that Mr. Bhownuggree will modify his attitude towards that truly loyal and useful movement, and in all Indian matters co-operate with Sir William Wedderburn and his old friend and master Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji."—*The Hindu.*]

પહાડ અને વેંહેંતીયું.

પહાડ—ધીરે, ધીરે, મારાં વેંહેંત્યાં માણસ, ધીરે. તારી બધી ધામધુમ જરા થંડી રાખ!

[" કાનગરેસને અને રાજદ્વારી સુધારા અને વધારાને ચાહનારા પક્ષના કેળવાયલા અને દેશાભીમાની ગ્રહસ્થોને મી૦ ભાવનગરીએ બહુ અવીચારીપણે ગાળો ભાંડી છે. પણ કાનગરેસ તરફ દીલસોજી ધરાવ્યા વીના અથવા તેના એક અધીકારી થયા વગર પણ હીંદુસ્તાનનું ભલું કરી શકાય એમ છે. અમોને ભરૂસો છે કે, કાનગરેસ જેવી ખરેખરી વફાદાર અને ઉપેગી હીલચાલ તરફની પોતાની વરતણુકમાં મી૦ ભાવનગરી ફેરફાર કરશે. અને હીંદુસ્તાનને લગતી સરવે બાબતોમાં સર વીલયમ વેડરબરન અને પોતાના અસલી મીત્ર અને શીક્ષાગુરૂ મી૦ દાદાભાઈ નવરોજીની સાથે મળીને તેઓ કામ લેશે "—" ધી હીંદુ."]



APPEASING THE GREAT *NAG*!

Hind—Aho Nágobá, here is milk and *árti* for thee, that you may be appeased, and may not bite me and mine!

[Grave fears are entertained that India will fare badly at the hands of the new Conservative Secretary of State for India, Lord George Hamilton, who has committed himself to abolish the cotton import duties and to support the Lancashire mill-owner's interests at the sacrifice of that of the Indian mill-owner's.]

ઈંડીયા આફીસના જબરા નાગને માટે શાંતીક્રીયા.

હીંદ—અહો નાગોબા, આ દુધ અને આરતી તારી આગળ ધરૂં છું, કે જેથી તું શાંત રહે અને મને અને મારાં બચાંઓને તું કરડે નહી!

[હીંદુસ્તાનના નવા થયલા કનસરવેટીવ પ્રધાન લારડ જ્યોર્જ હેમીલટનના અમલમાં આ દેશને ઘણું ખમવું પડશે એવી ગંભીર ધાસ્તી રાખવામાં આવે છે. કેમકે લેન્કેશીયરનાં કાપડ સુતર ઉપરની જગાત કહાડી નાખવાની તરફેણમાં અને હીંદુસ્તાનના મીલ માલેકના લાભને ભોગે લેનકેશીયરના મીળવાળાઓના લાભને મદદ કરવાને તે બંધાઈ ચુકો છે.]

TAG FOR THE TESTIMONIAL.—"The power of Grace, the magic of a name."



WHAT IS SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS *NOT* SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

"Is it brief you want? Then, in brief let me tell you there is no *beef* here to spare for you. After I've finished, look out for bones, matter enough to keep our body and soul together, I'm sure!"

બાકી શું વધે કે કુત્રા ખાય!

"તુંને શું 'બ્રીફ' જોઈયેચ! પણ તારે વાસ્તે હુંઈ કંઈ ખાવાનું વધે એમ છે નહી! હું ખાઈ પીને તર થાઉં ને પછી જે હાડકાં રહે તે ગમે તો કરડજે, તેથી તારૂં પેટ બરાબર ભરાશે!"



NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.

News-Boy—Bai, take a copy! Latest news! Report of the Council meeting at Poona.

Bai—Bother the meeting! I don't waste my time over such trifles. Give me novellettes!

જેવો જેનો શોખ!

વરતમાનપત્ર વેચનારો—બાઈ ઘયા, એક કાપી ઘયા! આગલી ખબર આહે! પુણાત કાઉનસીલચી સભા ઝાલી ત્યાચા રીપોરટ હાએ!

બાઈ—જહાનમમાં નાખ તારી કાઉનસીલની સભા! એવાં મુવાં ટાહેલાંને શું કરે! કંઈ વાત બાત વાંચવાની હોય તો લાવ!

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE HEAVY RAINS IN BOMBAY.

મુંબઇમાં પડેલા જબરા વરસાદ વેળા અમારા આરટીસ્ટે જોયલાં થોડાંક ફોટક.



1 Dhondoopanth taking care of his shoes that they may not catch cold.

૧ ધોંડુપંથનાં કોટક જુવો. પોતાના પેતાવાને રખે સરદી થઈ આવે તેની તેઓ કેવી સંભાળ લે છે!



2 Mr. Shendiarao on his way to the office with the long oveecoat and tight *dhotur*.

૨ મીo શેંડીયારાવનો અવતાર જુવો. ઉપર વેર ખોસી કહાડેલાં ધોતર અને લબરતા ઓવર કોટ સાથ કેવો તેવણનો ફોટો દેખાય છે।



3 Sha Potianlall Ronchadass,—with boots and stockings—very carefut of his *potian*.

૩ શાહo લક્ષાપતી પોત્યાંલાલ રેંગ્રાહાવનો સોઆંગ જોઈલઓ! ભુલેશ્વરના બજારમાંથી શાકભાજીનું બોચકું બાંધીને ઘરે આવતાં તેઓ પોત્યાંની કેવી સંભાળ કરે છે।



4 Dhankorabai, decked in rich saree and precious ornaments, ankle-deep in mud and water.

૪ ધનકોરબાઈ ધનવંત ધણીની ધણીયાણી છતાં ઊંચી સાડી અને કીમતી ઘરેણાં ઘાલીને ઘુંટણપુર પાણી ને કાદવમાં ધ્રુપ ધ્રુપ કરતાં અને વરસાદથી ભીંજાતાં દરદાને ચાલ્યાં જાય છે.



5 Lakshmi's delicate feet seem to be proof against the road-metal and pointed stones.

૫ લક્ષ્મી પોતાના નાજુક પગને રસ્તાપર નાખેલી ખડીના અનીયાલા પથર સાથ કેવી ટક્કર લડાવે છે!



6 Miss Peeroja steals a march over her Hindu sisters.

૬ પણ મીસ પીરોજા ડાહી ડહોરી થઈ જઈને પોતાની હીંદુ બહેનપણીઓ પર સરસાઈ કરે છે।



TAKING CARE OF NO. I.

Miss Tory—Ha my pet! You've been so faithful to me that I'll be all kindness to you in return, and will never allow that cat of Hind to share any favours with you!

Hind—Thank you, ma'm! I expected as much from your selfish, partial nature.

[The Lancashire Mill-owners have swept away all the Liberals who voted for the import duty and have returned all those Conservatives who have promised to vote against it whenever occasion arises in the new Parliament.]

એકલપેટાઇ અને લેાભની કાંઇ હદ છે?

મીસ ટોરી-વાહારે મારા કુતલીયા! તું મને એટલેા બધેા નીમખહલાલ થયેા છે કે, તેના બદલામાં હું તારીપર બધું હેત પ્રીત ખાલી કરી નાખશ, અને તારીપરની મારી પક્ષપાતી માયા મેાહબતમાં હીંદના પેલા બીલાડાને જરાકબી ભાગ લેવા દેવશ નહીં!

હીંદ-ઘણી મેહેરબાની થઇ, બાઇ સાહેબ! તારા જેવી એકલપેટી અને એકતરફી ખવાસની ટોરી તરફથી એ સીવાય બીજી ભલાઇ થાય એવી વકી મેં રાખીજ નથી!

[જે લીબરલેાએ લેનકેશીયરના કાપડ સુતર ઉપરની અયાત જગાત કાયમ રાખવાની તરફેણ કરી છે, તેઓને લેનકેશીયરના મીલ માલેકેાએ નવી પારલામેંટની ચુંટણીમાંથી ઉઠાડી નાખ્યા છે, અને જ્યારે પણ વખત આવે ત્યારે તેની સામે મત આપવાને જે કનસરવેટીવેા કબુલ થયા છે તેમને તેઓએ ચુંટી કહાડયા છે.]



"WHOM THE GODS LOVE DIE YOUNG."

In memory of the late Mr. Framji Dinshaw Petit, the eldest surviving son of Sir Dinshaw Maneokji Petit, Bart.

BORN 19TH JAN., 1848. DIED 8TH AUG., 1895.

"ખોદાના પ્યારા હમેશાં પેહેલા મરે છે."

સર દીનશાહ માણેકજી પીટીટ બારોનેટના વડા હૈયાત દીકરા મરહુમ શેઠ ફરામજી દીનશાહ પીટીટની યાદમાં.

જનમ, તા૦ ૧૯મી જાનેવારી ૧૮૪૮. મરણ, તા૦ ૮ મી આગસ્ટ ૧૮૯૫.

A BITTER WAIL!



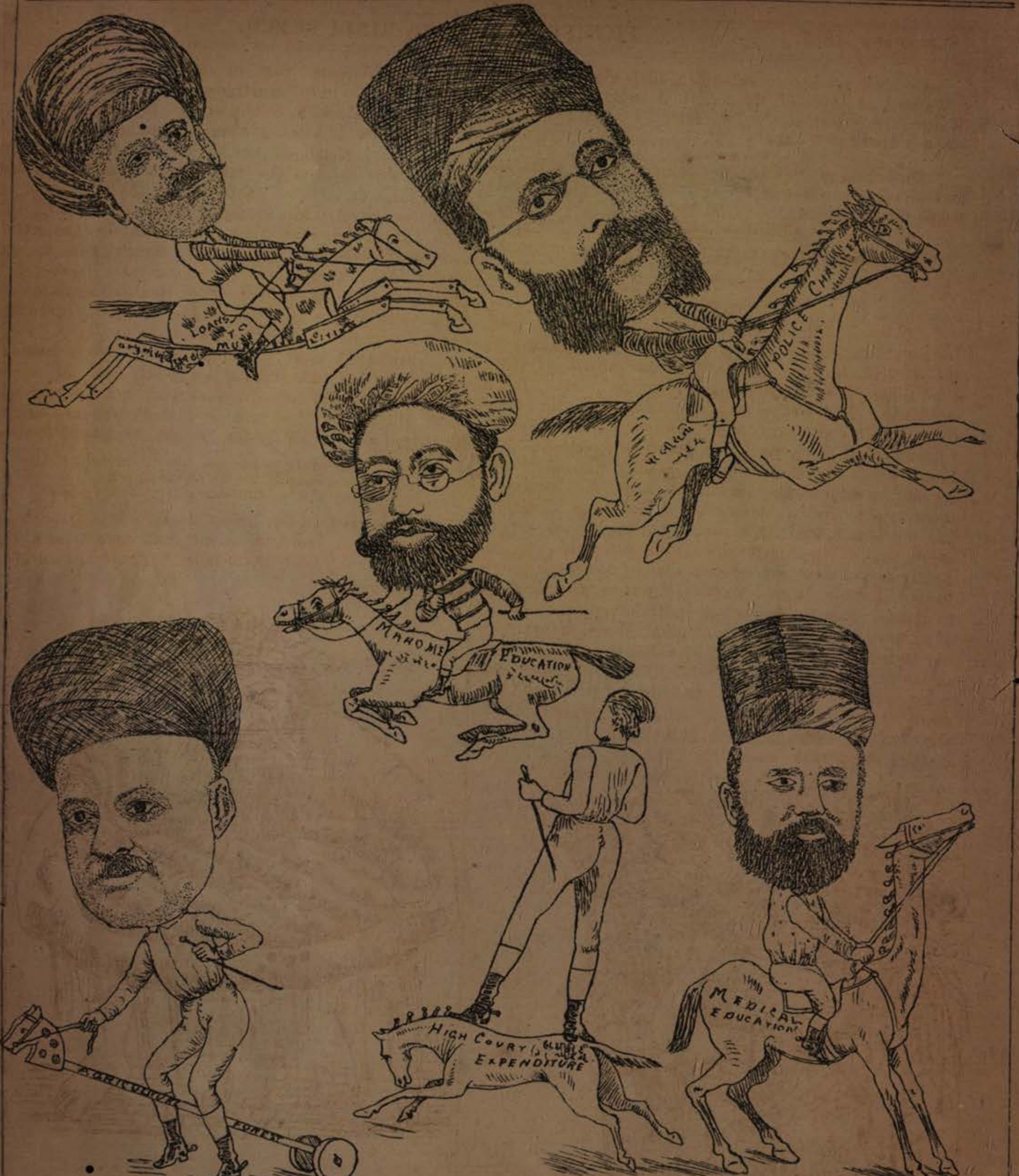
"Help! Oh help me and take me out of this slough!"

[The Parsee Girl's Marriage Benefit Fund is in a sad plight, and the committee of management appears to be at its wit's end to come to any definite satisfactory conclusion.]

દુઃખદાયક રડારોળ !

"ઓ કોઈ મારી મદદે આવોરે! ઓ કોઈ મને બાહાર ખેંચી કહાડોરે! ઓ હું ડુબી જાઉંછ રે! મને કોઈ હાથ આપોરે!"

[પારસી બાનુઓનાં લગનના લાભનું ફંડ બહુ માઠી હાલતમાં આવી પડયું છે, અને તેનો કારોબાર કરનારી કમીટીને કાંઈ પણ ચોકસ સંતોષકારક નીવેડા પર આવવાનું મુદલજ સુઝતું નથી.]



RIDING THEIR HOBBIES IN THE COUNCIL CIRCUS.

(VIDE PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOMBAY LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL HELD AT POONA ON WEDNESDAY LAST.)

કાઊન્સીલ સરકસમાં પોતપોતાના ઘોડા ડપટાવનારા સ્વારો.

(જુવો ગયા બુધવારે પુણા ખાતે મળેલી મુંબઈની ધારાસભાના કામકાજનો હેવાલ.)

CONCLUSIVE.—Scene : Hibernian *table d'hote.*—Guest : "Waiter ! I say—this is pork ! I want mutton !"—Waiter (rather bustled) : "Yes, sorr, it's mutton ye *want*—but it's pork ye'll *have* !"

THE bakers in Madrid have been on strike. This was an especially kneadless affair, and the Spanish public would dough them no thanks.

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINEANT)

Thursday, 8th August.—I have spared my readers for some time, and I hope they are duly thankful for it. But not to me. To anything or anybody rather than that. For my abstention was no virtue, but a necessity. Monthly meetings, you know, unlike Sundays, do not come every week. Hence my too too short furlough, not anything, by a great deal, like the furlough which Mr. Cotton to-day applied for, and which we had no difficulty in granting to him. No disparagement to my worthy colleague. *Honi*—gall, I should say, not honey, but the Gauls have their own way of saying and doing things—*Honi soit qui mal y pense.* I only say it to show how easy really good work comes to us. To take other instances, it was no trouble to us to discuss municipal by-laws, write off enormous sums of money, and do a number of other things too numerous to mention. Bat when we came to *cutchrá*—than which my readers will admit, without a dissentient voice and with sentient noses, there can be nothing more worthless—we were as much exercised about the removal of it as if we actually had to carry it on our corporate back. So true it is that the most troublesome part of any business is that which is the most worthless. It appears that we cannot get bullocks to do the work. If now it had been that the sense of smell of these animals had revolted from it, I for one should not have sought to press them into the service, but the real reason is that they are getting dearer, and we cannot afford to take them at their own price. Mr. Seraph, however, believed no such thing, but said that the fault lay in the orthodoxy of the Health Department, which kept to old ways instead of resorting to newer and fresher (?) modes of removing *cutchrá*. Poor Health Department! To have to dabble in *cutchrá* and mortality returns, and yet expected to preserve its own sanity!



Cutchra on the corporate back.

Talking of sanity reminds me of the house-connections by the rule of *lucus a non lucendo*. My ideas on the subject are very disconnected, but I would ask those who are too cocksure, or rather *pipe*-sure, about the advantages of the system, in the words of Pope:—

> "The strong connections, nice dependencies,
> Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
> Look'd thro' ? Or *does any* part contain *a hole* !"

It ought to contain one hole at least, if it is at all to be looked through, but I am afraid that, like a sieve, the system is wholly made up of holes. The less said of it the better.



The Civic Father's sieve.

The recent light petitions have had their effect. We have become more than ever jealous of private streets. Some one wanted to know by what authority we were lighting some of these. Nobody knew. To cut the matter short, Mr. Cuffe suggested that the proposition should be recorded. I cannot take it upon

myself to say that the suggestion was a very wise one, but I am not aware of its having been very stupid either. It therefore appeared highly unaccountable to me that the President should lose his temper over it and rule poor Mr. Cuffe out of order. If Mr. Cuffe deserved this treatment, Mr. Hamilton deserved it ten times more when, in the house-connections matter, he demanded a poll. Pretty poll-y! pretty dear! Whether this was in sarcastic allusion to our unceasing prattle, or whether Mr. H. really wanted something to enliven him, I don't pretend to say. But the strange part of the thing is that the request was granted, and what is stranger still is that, in spite of the concession, I never saw any poll come in, much as I looked for it. Probably because, like my long-suffering readers at the present moment, I looked with only half my eyes open.



Ruled out of order!

UNLUCKY SPEECHES.—She (gives him a flower): "Sweet as the giver!"—He (wishing to be very complimentary indeed): "Oh—sweeter far!"

BLASE.—"Well, papa, how did you enjoy the play to-night?"—"Oh, I think I enjoyed it fairly well, my dear. I've got a general sort of idea that I didn't go to sleep over it."



THE COMING GREAT CRICKET MATCH.

Miss Meher—And you think the Parsees are sure to win this year?

Cousin Rustom—As sure as my name is Rustom.

Miss M.—Then try a bet. What say you?

Rustom—What say I? I say that if the Parsees win I'll be—er—er—your bond—er—er—slave for—er—er—life!

[*Meher blushes profusely*!

આવતી મેાટી ક્રીકેટ મેચ.

મેહેર—ને તું સું એમ ધારેચ કે આએ વરસેબી પારસીઓજ પાછા જીતસે?

રૂસ્તમ—(કાકાનેા દીકરેા) હા, અચીતજ. હું કેહુંચ કે જો પારસીઓ નહી જીતે તેા મારૂં નામ રૂસ્તમ નહી!

મેહેર—તારે લે જોઉં, મારી સાથે સરત બક. બેાલ તું સું કહેચ?

રૂસ્તમ—હું સું કેહું?—હું તેા એટલુંજ કેહુંચ કે,—અ—અ—જો—જો પારસીઓ જીતે—તેા—તેા—હું—હું—અ—હું તારેા જીંદગી સુધીનેા—અ—અ—ગેાલામ થઇને રેહું એમ હું અબઘડી લખી આપુંચ!

[મેહેરના ગાલ પર રતાસ ચહડી આવે છે



ENAMOURED OF A BEAR!

John Bull—Well, this is nice! A pleasant love intrigue truly! For the present, at any rate, there are no kisses for me, and all there is to do is to wait and watch!

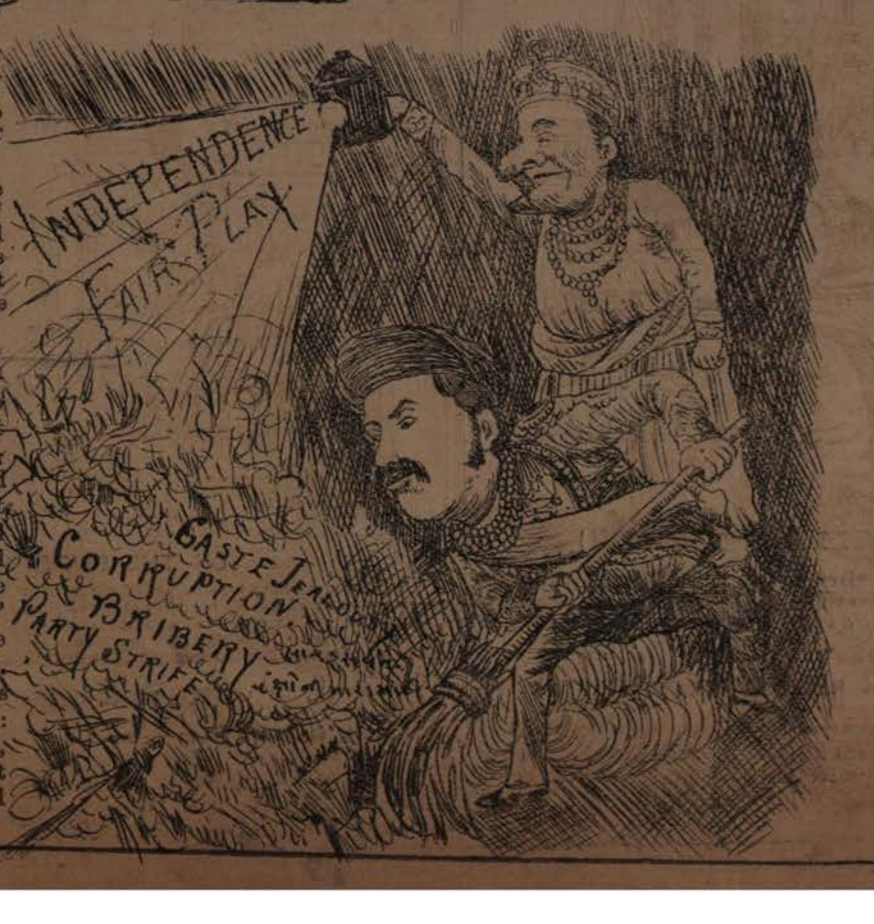
["It is stated at St. Petersburg that the Egyptian question will be discussed on the opening of the French Parliament, and that an attempt will be made to obtain British evacuation by united diplomatic steps. It is understood that France, Russia, and Turkey will support the movement, and it is hoped that Germany will also."—*Telegram*.]

રીછપર મોહીત !

જૉન બુલ—વાહ, આએબી ઠીક રંગ! છુપી છુપી મોહબતની શું મજાહ મચી રહીચ, હેં એં! હાલતુરત તો મને એમાં કાંઈ ભાગ મળે એમ લાગતું નથી, જેથી ચુપચુપ ઉભો રહીને હમણા તો તમાશોજ જોયા કરવા સીવાય મારો બીજો છુટકો દીસતો નથી!

[સેંટપીટરસબરગ ખાતે એવું જણાવવામાં આવે છે કે, ફ્રેંચ પારલામેંટ ઉઘડતાંજ ઈજીપ્તને લગતા સવાલ ઉપર તકરાર ચલાવવામાં આવશે, અને સઘળાં રાજ્યોએ સાથે મળીને ઈજીપ્તમાંથી અંગરેજી લશ્કરને ખાલી કરાવવાની કોશેશ કરવામાં આવશે. ફ્રાન્સ, રૂશ્યા અને તરકી આ હીલચાલને ટેકો આપશે અને જરમની પણ તેમાં સામેલ થશે, એમ ધારવામાં આવે છે.—**તાર.**]

ANOTHER HONOUR FOR DR. GRACE.—The eminent batsman is to be invited to the next "*Court Ball*."



THE STINKING CUTCHRA IN BARODA.

Punch—Go on, my friend, sweep away the dirty *cutchrá*, while I light your work!

[His Highness the Mahraja Shiaji Rao of Baroda has returned to his capital, and it is hoped that the Bapat affair will now once for all be settled.]

વડોદરામાં વાસ મારતો કચરો.

પંચ—ચલાવ, મારા દોસ્ત, હું તુને દીવો દેખાડું છું,—તું આ ગંધીલા કચરાને ઝારી ઝુરીને સાફ કરી નાખ!

[નામદાર માહરાજા શ્રી હાજીરાવ ગાયકવાડ વડોદરા ખાતે પાછા ફરયા છે, અને બાપટને લગતી ખટપટનો હવે તેઓ સેવટનો નીકાલ કરી નાખશે, એવી આશા રાખવામાં આવે છે.]

A SUNDAY DINNER.—Father of family (who has accidentally shot the leg of a fowl under the table): "Mind t'dog doesn't get it!"—Young hopeful (triumphantly): "All right, feyther! I've gotten me foot on it."

WILL: "Don't be so extravagant. 'Wilful waste brings woful want.'"—Tom: "Maybe; anyway, it wasn't woful want brought Will's full waist."

MRS. R. wants to know if "The Hardwicke Society" has anything to do with the improvement of candles and candle-lamps.

A RADICAL change—The opinion of the constituencies in favour of Conservatism.



THE UMBRELLA IN TATTERS!

[Some of the answers given to the interpellations put by the *hon'ble* members at the recent meeting of the Bombay Legislative Council have been characterised by the Press as anything but straightforward and honest.]

છત્રીના વાવટે વાવટા ઊડી ચાલ્યા !

[મુંબઈની ધારાસભાની છેલ્લી બેઠકે વેળા ઓનરેબલ મેમ્બરોએ પુછેલા કેટલાક સવાલોના જે જવાબ સરકારી અધીકારીઓ તરફથી આપવામાં આવ્યા હતા, તે સીધા અને પ્રમાણીક હોવાનાં કરતાં કાંઈ જુદોજ આકાર દેખાડતા હતા, એવી ટીકા જાહેર છાપામાં કરવામાં આવી છે.]



ON THE SWOOP!

[Several plans have been suggested to the Petit family for disposing of the money raised for charitable purposes at the *oothamna* (third day) ceremony of the late Mr. Framjee Dinshaw Petit, as if the sum were public property; the busy bodies, who suggest, forgetting that, in a case of this kind, it would be more decent to let those who find the money consult their own tastes and inclinations.]

ગીદરાઓની તુટાતુટ !

[મરહુમ શેઠ ફરામજી દીનશા પીટીટના ઊઠમણાંમાં કરવામાં આવેલી સખાવત જાણે એક જાહેર મતા હોય તેમ તે કેવાં કામોમાં વાપરવી તે વીશે તરેહવાર સુચનાઓ પીટીટ કુટુંબને કરવામાં આવે છે, પણ એ સુચના કરનારા પરવારતા સાહેબો આટલી વાત ભુલી જાય છે કે, સખાવતના કામ માટે કહાડી આપેલા પઇસાનો ઉપયોગ કરવાનું તે આપનારા સાહેબોની ઇચ્છા અને મુનસફી ઉપરજ છોડી દેવામાં વધારે શોભા છે.]



A TAMÁSHA IN SURAT.

[The First Class Subordinate Judge of Surat, Mr. Vishwanath Vinayak Pranjpe, has delivered judgment in the Surat House Tax case, in which he has decided that the levying of the tax by the Municipality is illegal. This decision has been hailed with delight by the public of Surat.]

સુરતમાં એક તમાશેા.

[સુરતના ફર્સ્ટ ક્લાસ સબારડીનેટ જડજ મી૦ વીશ્વનાથ વીનાયક પરાંજપેએ સુરતના ઘરવેરાને લગતા મુકદમાનેા એવેા ચુકાદેા આપ્યેા છે કે, સુરત મ્યુનીસીપાલીટીએ એ ઘરવેરેા કાયદા વીરૂધ નાખ્યેા છે. આ ચુકાદાથી સુરતની પ્રજા બહુજ રાજી થઈ ગઈ છે.]

AT THE ASSIZES.—Prosecuting counsel: "The prisoner, I understand, was a member of the gang of coiners, some of whom your lordship sentenced at the last sessions."—Prisoner: "Only an honorary member, my lord."

A DRESS REHEARSAL BY OUR BRIEFLESS JUNIOR.

A dozen years since he donned the long robe, an now for the first time in his life, a stray brief falls into his hands! With closed doors and his wife as his only hearer, he rehearses his maiden speech in his sanctum sanctorum. Delighted with his first effort, he looks for applause to the partner of his joys and sorrows:

Mr. B. J.—Now dear, honestly, don't you think I'll bring the court down by my performance?

Mrs. B. J.—Yes, and they may be down upon you for an escaped lunatic and lock you up. Your facial contortions, and your way of sawing the air and making the table tremble under your fists, are as [illegible]e-like!

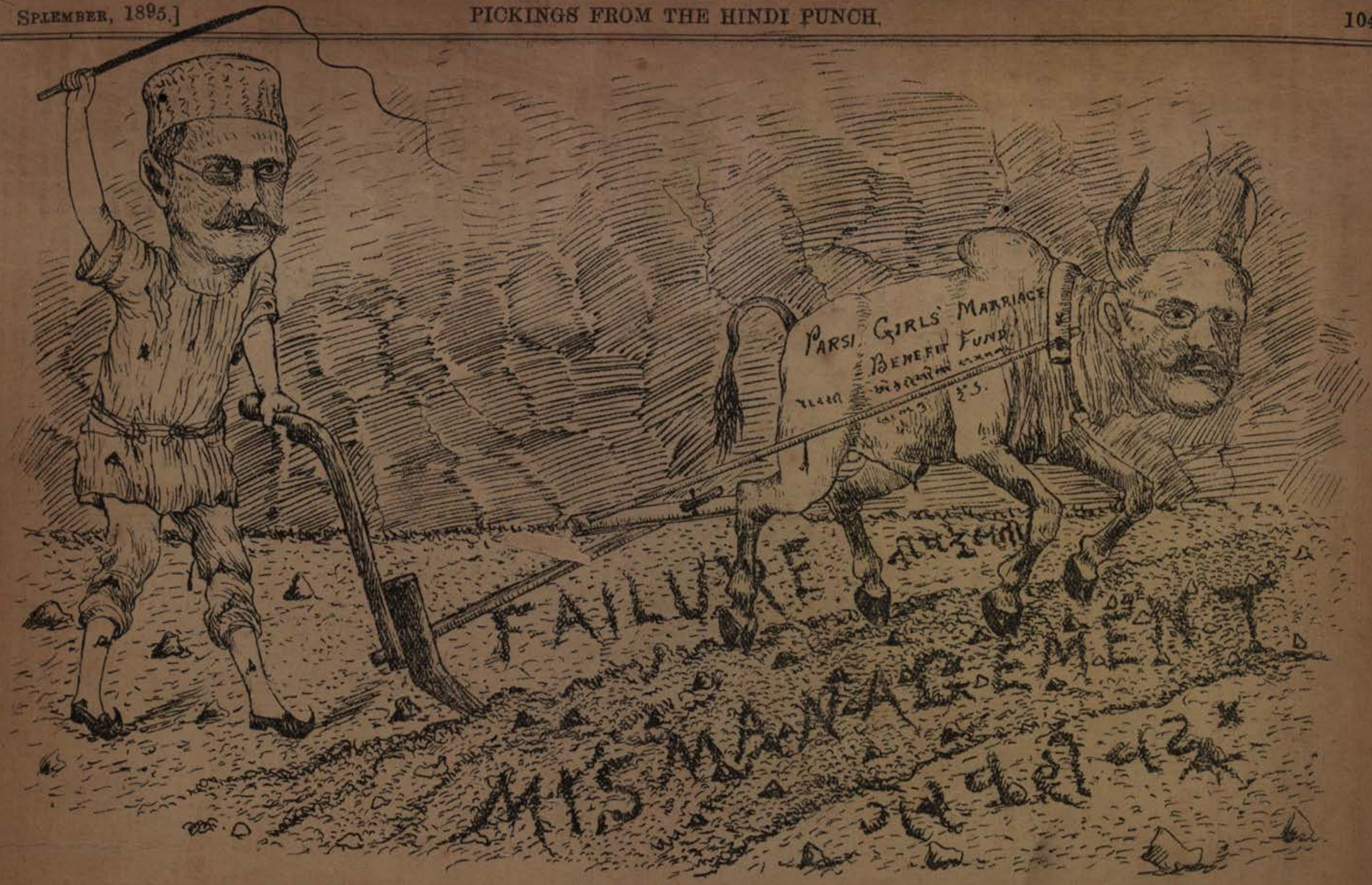


મી૦ બ્રીફલેસ જુનીયરનેા રીહરસલ.

બારીસ્ટરનેા જામેા પેહેરયાને બરાબર બાર વરસ થયા પછી અમારા મી૦ બ્રીફલેસને એક રૂડીરૂડી બ્રીફ હાથ લાગી ગઈ છે! કેારટ આગળ તેઓને પેાતાનું પેહેલવેહેલું ભાષણ બેાલવાનું હેાવાથી, પેાતાના ખાનગી ઓરડાનાં બારણાં બંધ કરીને અને તમાસગીર તરીકે પેાતાનાં ધણીયાણીને એકલાં ઊભાં રાખીને તેવણ ભાષણનેા રીહરસલ કરી જેાય છે, અને પેાતાની પેહેલ વેહેલી કેાશેશ ઊપર પેાતેજ ખુશખુશ થઈ જઈને પેાતાની સુખદુખની ભાગયણ તરફથી તાલીઓના ગગડાટ અને ખુશાળીના આવાજની વકી રાખે છે:

મી૦ બ્રીફલેસ—શું ધારેછ, ડીયર? જે ખરેખરૂં હેાય તે કેહે, કે મારૂં આ ભાષણ સાંભળીને કેારટ છક થઈ જશે કે નહી?

મીસીસ—હા, મને લાગે છે કે કેારટ છક તેા થઈજ જશે ને તમને મેડહાઉસમાંથી નાહાસી આવેલા એક ઘેલા ગાંડા તરીકે પકડીને કદાચ એકુ કેાટડીમાં પુરીબી મુકે. તમે જે રીતે મેાહડાં મરડયા ને હવામાં હાથને લાંબા ને ટુંકા કરીને ઉડારયા ને વળી ટેબલ પર ધરરરર કરતી મુક્કીપર મુક્કીઓ ઠેાકી, તે બધું એવું આબેહુબ કીધું કે જાણે એ ઘેલી જેવાજ જણાયા!



PLOUGHING THE SANDS; OR, THE FRUITLESS LABOURS OF THE POOR BULLOCK.

[There are hardly any chances of the Parsee Girls' Marriage Benefit Fund being brought out of the sad plight to which it has come owing to the mismanagement and want of capacity of those concerned.]

રેતી પર ખેતી થાય?

અથવા, ગરીબ બીચારા બળદીયાના ફોકટના પછાડા.

[પારસી છોકરીઓનાં લગનના લાભનું ફંડ નીષ્ફળ નીવડયું છે, અને ગેરકારોબારથી તે એવી હાલતમાં આવી પડયું છે કે, તેને ઉગારવાની કોઈ પણ કોશેશ પાર પડે એ બહુજ શકભરેલું થઈ પડયું છે. હાલ તુરત ફંડની કારોબારી કમીટીના પાંચ, ફંડના અધીકારીઓ તરફના પાંચ અને બાહેરના ત્રાહીત પાંચ આબરૂદાર મહસ્શોની એક કમીટી નેમીને, ફંડને સારી હાલતપર લાવવા માટે શું કરવું તે વીષેનો વીચાર કરી રીપોર્ટ કરવાનું કામ તેને સોંપવામાં આવ્યું છે.]

THE SEASIDE SEASON.—He: "Where did you and Charlie go off to last night?"—She: "We strolled down to the beach to hear what the wild waves were saying."—He: "Yes, I heard part of their conversation myself. It was 'Charlie, you *do* know how to kiss!'"

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Monday, 12th August.—A deal of talking to-day, without, as usually happens with us, any substantial or tangible result. We had, to begin with, a good hour and a quarter of Mr. Dharamsi, a doubtful treat which made those of us, who were at it, wish they had



A doubtful treat.

kept away, and those, who were absent, wish they had been present. We decided to have it over again another day, doubtless for the benefit of the absentees. I will therefore only remark in passing that it all turned on the filter-beds at Malabar Hill, no beds of roses, as we are likely to find to our cost. But where is the help for it. Thorny or rosy, beds, in one form or another, are a necessity of our existence:

> "In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
> And born in bed, in bed we die;
> The near approach a bed may show
> Of human bliss and human woe."

One consequence of our not lying long a-bed was that we found ourselves in the mood to carry our fractious spirit to the chair itself. I doubt if, without Mr. Mehta's active encouragement, we could have nerved ourselves to the daring effort. But he led us on, and, willing or unwilling, we followed. The President has been ruling us out of order, much too often for us to submit, without a murmur, to the snubbing. On matters of procedure, we don't object, but we do, when our



Carrying fractious spirit to the chair!

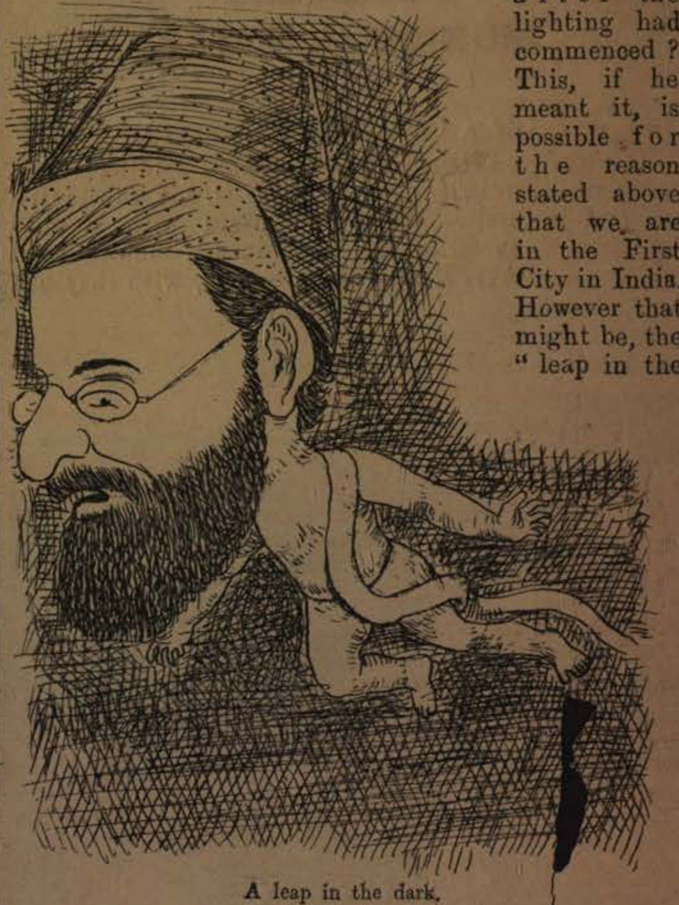
chief allows his own personal likes and dislikes to determine whether a proposition shall be discussed or not. On this we are going to law, that is, in a private way, to its limbs to see if they are going to support our view of the matter.

Thursday, 15th August.—Private streets again! My readers may perhaps be tired of them, but we corporators are not, such is our zeal and ardour in the discharge of our duties. Given an idea in our head, or rather between our legs, and we undertake to ride it to



" On matters of procedure, we don't object."

the death. The lighting of private streets had hitherto, incredible though it might seem, been carried on quite privately. Though why incredible, now that I think of it? In any less ambitious place, I admit it would be impossible to keep street lights from staring people in the face. But you must remember, we are in the First City in India, where even lights might be made invisible. But to return, while the lighting of private streets was unknown to us, we were, as might be expected, mum on the subject, but now that it has been brought to light, we are not going to leave it lightly. We will not rest till we have wholly darkened it with the mist of our controversy. Some time back, as I told you, some one wanted to know our authority for lighting private streets, with the view evidently of putting an end to the objectionable practice. To-day another, taking stand on opposite ground, wanted to have the cost of lighting all the private streets in Bombay estimated. But Mr. Seraph, fearful lest his own lustre should be diminished, jealously interposed, saying it would be a leap in the dark! What would be a leap in the dark? The lighting of private streets? Naturally so, since the streets are at present in the dark, but this would be only momentary if we carrid our lights with us. Surely, to refrain for fear of the darkness seems very much like the famous resolve of the Irishman not to touch water till he knew how to swim. Or did Mr. Seraph mean that it would be a leap in the dark even after the lighting had commenced? This, if he meant it, is possible for the reason stated above that we are in the First City in India. However that might be, the "leap in the



A leap in the dark.

dark" had terrified us, and we decided to have no more lights in private streets[illegible] one can call us light-minded after this.



Not light-minded things!

From night-lights—burglars' horrors, as Mr. Clark calls them—we passed on to the light of day when it dawns and sets on the millions who own our sway. In plain English, we discussed the registration of births and deaths, where evidently,

> . . . . . *It's very far from clear,*
> "What Infant-members in our flock appear,
> "And who, of Old or Young, or Nymphs or Swains,
> "Are lost to Life, its pleasures and its pains."

We all thought the system was imperfect. Would you believe it, one and the same woman was shown as having given birth to two children in a week! From the wonder which sat on our faces, it was clear that, whatever other ills we corporators were heir to, that of supporting the double responsibility of twins was not among the number. And would you believe it again, one and the same person was set down as having died more than once! This, we agreed, was manifestly impossible, though why, I am sure I don't know, for does not Shakespeare himself say:

> "Cowards die many times before their deaths."

While we were thus exercising ourselves over this faulty registration, Mr. Dew urged, in mitigation of our sufferings, that imperfectness was inseparable from the nature of the thing, and that we needn't cry over it, as registration was imperfect even in Europe, where the people were more *alive* to its necessity. More *alive*! What! even the dead, Mr. Dew? Perhaps so. Perhaps deaths are registered in civilised Europe, *in anticipation*, by the parties themselves, to prevent mistakes! Shall we also cause ourselves to be registered as dead first, so as to make sure that the d—l gets his due, or Mr. Dew gets his deaths, and die after, when we please or when the time comes? (*Hindi Punch*, 25-8-95.)

CHOW-CHOW.

India and the Queen's Speech.

NO one has been able yet to give an adequate reason for the silence studiously maintained in every speech from the throne in regard to India—the largest dependency of the Crown. Even the agonies of Lancashire at the reimposition of cotton duties to partially replenish the Indian Treasury, or the exploits of the Queen's army in Chitral and the enormous burden thrown on the Indian taxpayers by the expedition against Umra Khan, are not reckoned events of sufficient importance to find a place in the Queen's speech. The sovereign's love and regard for her Indian subjects cannot be gainsaid. The Indian soldiers forming the Royal escort and the world-renowned "Kohinoor" are there, if *souvenir* and associations were at all necessary, (and other *souvenirs* worth millions of rupees have been taken from this country) to remind Her Most Gracious Majesty of the existence of her thirty crores of loyal subjects in the ancient and glorious land of Ind. Wherefore then the seal upon her lips? The bulk of the Indian races believe in omens, charms and incantations. They are sometimes taught to repeat certain words and names of good import and to religiously refrain from uttering others that are supposed to bode ill. The name of a person whom Adversity claims as her own is, for instance, one that is studiously avoided, especially on auspicious occasions, and so is a beggar's presence shunned at certain times by the pious and conservative Hindus. That Hind is poor and at present the great favourite of Dark Adversity, is true enough. The Grand Old Man of India has made this fact clear to the world, and it seems the Sovereign Mother, who rules over the destinies of the poverty-stricken millions in this country, has grasped the truth and, may be, considers it ominous to introduce anything in her auspicious speeches from the throne that might even remotely suggest to the mind the sinister words "India," "Hindustan," "Hind" or "Aryavarta"! Unlucky Hind!

***

Justice Budroodin Tyabji.

SELF-LOVE first, then the love of kindred—for blood is thicker than water: if still expansive love may take in one's own caste or community and ultimately, should the heart overflow with genuine esteem, this noble sentiment may embrace the entire humanity irrespective of caste and creed. But it must drain over the brim before it spreads so far and wide. Judged in the light of this speculation, the splendid ovation given the other day to Justice Budroodin Tyabji, at Sir Mangaldas House, by the Hindu Union Club, indicates that the members of the club have made no small progress in attaining the object of the institution, to wit, the "promotion of social union by interchange of ideas and sympathies." In the hot pursuit after *political* union in these days there is a danger of *social* union being altogether neglected. The latter chase is perhaps considered tedious and comparatively risky. Any how, it is refreshing to find there are sportsmen who do not despise the far more elevating pleasures of a pursuit after social union. Mr. *Punch* earnestly entertains the hope that such sympathies, taking their rise in this Hindu Club, may continue to overflow and submerge every other race coming within their influence.

***

Modern Fetish Worship.

WHAT a mistake to imagine that the worship of fetish will ever cease in this world! Before the lamp of science shed its light over the Dark Ages of inquisitions and tortures, the ghosts of ignorance, superstition and hypocrisy ruled the world and humanity groaned and suffered. The age of science has also its fetish worshippers. Mr. Earnest Hart, who has scant respect for the orthodox Indian Medical Service, should take comfort in this thought. The sanitary needs of India must for a time go unprovided for. "Medical officers of all grades," says Mr. Hart, "were expected to show respect to their seniors by invoking as the efficient causes of cholera outbreak, telluric influences, pandemic waves, epidemic constitution, cholera mists, blue clouds, cholera blasts, the influence of trees, and such like bogies." Their "stolid resistance and antiquated prepossessions" are said to be proof against accepting the true theory which attributes the outbreaks of cholera to contamination of drinking water. Exactly so was the case in the Dark Ages when every disease was identified with the devil, and witches

and other innocent victims were sacrificed in thousands. All fetish worship—an evil to be reckoned with and combatted in all ages!

* * *

The Pilgrim Ships' Bill.

IF the domicile of cholera is now proved to be Turkish Arabia and not Hindustan, why will the Turk not keep his dirty house clean instead of annoying healthy men from other places who hie thither? And why above all should rulers of countries, that present clean bills of health, be made the tools for hoodwinking the world in the interests of the incapable Turk? Mr. *Punch's* sympathies are with the poor Mussalman pilgrims who pass through India to Hadj. The Pilgrim Ships' Bill, introduced into the Supreme Legislative Council by virtue of a mandate from India House, cannot fail to be oppressive, if passed. But "jo hukum" is the order of the day from the highest to the lowest in the country.

* * *

The Ganpati Festival.

GANESH, the Averter of Evil, is going to be worshipped in Bombay, this year, in a style surpassing any similar devotional manifestation before. Knowledge, faith, wisdom and peace should follow in the wake of this pious demonstration and all evil vanish for ever! (*Hindi Punch*, 25-8-95.)

MITCHELL'S PRESS DIRECTORY.

THERE is mickle in it, and Messrs. Mitchell & Co. the enterprising publishers, are to be congratulated on having carried the unique publication successfully through fifty successive years. Like the snow-ball, it has been annually gaining in bulk and in importance, and the handsome Jubilee volume before us is the best proof of its growing popularity and usefulness, adorned, as it is, with numerous portraits of "representative newspaper men," and teeming, as it does, with a highly interesting and well-arranged mass of information concerning the newspaper press, not only of one clime or country, but of the whole civilised world. The "pen is mightier than the sword" is an old saying, nowhere perhaps more amply or more strikingly exemplified than in the immense power wielded both over nations and over kings by the gentlemen connected with the fourth estate, and the volume, we are now concerned with, is a faithful record of the successful trophies raised by the redoubtable knights of the pen, to whom belongs the honour of having formed and educated public opinion. It is a volume of information, useful alike to the public, the journalist and the trader; to the public who finds in it the means of sorting the wheat from the chaff, to the journalist who learns to know and welcome a deserving brother in arms, to the trader in search of the proper quarter, to turn to, for that one great essential to success in his business, judicious and effective advertising. Long life to the Press, and to Mitchell's Directory—a volume of "mickle might"! (*Hindi Punch*, 18-8-95.)

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

TAKING HIM DOWN.—Captain Fidleigh (of the Petticoat Lane Rifle Volunteers): "Don't yer know, Miss Perter, I always feel particularly light-hearted, and inclined to flirt, at this time of the year! As Tennyson beautifully puts it, 'in the spring young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,' and all that sort of thing. Ha, ha!"—Miss Perter (sweetly): "Do you apply that phrase to yourself, Captain Fidleigh?"—Captain Fidleigh: "Ya'as, certainly I do!"—Miss Perter (with mock enthusiasm): "Well, it *is* refreshing to know that a gallant warrior, whose manly breast is adorned with the volunteer long-service decoration, is possessed of such exquisitely juvenile sentiment!" [The Captain subsides—and slopes.]

THE ELECTION PLEASANT PHRASE BOOK.

(For the use of unpopular candidates expected to accept attacks "good-naturedly.")

I am much obliged to you for the unsavoury egg.

Pray do not apologise for breaking my arm with a stone three inches in diameter.

Thanks for that pail of mud emptied over my head and hat.

It is really capital fun being pelted with gravel.

Never mind having smashed my dog-cart and killed the horse attached to it.

Really, dodging this storm of bludgeons is the most amusing occupation imaginable.

Never mind having crushed my skull, as I really wanted a chance to give a good turn to the local doctor.

Finally, I would willingly acknowledge all these little humours of a contested election in a spirit of genial amiability had you not unfortunately broken my jaw and reduced me to a condition of semi-insensibility.

NOTHING LIKE BEING READY WITH AN EXCUSE.—Elderly skittish cousin: "Oh, how unkind of you to have left me out of your *beautiful* party! You seem to have forgotten I'm your *first cousin*!"—He (with no end of near but not very dear relatives): "So very sorry! First cousin—ah, yes." (Recovering himself.) "So long ago, you know. . . , Had you been my *last* cousin, this *never could* have occurred!"

SLUMBURGH THEATRE ROYAL.—Heavy villain (somewhat mixed): "Even a turn will worm when it is trodden upon. (Laughter.) I mean a trod will worm when it is turned upon. (Jeers.) I should say a worm will trod when it's turned upon. (Yells.) That is to say, a turn will trod when it is wormed upon. (Cat-calls.) Or rather, a trod will turn when it is wormed upon. (Uproar.) Well, if that doesn't suit you, you had better try and say it for yourselves."

A CORRECT EYE.—Mrs. Brown has bought her husband 20 yards of native Scotch homespun, and has sent for the tailor of the glen to make him a suit thereof. The tailor takes the material, gives a glance at Brown, and is about to depart. "But look here," says Brown; "you've not taken my measure!" Tailor: "Hoot, man, ye're not deformed!"

THE RISING GENERATION.—"Going to the seaside with the others, Algy?"—"Not I; you see, I've got to do Goodwood this week, and after that I and Fred Smith think of going yachting."



WHAT IT WILL COME TO.—A PEEP IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

[The Porte has again rejected the demand made by the Powers for foreign control over the proposed reforms in Armenia.—*Telegram.*]

મામલો શાની પર આવી લાગશે ?—નજદીકનાં ભવીશયમાં એક ડોકીયું.

[આરમીન્યામાં સુધારા દાખલ કરવાનાં કામ ઉપર યુરોપનાં મોટાં રાજ્યોની દેખરેખ રાખવા દેવાની જે માંગણી કરવામાં આવી હતી, તે સ્વીકારવાને એકવાર ફેરીથી તરકીની સરકારે ના પાડી છે.—તાર.]



A BIG FEED; OR, SHRI GANESH IN EXCELSIS!

GANESH CHATURTHI: Friday, 23rd August, 1895.

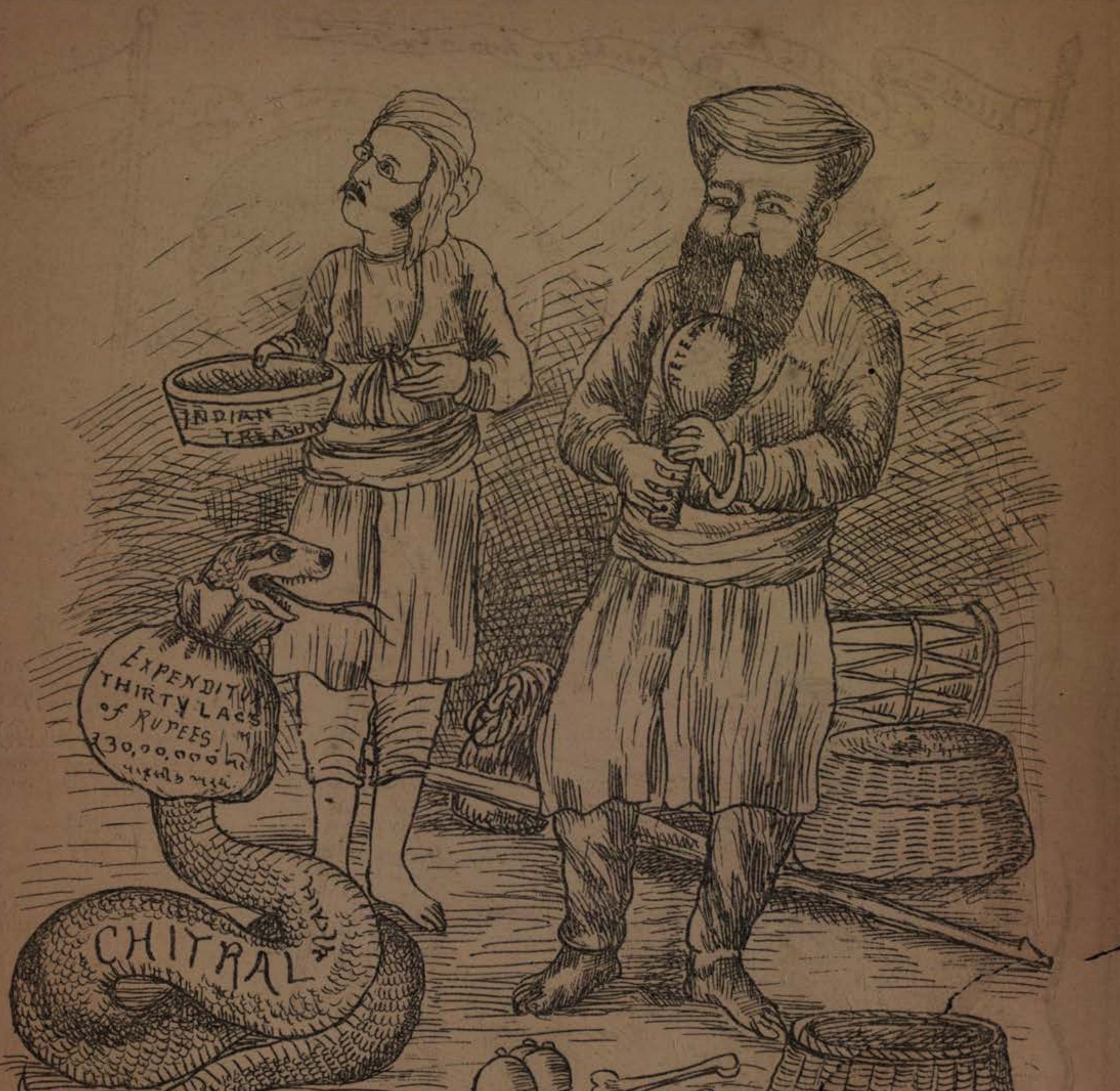
Ganesh (*Dances and sings*):—Chitral mé áná, laddoo khá jáná, peechhé jo hoya so hoya!

રંગરાગમાં ઉતરેલા શ્રી ગણેશનાં જબરાં પેટ માટે જબરો લાડવો!

ગણેશ ચતુરથી: શુકરવાર, તા૦ ૨૩ મી આગસ્ટ, ૧૮૯૫.

ગણેશ-(નાચતા નાચતા ગાય છે) ચીત્રાલ મેં આના, લડુ ખાજાના, પીછે જો હોય સો હોય!

WORKMAN (politely, to old lady, who has accidentally got into a smoking compartment): "You don't object to my pipe, I 'ope, mum?"—Old lady: "Yes, I *do* object, very strongly!"—Workman: "Oh! Then out you get!!"



WHO WILL PAY THE PIPER ?

Madári W-stl-nd—Déo, sheth sáháb, déo ; bái sáháb, déo ! Hamári tokri mé do chár paisè dál déo !

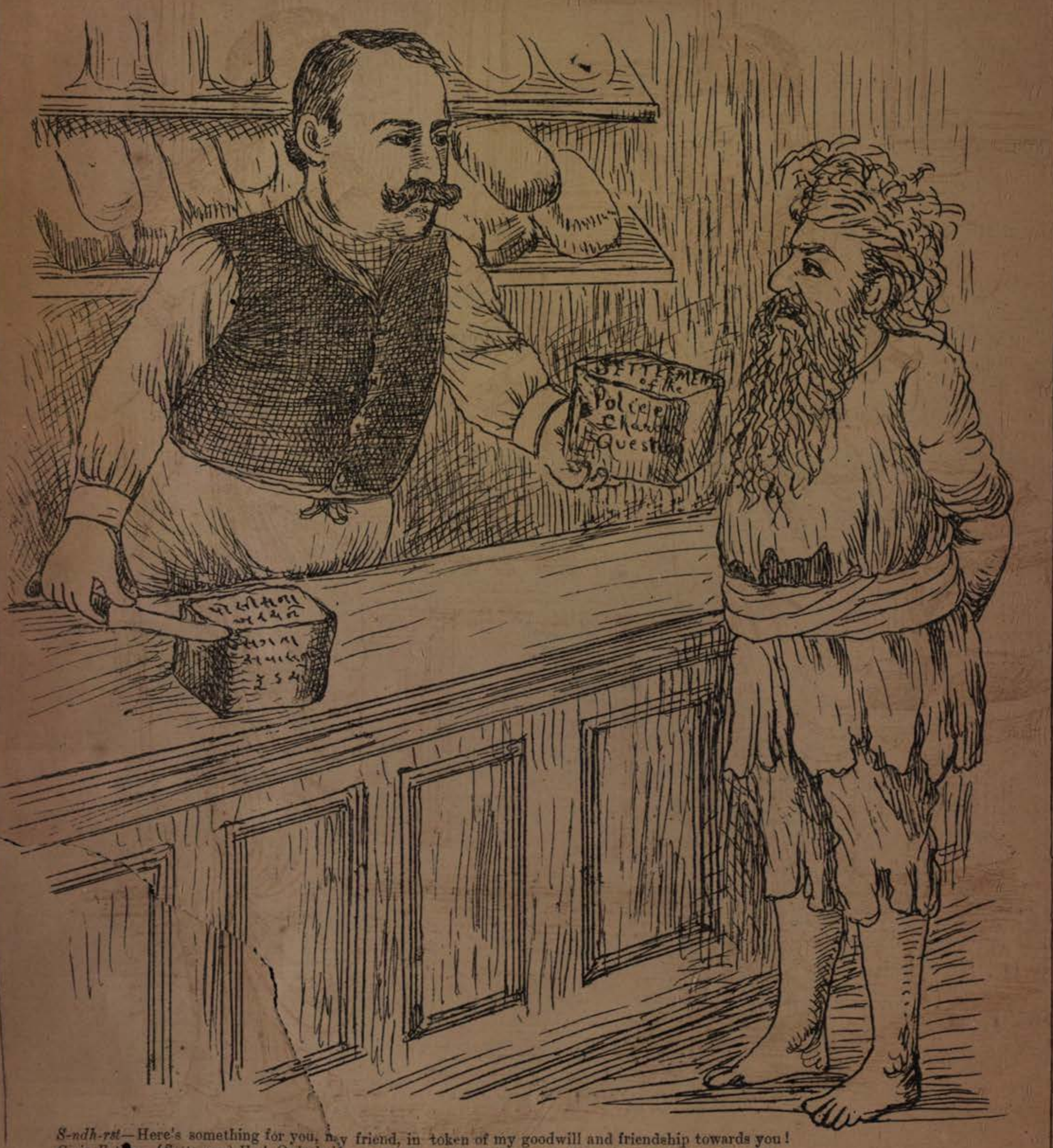
[The first fruit of the Unionist Ministry having come to power is the announcement of the retention of Chitral with a force sufficient to tax the Indi n treasury to the tune of thirty lacs every year.]

ખરચનો બોજો કોણ ખમશે ?

મદારી વેસ્ટલેંડ—દેઓ, શેઠ સાહાબ, દેઓ ; બાઈ સાહાબ, દેઓ ! હમારી ટોકરીમેં દો ચાર પઈસા ડાલ દેઓ !

[યુનીયનીસ્ટો પ્રધાનપદ ઉપર આવ્યાથી હીંદુસ્તાનના સંબંધમાં પેહેલું પરીણામ એ નીપજ્યું છે કે ચીત્રાલનો કબજો છોડી દેવાને બદલે તે રાખવાનો તેણે ઠરાવ કરેલો છે, અને તેટલા માટે જે લશકર ત્યાં રાખવું પડશે તે માટે હીંદી તજોરીને દર વરસે ત્રીસ લાખના ખરચનો બોજો ઉપાડવો જોઈશે.]

HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.



S-ndh-rst—Here's something for you, my friend, in token of my goodwill and friendship towards you!
Civic Father—(*Sotto voce*) Ha! Only half a loaf*!* But—h'm! Perhaps—h'm—better than no bread*!*

[The vexed Police Question is on a fair way to settlement. The Government of Bombay has met the Bombay Municipal Corporation on some of the points, leaving the others to be settled hereafter.]

નહી મામાના કાંણા મામા.

સેંડહર્સ્ટ—તારી તરફની મારી સારી લાગણી અને મીત્રાચારીની ઇંધાની તરીકે આએ કંઇ થોડું ઘણું સેહેજ તારે વાસ્તે છે તે લે, મારા દોસ્ત!

શેહેરીબાવા—(મનમાં) હાઆ! ફક્ત અરધુંજ પાંઉ! પણ—અં—કદાચ—અં—કંઇજ નહી મલે તેના કરતાં એટલું અરધુંબી ગણીમત ગણવું પડશે!

[મુંબઇની પોલીસના ખરચને લગતો સવાલ ફડચો થવાને રસ્તે પડી ચુકયો છે. મુંબઇની મ્યુનીસીપલ કારપોરેશનના કેટલાક વાંધાઓ મુંબઇ સરકારે બાહાલ રાખ્યા છે, અને બાકીનાનો નીકાલ હવે પછી કરવાનું ઠરાવ્યું છે.]

A WARNING FOR THE ANTI-REFORM HUMBUGS.



Miss Congress—You're always welcome at my place.—wherever I may be, my dear, and I'll be very glad to receive you with open arms. I've been reading the work of your industry, and it has pleased me immensely.

Miss Social Reform—But some busybodies threaten me with ejectment and insult, m'am!

Miss Congress—I' know how to treat such noodles, my dear! You may safely rely upon my firm aid and support.

કુધારાવાળા હંબગોને એક સવેલાની ચેતવણી.

મીસ કાનગ્રેસ—હું જ્યાંહુધી હોઈશ ત્યાંહ તું ભલે મારે ઘેર પધારજે, મારી વહાલી, અને તુને હંમેશાં મારા બંને હાથે આવકાર દેવાને હું ખુશી થઈશ. તું કેવા ઉમંગથી તારૂં કામ બજાવે છે તે મેં વાંચી જોયું છે અને તેથી મને અતી આનંદ થયો છે.

મીસ સંસાર-સુધારો—પણ કેટલાક નવરા નકામાઓ મને તમારા ઘરમાંથી હાંકી કહાડવાની અને અપમાન કરવાની ધમકી આપતા ફરે છે, બાઈ સાહેબ.

મીસ કાનગ્રેસ—એવા બેવકુફ પરવારતાઓને કેમ ઠેકાણે લાવવા, તે હું સારી રીતે જાણું છું, મારી વાહાલી. તુને મારી તરફથી સંગીન મદદ અને ટેકો હંમેશાં મળતો



GRAND ROYAL CIRCUS, WESTMNISTER—THE OPENING SCENE.

(*As witnessed on Thursday, 15th August,* 1895.)

[The new Unionist Parliament met on Thursday the 15 th August, when the Queen's speech was read.]

વેસ્ટમીન્સ્ટરનો ગ્રાંડ રૉયલ સરકસ ઊઘડતાંજ પેહેલો દેખાવ.

(ગુરૂવાર, તા૦ ૧૫ મી આગસ્ટ ૧૮૯૫ને દીવસે જોવામાં આવેલો.)

[ઈંગ્લંડની નવી યુનીયનીસ્ટ પારલામેંટ ગઈ તા૦ ૧૫ મી આગસ્ટે પેહેલવેહેલી મળી હતી, જે વેળા માહરાણી તરફનું ભાષણ વાંચવામાં આવ્યું હતું.]



HURT AND CLEAN BOWLED OUT!

[The Hon'ble Mr. Nugent is severely taken to task by the Native Press for having made unwarranted attacks on the non-official members of the Legislative Council and for having shown official insolence towards them.]

બીચારાને બૉલ વાગેા અને વળી "આઊટ" થઈ ગયેા!

[મુંબઈની ધારાસભાના સ્વતંત્ર અધીકારીઓ સામે અઘટીત હુમલા કરવા માટે તેમજ તેઓ તરફ ઓધેદાર તરીકેની તુમાખી દેખાડવા માટે દેશી છાપાએ આનરેબલ મી૦ ન્યુજંટ સામે સખત ટીકાનેા મારેા ચલાવ્યેા છે.]



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 32.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON,

THE GREAT MOGUL OF THE INDIA OFFICE.

મી૦ પંચનાં ફેન્સી પેારટ્રેટ.—નાં૦ ૩૨.

લૉર્ડ જર્યોરજ હેમીલટન,

ઈંડીયા ઑફીસ પર રાજ ચલાવનારેા મેાગલ શેહેનશાહ.

THE PRESIDENCY *VS.* THE PARSEES.

પ્રેસીડેનસી વીરૂધ પારસીઓવાલી ક્રીકેટ મેચ.



Soonee and Hilla are on their way home in the evening after the first day's play. Oh the beastly downpour! In what a horrid plight the poor sweet dearies are! And to add to the horror of the situation, they hear young Bombay's advancing footsteps!

પેહેલે દાહાડે મેચ જોઈને સાંજના સુની ને હીલ્લા ઘેર પાછી ફરે છે. પણ એના વર સાદનું નખ્ખોડ જાય તે, તેણે ખાડા ને ખબોચીયાઓ ભરી મુકીને બીચારી એ નાજુક ગુલબદનોને કેવી નઠારી હાલતમાં લાવી મુકી છે! અને અધુરામાં પુરૂં, પછવાડે આ લતા જુવાનયાઓ રખે તેમને એવી હાલતમાં જોય અને તેમનું મોહોત થઈ જાય, તેથી તેઓ વધારે વીહીલી ફુંફુલી પડી છે!

YET ANOTHER!

[An additional burden has been laid on the poor Indian taxpayer to the tune of thirty lacs a year, being the cost of the retention of Chitral.]

વળી એક નવો બોજો લાધીયો!

ગરીબ બીચારો હીંદી એ હુત! તેની વાંકી વળી ગયલી પીઠ ઉપર વળી આ નવો બોજો! અરે કોણ તેની દાદ લેય!

[ચીત્રાલનો કબજો રાખવા માટેનો ખાસો ત્રીસ લાખ રૂપયાનો નવો બોજો ગરીબ બીચારા હીંદી કરભરનાર ઉપર નાખવામાં આવ્યો છે.]



THE shilling testimonial to Dr. Grace is bobbing up well.



MUD SPORTS.

Mr. Punch.—You mustn't allow people, m'am, to make mud pies and indulge in mud sports at your very door!

[The other day in the Bombay Small Causes Court, before Mr. Cursetjee Maneckjee Cursetjee, the third judge, some highly objectionable and offensive remarks were made by Mr. Murzban, a counsel engaged in a case in which Mr. Sorabjee Rustomjee Bilimoria, a pleader, was sued for the recovery of Rs. 22, being the amount of fee paid in advance for professional services.]

કાદવ ઉડારવાના ખેલ.

મીο પંચ—તમારા છેક દરવાજા આગળ લોકો કાદવ ઉડારવાના ખેલ કરે અને તેની મોજ ભોગવે એમ થવા ના દેઓ, બાઈ સાહેબ!

[મીο સોરાબજી રૂસ્તમજી બીલીમોરીયા પલીડરને એક મુકદમો ચલાવવા માટે રૂ. ૨૨ ની આપવામાં આવેલી "ફી" પાછી મેળવવા માટે તેમનીપર સ્માલકાઝ કોરટમાં ફરયાદી માંડવામાં આવી છે. તે મુકદમામાં વાદી તરફથી રોકવામાં આવેલા મીο મરઝબાન બારીસ્ટરે કેટલીક વાંધા ભરેલી અને માઠું લગાડનારી ટાકા ત્રીજા જડજ હજુર કરી હતી.]

THE FILTER BEDS AT MALABAR HILL RESERVIOR :—A PRACTICAL TEST.

Mr. Smookson. (Residing on the Malabar Hill, to Mr. K. M. Shroff)—You don't object to drinking unfiltered water, eh? Then here's a sample of Tulsi water for you, with some vegetable and organic matter in it, that I'm sure you'll redish !



[During the discussion of the Filter Beds question, Mr. K. M. Shroff said the other day at the meeting of the Corporation that unfiltered water was even better than filtered water, and that he did not think men would die simply because there was a little vegetable matter in the water they drank.]

વાલકેશ્વરની તુલસીનાં પાણીની ટાંકી માટેનાં ફીલટર-એક વેહેવારૂ તપાસ.

મી૦ સ્નુકસન—(વાલકેશ્વરનો રેહેવાસી, મી૦ કા. મે. શરાફને) કાકા, તમને વગર ગાળેલું પાણી પીવામાં કંઈજ હરકત નથીની? તો લેઓ આઑ તુલસીનાં પાણીનો નમુનો છે, તે સવાદ સવાદે ને હોંસે હોંસેજ ગટગટાવી જાઓ, જોઊં!

[વાલકેશ્વરની ટાંકીમાંનાં પાણી ગાળવાના ફીલટરને લગતા સવાલ ઉપર તકરાર ચાલતાં મી૦ કાવસજી મેહેરવાનજી શરાફે કારપોરેશનની સભામાં જણાવ્યું હતું કે, ગાળેલા કરતાં નહી ગાળેલું પાણી વધારે સારૂં હોય છે, અને લોકો જે પાણી પીએ છે તેમાં ગોડો વનસપતીનો કચરો આવે તો તેથી કાંઈ તેઓ મરી જાય એમ હું ધારતો નથી.]

AT DR. MÁKHMÁR'S.



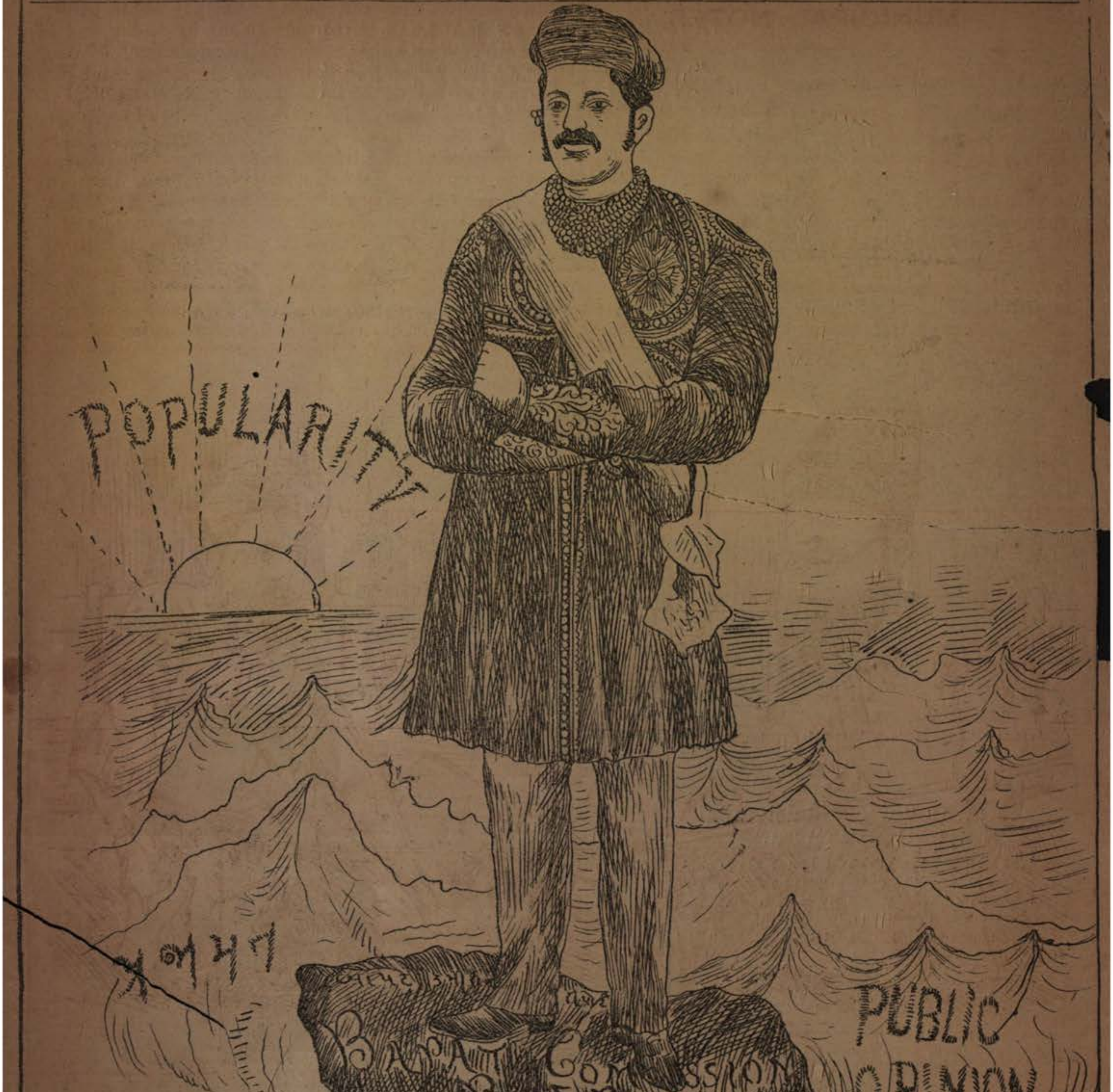
Mrs. Vegan—Here have I been waiting a whole hour for you, Doctor, and this is my second visit in the day too! I called in the morning also, and you weren't at home.

Dr. M.—(Who had been to see the Presi-Parsee match.) So sorry! I was engaged in a very serious case just near the Bombay Gymkhana, and could not come away earlier. Ours is a very hard lot. I haven't had my meals yet!

ડાકટર માખમારને ત્યાં.

મીસીસ વેગણ—એક કલાક થયોજી હું ખોટી થાઉં છું ને આએ બીજી વખત હું આવીને બેસી રેહીછજી. સવારનાંબી આવી તારે બી કેહેજે છો તમે ઘેરમાં નથી.

ડાકટર માખમાર—(જેઓ પારસીઓ ને અંગરેજો વચેની ગોટા મેચ જોવા ઉતરી પડયા હતા) હું ઘણોજ દલગીર છેઉં. પણ શું કરૂં, બેબે જીમખાના આગળ એક ઘણાજ સીરીયસ કેસમાં મને વખત થઇ ગીઓ ને તાંહુથી જલદી નીકલીજ શકાયું નહી. અમે ડાકટરોનું જીવતરજ બરયું. એક ઘરીની ફુરસુદ નહી—ને કહારે ઘરકે તેરવા આવે તે કંઈજ નકી નહી,—પછી શું કરચે. હજી તો હું આખો દાહારો થયો જમીચોબી નથી!



A SAD MUSING!

H. H Shiaji Rao—" The time is out of joint ; O cursed spite !
That ever I was born to set it right."

દલગીરી ભરેલા ઊંડા વીચારમાં !

નામદાર શીયાજીરાવ–અરે બેઢંગા જમાના ! અરે મારી સરજત ! આવું કંગાલ કામ બજાવવાનું મારે માથે કાંહ આવી પડયું !

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Monday, 19th August.—In my last notes, I alluded, in a passing way, to the Filter-beds at Malabar Hill. Both today and at the following meeting, we indulged in them freely and to our hearts' content, wallowing in their mud and bespattering each other with dirty vehemence and profusion. Mr. Dharamsi took the lead in these mud sports, and was, if the truth must be told, as utterly unlike his former self as it was possible to be. In fact, it pained his many friends in the hall to see this ex-president, hitherto calm, cool and collected, so allow his temper to get the better of his judgment. His unbounded self-confidence, his assumption that his was the only right view of the matter, and his consequent impatience of contradiction, his constant interruption of the speakers who differed from him, his abusive, and not over modest, tone, and the apparent indifference with which he hurled

> "The aimless jest that striking would cause pain,
> The idle word that he'd wish back again,"

would have been highly amusing, if it had not been for the sad reflection suggested by this disturbance of a well-balanced mind. When he had done speaking, and we were about to plunge into the contest, "stop," cried Mr. Bomaster with a simplicity that would do honour to a new-born babe, "are you aware, gentlemen, that Mr. Mehta is not among us to-day, and as we can't get on without him, shall we not adjourn?" Yes, said some, no, said others, among the latter being Mr. Dharamsi himself, who could not understand why it should be necessary to adjourn at all, when he was present? Wasn't he all in all? And wasn't Dr. Bahdurjee present too, Dr. Bahdurjee who had written four pages, while Mr. Mehta had only written four lines, on the question. If quantity was any guide, Mr. Mehta knew nothing at all, and he had himself told Mr. Dharamsi that he had a blank mind, which, as it turned out, was Mr. Dharamsi's paraphrase of an *open* mind, interpreted on the analogy of an *open* field. We accordingly did not adjourn, and were soon lost in a sea—*the rum sea*—of amendments. No wonder, for the filters were reported to be bad, and so wanted mending very badly. Mr. Seraph, in his pleasant, "discursive" way, poked fun at Mr. Dharamsi, travelling, as Mr. Cuffe complained, much beyond the question, though if he, the Ariel—or, shall I say, the Puck—of the Corporation, could not wander

> "Over hill, over dale,
> Through bush, through brier
> Over park, over pale,
> Through flood, through fire,"

who else could? He reminded us of the Tichborne case, as showing how lawyers were skilled at mystifying—a side-thrust at Mr. Dharamsi, for which poor Seraph



MUD SPORTS.



THE RUM SEA.

paid dearly, as we shall soon see. "And why all this fuss about filtering," he asked? "Did men die of drinking unfiltered water? Far better unfiltered than filtered water, I assure you, gentlemen! Do not allow yourselves to be carried away by frothy eloquence. And when will it all end, if you are going to be talked to in this manner? Mr. Dharamsi talks, Mr. Hamilton will claim the right to talk, I will talk—but no, I can't. I am no lawyer." Another side-thrust, registered on the tablet of Mr. Dharamsi's memory, for repayment at compound interest. Here our time was up, and sufficient, we thought, for the day was the evil thereof.

Thursday, 22nd August.—Although the "foolish attempt," to borrow the words of a *mountainous mouther of mole-hills,* "to set up the indispensable man as part of the paraphernalia of municipal self-government," failed, in plain English, although we did not adjourn for Mr. Mehta, we did, for time and Mr. Bomaster had his wish, though he had lost his amendment. We resumed discussion of the filter-beds to-day, in the presence and hearing of our "indispensable man," Mr. Mehta *Cœur de lion,* or, *Care de nobody.* Dr. Bahdurjee led off with an elaborate amendment, skilfully interwoven, like himself, with the science of the question. Pretty smooth sailing, until he came to

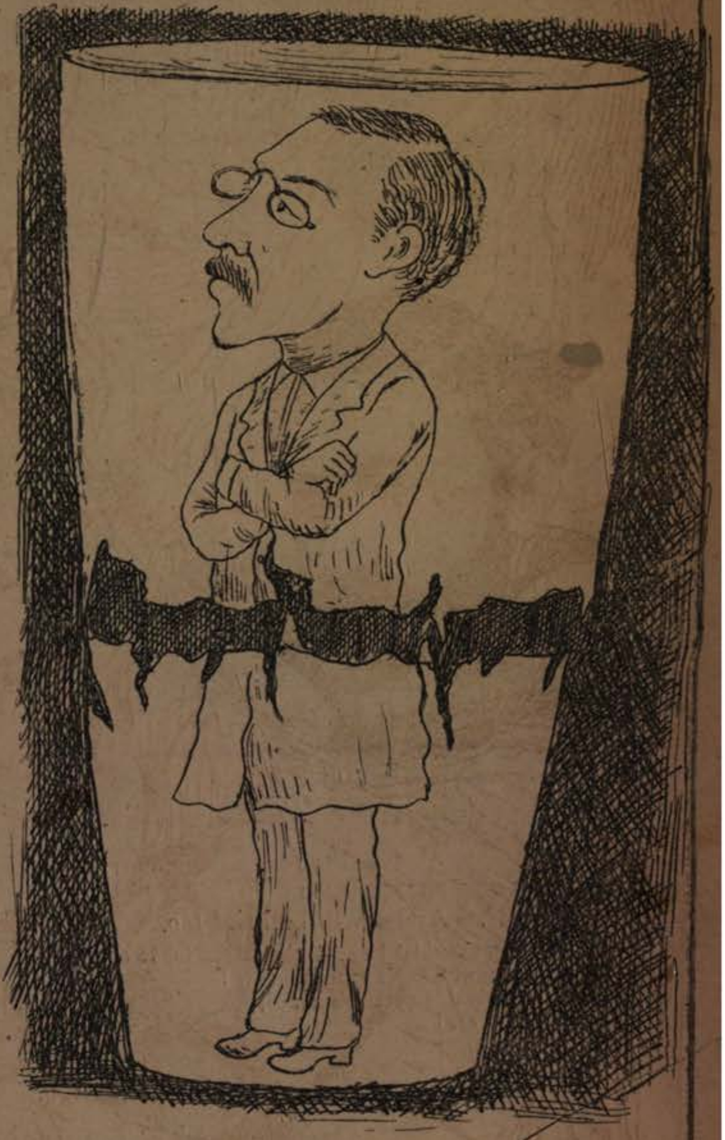


DR. BAHADHURJEE: SKILFULLY INTERWOVEN.

the Turbine, and then Mr. Dharamsi wouldn't have this interloping turbine, for he hadn't brought him in. The President, appealed to, ruled the turbine out of order, and Dr. Bahdurjee went on to speak of the Tansa water. "I object," said Mr. Dharamsi again, "this is Tulsi and Tansa is out of place. And why don't you sit down, sir, while I am appealing to the Chair?" "I will, if I am troubling you."

"You are not troubling, but don't you understand,
When I ask for a ruling, it isn't right you should stand."

The ruling this time was in favour of the Doctor, who, however, was told to condense his remarks. Whether any condensation actually took place or not, I don't know, but something must have happened to cut the Doctor short, for soon after, I heard Professor Muller propose the "united opinion of Europe" in a



PROFESSOR MULLER: IN A GLASS OF HALF AND HALF.

glass of half and half, which, for the relief of teetotallers, I hasten to add, was nothing stronger than a mixture of filtered and unfiltered water. "If you want the opinion of Europe," said Mr. Vincent, "I am going home to-day and will bring it with me on my return." "I dont know about the opinion of Europe," put in Mr. Javerilal, "but if you want mine, I think we are rejecting the sand of the filters too hastily, because it is muddy. The very fact of its being muddy, shows that it has been doing its duty. Would you have a coal-heaver emerge, clean and tidy, out of his work? Only wash the sand thrice, and there you are." "Wash a negro white, and where are you? No, no," said Mr. Dharamsi, "mine is the only true remedy. They say I have been holding a brief for the Water-Engineer. I hold a brief for no



I SING FILTER'D EAU!

one but myself. And I will be brief too.

"Of this 'ere song should I be axed the reason for to show,
I don't exactly know, I don't exactly know!
But all my fancy dwells upon Dharamsi,
And I sing *Filter'd eau*!



THE "INDISPENSABLE MAN."

Then followed a regular onslaught on Mr. Seraph, who, to his honour be it said, took in Mr. Dharamsi's "*want of brain power*," "*poor lungs*," "*poverty of speech*" with unruffled equanimity. Here Mr. Mehta thought it high time to interpose. He looked daggers at us for daring to set him up as our "indispensable man," gave us some grandmotherly advice about how we should behave, said that municipal officers were not to be bandied about like foot-balls, and finally made us the present of an amendment which had the rare merit of embodying all the previous ones, and which took everybody's fancy, Mr. Dharamsi himself included. Thus ended, to the satisfaction of all parties, the "foolish attempt," I love to repeat and linger on the grandiloquent words, "to set up the indispensable man as part of the paraphernalia of municipal self-government in Bombay."

A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and so, good-day!"



"GO ON, WITH PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE."

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF INDIA ON A SAFETY BICYCLE.

[Mr. Dadabhai Naorojee has sent a message to his fellow-countrymen. He says his policy has hitherto been to "Go on, with patience and perseverance," and he assures us as long as he has the health and opportunity fo serving his country he will continue to do so.]

" આગળ ચાલેા, ધીરજ અને ખંતથી આગળ ચાલેા. "

એક " સેફ્ટી " બાઇસીકલપર સ્વાર થયલા હીંદના દાદા.

[પેાતાના સ્વદેશીઓ જોગ મીૅ દાદાભાઇ નવરેાજીએ એક સંદેશા મેાકલ્યેા છે. તેમાં તેઓ જણાવે છે કે, હમણા સુધીનેા મારેા નીયમ મેં એવેા રાખ્યેા છે કે, " ધીરજ અને ખંતથી આગળ ચાલવું," અને જ્યાં સુધી મારા દેશની સેવા કરવા માટે મારી તનદરેાસ્તી જળવાઇ રેહેશે અને મારા હાથમાં તક રેહેશે ત્યાં સુધી હું એજ નીયમે કામ કરતેા રહીશ.]



THE TOAST OF THE CRICKET SEASON.

Grand old Cricketer—(On behalf of the Parsee and the native cricket world) Here's a bumper to the victory of the Presidency. So glad to have the opportunity of seeing what stuff you're made of.

[For the first time after many years the Parsees were defeated on their own ground by the Presidency team last week. The Presidency had a brilliant and most deserving victory over the Parsees and won by nine wickets.]

ક્રીકેટની મોસમની સલામતી.

જબરા જુના ક્રીકેટર—(પારસી અને બીજા દેશી ક્રીકેટરો તરફથી) તારા પ્રેસીડેનસી ટીમની ફતેહની ખુશાલીમાં આ ગલાસ ઊઠાઊંચ, મારા દોસ્ત. તારામાં કેટલું પાણી છે તે જોવાની મને તક મળી તેથી હું બેહદ ખુશ છું.

[ઘણે વરસે પહેલીજવાર મુંબઈ ઈલાકાના ચુનંદા અંગરેજ ક્રીકેટરોને હાથે પારસીઓએ મુંબઈના મેદાનમાં ગયે અઠવાડીએ હાર ખાધી છે. પરેસીડેનસી ટીમે પારસી ટીમ ઉપર એક જબરી અને લાયક ફતેહ મેળવી છે, અને નવ વીકીટે તેને હરાવ્યા છે.]

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.
NO. 33.
THE HON'BLE MR. JUSTICE BUDROODEEN TYABJEE,
After a series of banquets and evening parties given in his honour.



મી૦ પંચના ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.
ના૦ ૩૩.
ઓનરેબલ મી૦ જસ્ટીસ બદરૂદીન તઈયબજી,
તેમના માનમાં આપવામાં આવેલાં ખાનાઓ ખાવા પછી અને ઈવનીંગ પારટીઓની મોજ ભોગવ્યા પછી.

THE PORTE'S LAMENT.

Mián Turki—The cursed Giaour is snarling! That British dog howls, and disturbs my sleep—and my prestige too! I grind and gnash my poor teeth, but that avails me naught! Oh! For a powerful hand to chase away that nasty cur of a British infidel!

[The Porte has telegraphed to the Turkish Ministers at Paris and St. Petersburg and bitterly complained of the discourteous attitude of Great Britain on the Armenian question which is derogatory to the Sultan's prestige. The Porte has appealed to France and Russia to induce Great Britain to modify her attitude, but the replies have been unfavourable. —*Telegram.*]

મીયાં તુરકીની માહેતમ.







THE PARSEE GIRLS' MARRIAGE BENEFIT FUND.

Jai—You're already married and may receive some of the leavings of the Fund. As for me, I am afraid I'll have to go empty-handed. They're *going* to shut up shop, and all the money pa has *paid* for me will be like money thrown away!

Ali—Yes, I may get something, but when? Here have I been married ever so many months, and I haven't yet seen the colour of their money. Married and unmarried, all appear to be rowing in the same boat.

Jai—If now pa had paid as much money to me——

Ali—Or had bought me a pair of bracelets and diamond earrings from Ardeshir Bhiccajee!——A bird in hand is worth two in the bush, you know!

પારસી છોકરીઓનાં લગનનાં લાભનાં ફંડને નામે ફફડાટ.

જાઈ—તું તો પરણી ગેઇ એટલે કમઇ ગેઈ, ને ફંડમાંથી તુને તો કંઈબી મળશે. પણ મને તો ખાલી હાથેજ અને હાથ ઘસતીજ બેસવું પરસે. ફંડવાળાઓ તો તે બંધ કરવાની વાત કરેચ ને તેથી બાવાએ મારે વાસ્તે ભરેલા "કાલ"ના બધા પઇસા પાણીમાંજ જશે!

આલી—પણ હું તે વરી સું કમઇ ગેઇ જે તેની વાત! હા, મને ફંડમાંથી કંઈ મળસે ખરૂં—પણ તે કાહારે? મને પરણ્યાનેબી મહીનાના મહીના થયા ને તોબી તાંબાનું એક દોહોરી યુંબી મેં તો દીઠું નથી. મને તો લાગેચ કે પરણેલીઓ ને નહી પરણેલીઓ બધીઓ એકજ હોડકાંમાં છે—ને હોડકું ડુબસે તો તેની સાથે બધાં સાથેજ તળીયે જસે!

જાઈ—અરે બાવાએ અમસ્થા એમાં પઇસા નાખ્યા, તે કરતાં તેટલા મને રાખવા આપ્યા હોતે—

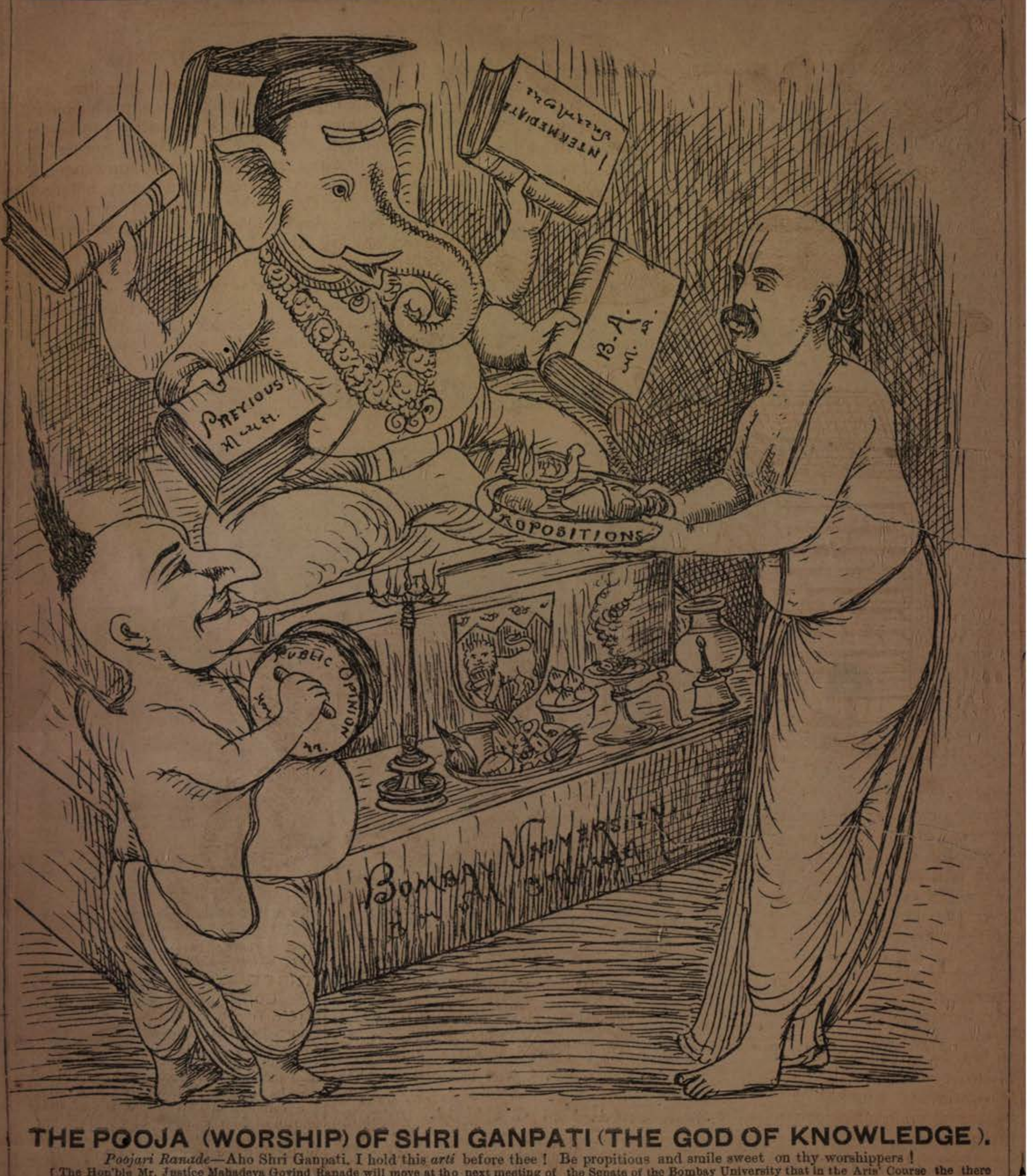
આલી—અથવા મને એક બ્રેસલેટની જોરી ને બે હીરાની બુટીઓ પેલા એપાલો પરના ઝવેરી અરદેસર ભીખાજીને તાંહથી અપાવી હોતે!—હજી એવું કંઈ હોતે તો આપરા હાથમાંજ

THE STINGING WASP AND THE CORONER OF BOMBAY.

[Mr. Turner, the Coroner of Bombay, summed up the Duarte Poisoning Case before the jury on Thursday last, and took the opportunity of giving a personal explanation. Mr. Hemming, the solicitor for the accused F. J. Fonseca, had, said the coroner, behind his back and unknown to him charged him with being antagonistic to his client. He indignantly denied the charge.]

ડંખ મારતો ભમરો અને મુંબઈનો કોરોનર.

[ડુઆરટે નામના એક ફીરંગીને ઝેર દેવાને લગતી કોરોનરની જુરીની તપાસ ગયા ગુરૂવારે પુરી થઈ છે. તે વેળા જુરી આગળ જુબાનીઓનો સાર કહી જતાં કોરોનર મી૦ ટરનરે એક અંગત ખુલાસો કરવાની તક લીધી હતી. તેણે જણાવ્યું હતું કે, આરોપી એફ. જે. ફોન્સીકાના સોલીસીટર મી૦ હેમીંગે મારી પીઠ પછવાડે અને મારી જાણ વગર મારી સામે એવો આરોપ મેલ્યો છે કે હું તેના કુલની વીરૂધ છું. આ આ



THE POOJA (WORSHIP) OF SHRI GANPATI (THE GOD OF KNOWLEDGE).

Poojari Ranade—Aho Shri Ganpati. I hold this *arti* before thee! Be propitious and smile sweet on thy worshippers!

[The Hon'ble Mr. Justice Mahadeva Govind Ranade will move at the next meeting of the Senate of the Bombay University that in the Arts' Course the there examinations necessary before graduation be reduced to two.]

શ્રી ગણપતીની પુંજા.

પુજારી રાનાડે–અહો શ્રી ગણપતી, આ આરતી હું તારી આગળ ધરૂં છું! અમોપર પ્રસંન થા અને તારા પુંજારીઓપર કૃપા દ્રષ્ટી રાખ!

[મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટા તરફથી આરટસની જે ત્રણ પરીક્ષાઓ હમણા લેવામાં આવે છે તે ઘટાડીને બે પરીક્ષાઓજ લેવાની રૂઢી દાખલ કરવી, એવી દરખાસ્ત આનરેબલ મીο જસ્ટીસ મહાદેવ ગોવીંદ રાનાડે સેનેટની આવતી સભામાં રજુ કરનાર છે.]

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)



Monday, 26th August.—A little personal explanation, before I proceed with the day's business. I trust my readers, imitating our worthy president, will not rule me out of order. I declare I am not to blame, and if they must rule or cane some one, I promise to find them the responsible party before I have done. Ere the world began, and ever since, there has been a deadly feud between Satan on the one hand, and all seraphic and human beings on the other. It was then due perhaps to this long-standing enmity that Satan had put up one of his chosen hench-men—the little mischief-loving imp that hovers about compositors and printers—to deprive Mr. Seraph of the honours bestowed upon him at the conclusion of my last Notes, turning them topsy-turvy. Or was it due to the "Indispensable Man's" amending hand ? Though even then, be it said with all proper respect, it would still be his cloven-footed majesty, for does not

> Satan find some mischief still
> For idle (?) hands to do ?"

To come to business.—Mr. Seraph, who cannot be expected to have much sympathy with purely human things



The Printer's D—l.

said, with a sneer and a leer truly seraphic, that our system of watering the roads by means of carts and bullocks was barbarous. We expected to hear some very glowing account of the doings in Seraph-land, but were disappointed, for we were only told to borrow four lacs and then Mr. Seraph would teach us how to save ! Rather funny to borrow in order to save ! If we could borrow ! But Government wouldn't let us, acting on Shakespeare's dictum :

> "Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

The edge of criticism,



Mr. Dew as Titania—in love with Bottom.

however, had evidently not been dulled in us, for when the Ass-ass-ment Department was ushered in by Mr. Snow and Mr. Unwalla, we received it with kicks and cuffs. All of us, except Mr. Dew, who, Titania-like, fell in love with it, said it had a capable and knowing *head* on its shoulders, that it bore the *brunt* of the work admirably, and that it only wanted more hands to make it perfect, or, perhaps, more legs to kick with. Suppose, Mr. Dew added, we resolve our-



Reception of the Ass-ass-ment Department.

selves into a—dew, I beg pardon, committee, to find out how many more hands or legs were required! Nonsense, cried Dr. Blaney, we want no "sledge-hammer to knock out the eye of a mosquito." And Mr. Dew's committee melted into thin air!

Then did the air ring with the clang of arms and the sound of horse's hoof. For the gazetted knight of the contract was upon us, doing dreadful havoc all round, from dear Mr. Drinoter downwards. It appeared our lot had been cast on strange times! A scandalous job had been perpetrated, and Dr. Bahdurjee's spirit was up. Our printing contract had been allowed to pass from the hands of one printing office into those of another, on the tempting bait of a rebate promised by the successful party. Only the proper angling tackle was not supplied to us, and so no rebate came to us, but we made a loss instead! Only a couple of hundred, a very small matter in itself, but a very serious one on principle. And it wasn't so very small either. A couple of hundred in only three months means a large multiple of that amount in the five years that the contract would run. Mr. Drinoter had evidently misguided the Standing Committee, and

[Continued on page 19.]

must be taken to task for his remissness. Or was it that our Secretary, Mr. W(heel) Barrow, and the Chief Accountant were the "greatest sinners"? Whoever it was that had erred, it was clear that some one had erred with deliberate intent to mislead, and that some one deserved hanging. Every one appeared to think that the paper knight was in the right, though his language was perhaps a trifle too strong. Even the European members, much as they wanted to, could not plead in the way of extenuation. All that Captain Walshe could say was that Dr. B(ee) had only discovered a mare's nest, and by way of diversion, the gallant captain inflicted on us the acting Commissioner's letter, which, according to him, contained the fullest possible explanation of the whole matter. Of course, we had read the letter before, and knew there wasn't in it the fullest, or any, explanation to combat the Doctor's view. But it didn't matter. Captain W. went on reading, all the same, to "refresh our memory," as the President said, to soften our hearts, as I say. In the end, justice triumphed, and ***Dr. B. carried the day, not Capt. Walshe,*** in solemn silence. And pray note that there was *no "nonsense"* about the business, *no "laughter"* and *not much of an applause* either way. Please put the last two sentences in the biggest and blackest of big and black types, in order that there may be no mistake, no misleading my readers, no mischief, in short.

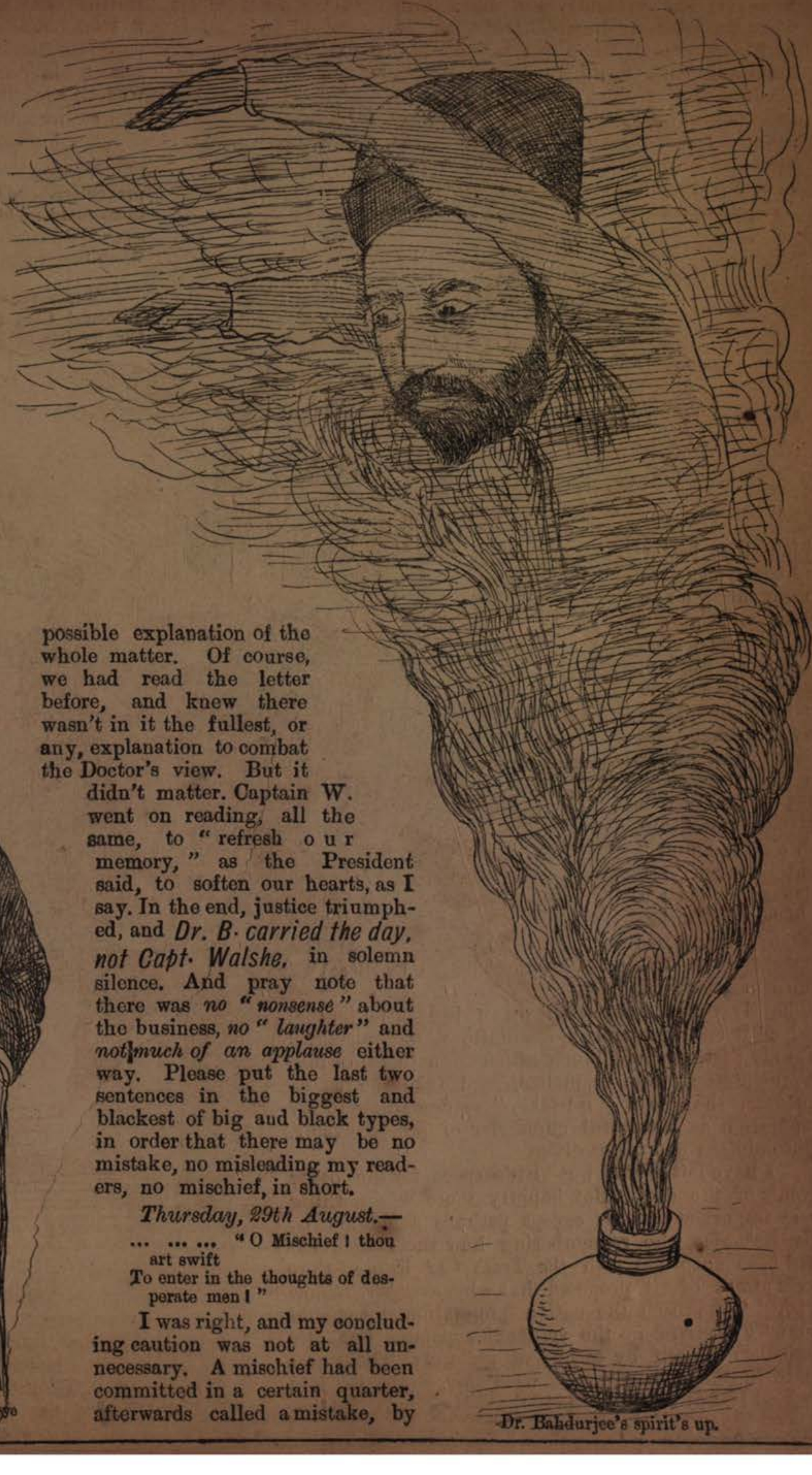
Thursday, 29th August.—

... ... "O Mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!"

I was right, and my concluding caution was not at all unnecessary. A mischief had been committed in a certain quarter, afterwards called a mistake, by



"No sledge-hammer to knock out the eye of a mosquito."

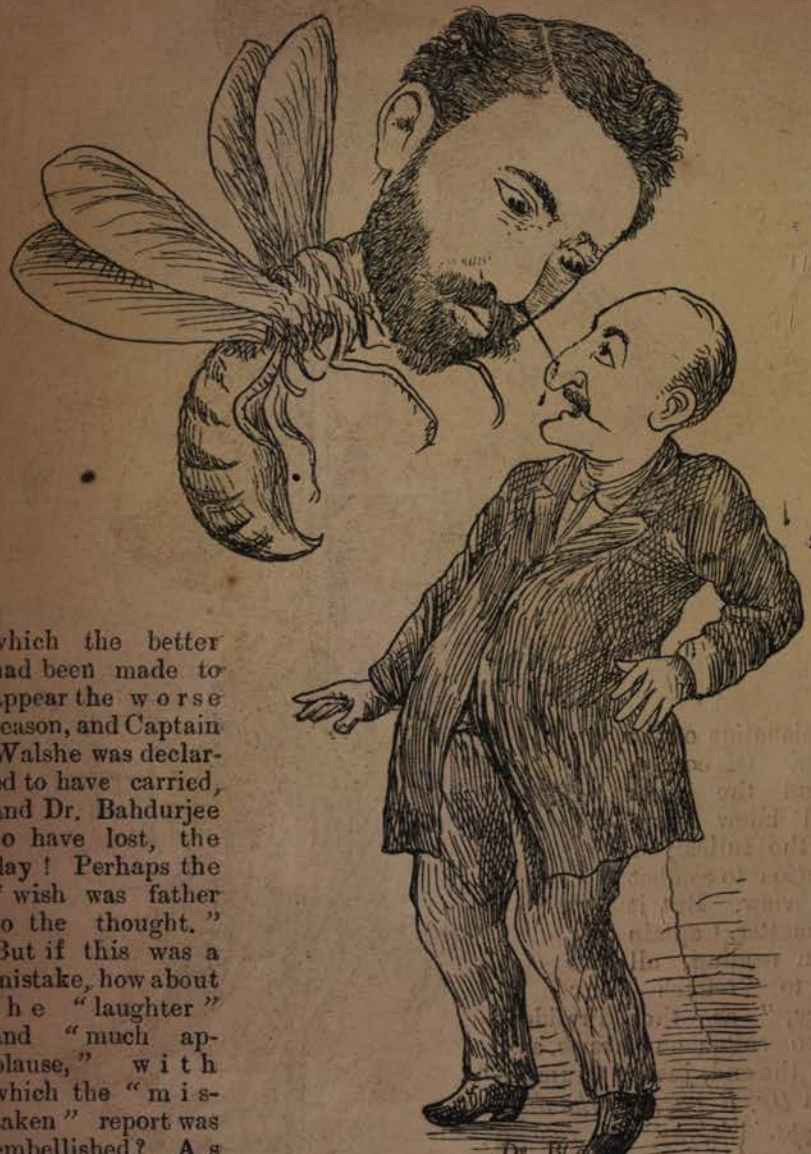


Dr. Bahdurjee's spirit's up.

heard what Mr. K. had to say, he would know what to do. Mr. Snow had heard certainly, but who could hear Snow, coming so noiselessly. However, as Mr. K. was satisfied, I suppose I ought to be also, and as he withdrew, I withdraw too.

VISITOR : " I s'pose, now, your duty is preventive— stop the drink traffic, eh ?"— Coastguard : Only as regards the furrin article, sir. We has no orders to perwent inland drinks when they comes our way !" [Hint taken.]

WHAT title will Baron de Worms take ? Viscount Chrysalis ? to end by becoming Le Duc de Papillion ?



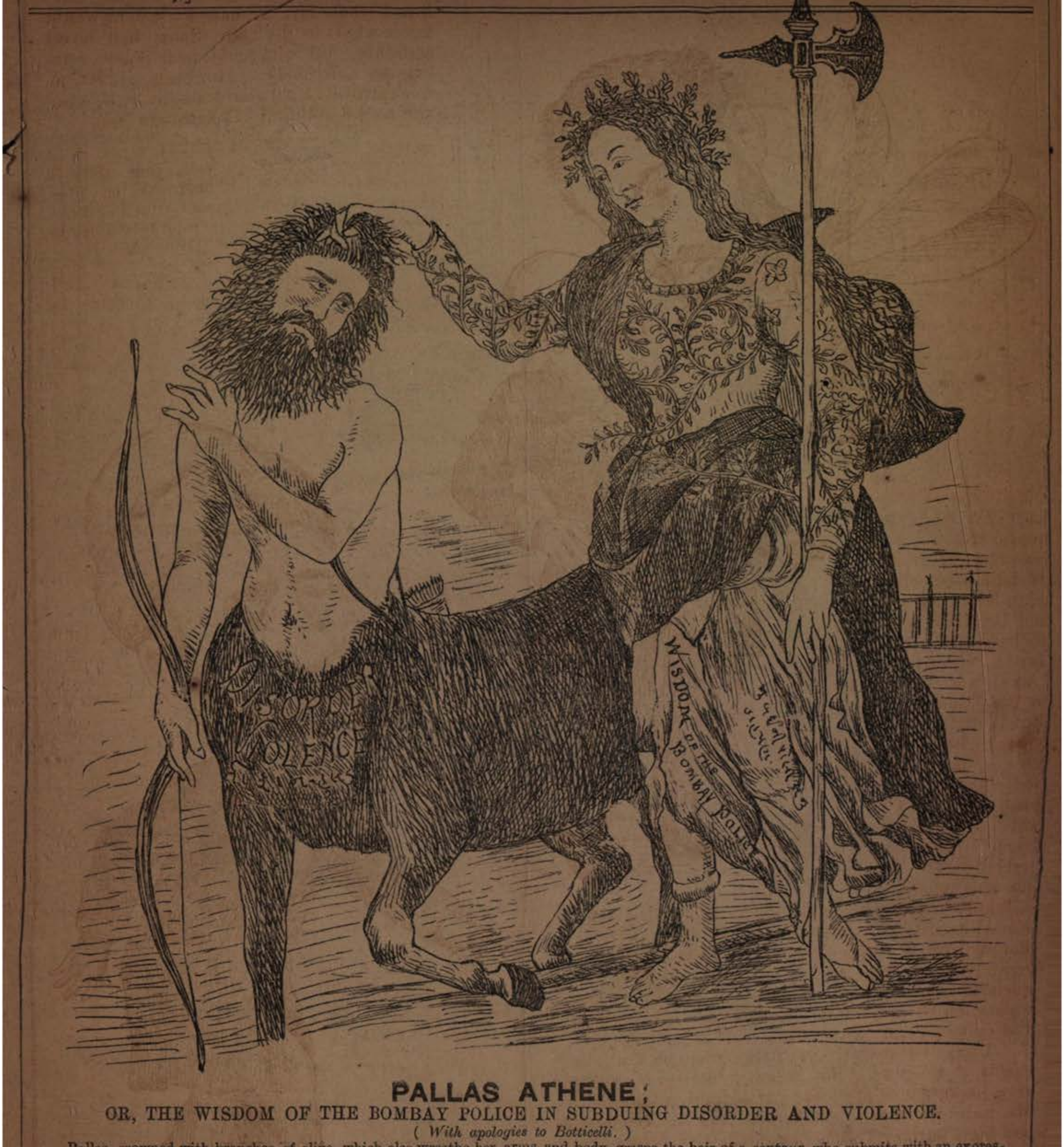
Dr. B(

which the better had been made to appear the worse reason, and Captain Walshe was declared to have carried, and Dr. Bahdurjee to have lost, the day ! Perhaps the " wish was father to the thought. " But if this was a mistake, how about the " laughter " and " much applause, " with which the " mistaken " report was embellished ? As one of us remarked, it hardly reflected any credit on an influential journal to lend itself to gross misrepresentations. A " mistake" ! For my part, I would much rather own to wilful misrepresentation, even to malice, and take the consequences, than to a " mistake, " so damaging to my reputation as a faithful chronicler of public events. But opinions and tastes differ.

I have left myself but little space for the other events of the day. But happily there was nothing very important or new, except perhaps a motion by Mr. Kabrajee, who, remembering how the Nagdevites had been surprised with the Tram Car before they were aware of it, proposed that whenever Mr. Snow wished to approach the native population, he should not only advertise in the vernacular papers, but also announce himself by means of a *Batáki.* There was sense in the motion, and I wish Mr. Kabrajee had pressed it, but some one said that Mr. Snow having



Mr. Kabrajee withdraws.



PALLAS ATHENE;

OR, THE WISDOM OF THE BOMBAY POLICE IN SUBDUING DISORDER AND VIOLENCE.

(*With apologies to Botticelli.*)

Pallas, crowned with branches of olive, which also wreathe her arms and body, grasps the hair of a centaur, who submits with an expression of despair on his face.—*From a description of " Pallas Athene " in the " Art Journal."*

[Great satisfaction is expressed at the action and wisdom of the Bombay Police in taking due precautionary measures and preserving peace and order in the city after the outbreak of the riots at Porebunder in July last and at Dhulia on Sunday the 1st Sept.

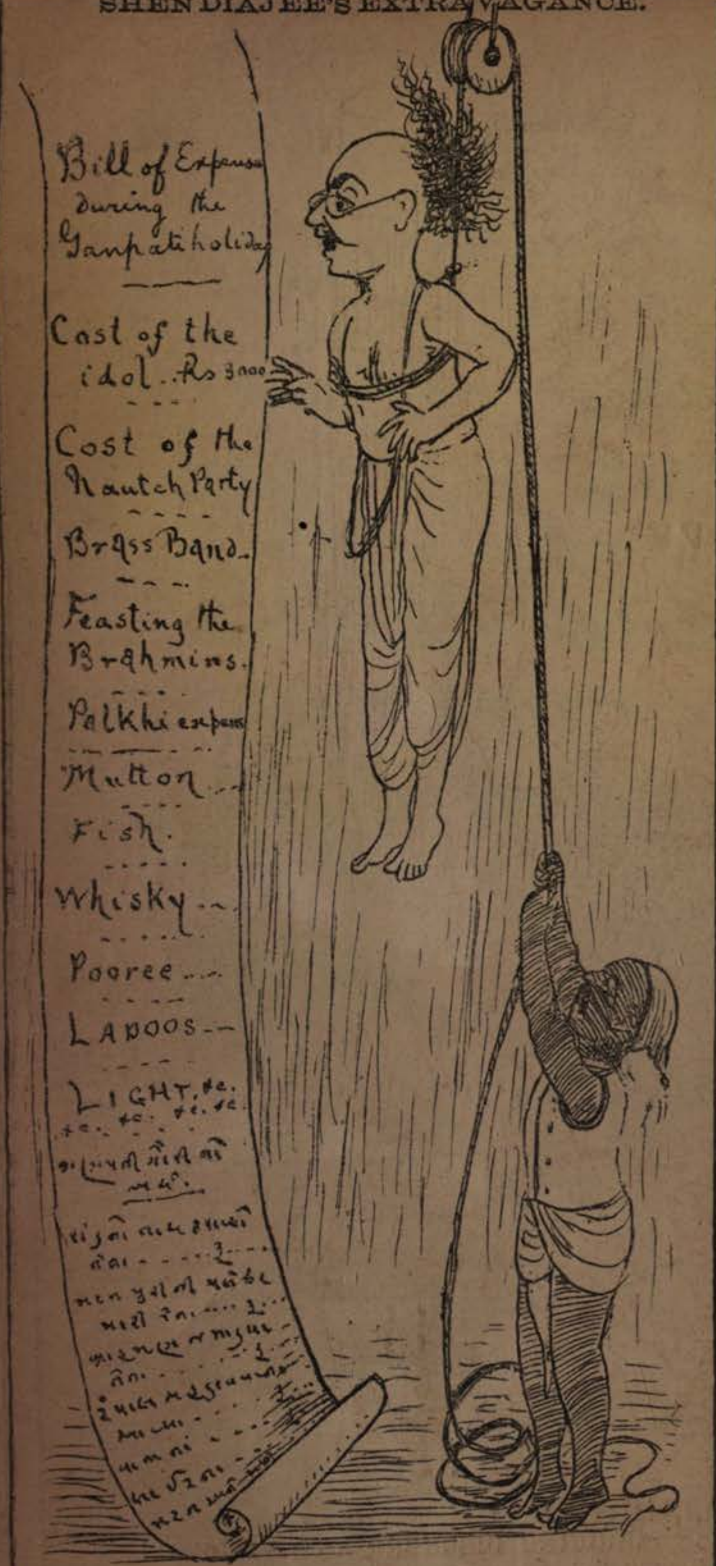
ડાહપણની દેવી પેલાસ એથીની અને "સેનટોર" રાક્ષસ;

અથવા, મુંબઈની પોલીસના ડાહપણની તોફાન અને હુલડ ઉપર ફતેહ.

ડાહપણની દેવી પેલાસ, જેણીના માથાપર જૈતુનવૃક્ષની ડાંખળીઓનું તાજ મુકેલું છે તેમજ જેણીના હાથ અને શરીરની આસપાસ પણ તેમને વીંટાએલી છે, તેણી એક "સેન ટોર" રાક્ષસના બાલ પકડીને ઉભી છે, જે રાક્ષસ પોતાના મોહડાં ઉપર નાઉમેદીનાં ચીન્હ સાથ તેણીને તાબે થતો દેખાય છે.—**"પેલાસ એથીની"નાં ચીત્રના "આર્ટ જરનલ"માં આપેલાં વરણન ઉપરથી.**

[ગયા જુલાઈ માસમાં પોરબંદરમાં હુલડ ફાટી નીકળ્યું તે પછી તેમજ ગઈ તા૦ ૧લી સપટેમબરે ધુળયામાં થયલાં તોફાન પછી મુંબઈ શેહેરની સુલેહ અને શાંતી જાળવવા માટે મુંબઈની પોલીસે આગમજથી સાવચેતીના ઉપાયો લઈને જે કુનેહ અને ડાહપણથી કામ લીધું હતું, તે માટે ચોતરફથી ભારે સંતોષ બતાવવામાં આવે છે.]

SHENDIAJEE'S EXTRAVAGANCE.



Poor Shendiajee! After the Gunpati holidays, he is hauled up to the ceiling to examine the bill of expenditure! The accommodating Marwarees may hope for a rich harvest during the coming year, unless the Insolvent Debtors' Court claims Mr. Shendia as its own!

ગઉરી ગણપતીમાં મી૦ શેંડીયાજી લેહેરી બની જવા પછી.

ગરીબ બીચારા શેંડીયાશવ! ગઉરી ગણપતી પુરાં થયા અને તે પછી તેવણ બાર ગજ લાંબા ખરચનો આંકડો તપાસવા નીકળ્યા છે! તે માટે તેવણને કમરે દોરડું બાંધીને કપી મારફતે છેક સીલીંગ સુધી ઉંચે ચહડાવવા પડયા છે! મી૦ શેંડીયા હાલ મારવાડીઓના જાપુકના ધરાક છે, અને આવતું વરસ આવે તેટલાં એ નાદાર હેવાલોની કોરટમાં તેવણ પોતાનું શીડયુલ ફાઈલ નહી કરે તો, એ નામીચી લોહી ચુસનારી જલોએ તેમનું સારી પઠે લોહી મેલવવાની આશા રાખવી.



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 34

SIR JAMSHEDJEE JEEJEEBHOY BART., C. S. I.,
the new member of the Bombay Port Trust.

The chanticleer who sings the songs of officialdom.

મી૦ પંચના ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાં૦ ૩૪.

સર જમશેદજી જીજીભાઈ બારોનેટ, સી. એસ. આઈ.,

મુંબઈના પોરટ ટ્રસ્ટના નવા અધીકારી.

મરઘાજી હંમેશાં સરકારી રાગડાજ તાણ્યા કરે છે.

LUCKY DOG!

(With apologies.)

"Don't you be in the least disappointed, my darling pet! I'll continue to kiss and pat you, and won't allow that Indian pariah dog to bite or bark at you!"

[During the debate in the House of Commons on the Indian Budget on Wednesday last, Mr. Balfour said it was very difficult to remove the duties on cotton goods imported into India until something was done to reform the currency. Meanwhile, they must be content with insisting that no undue favour is shown to the Indian manufacturer.]



ભાયગસાલી કુત્રો !

"તું જરાકબી નાઉમેદ થતો ના, મારા વાહાલા કુતળયા ! હું તો તુને 'કીસ' લેયાજ કરશ, તારી પીઠ ઠોકતીજ રેહેવશ, અને પેલા પારયા હીંદી કુત્રાને તારી સામે જરાકબી ભોંસવા કે તુને કરડવા દેવશ નહી !"

[ગયા બુધવારે હીંદી બજેટ ઉપર આમની સભામાં આલેલી તકરાર વેળા મી. બાલફુરે જણાવ્યું હતું કે, જ્યાં સુધી ચલણને લગતો સુધારો કરવામાં આવે નહી ત્યાં સુધી લેંકેશીયરના કાપડ સુતર ઉપરની આયાત જગાત કહાડી નાખવાનું ઘણુંજ મુશકેલ છે. આથી હાલતુરત તેઓએ એટલીજ વાતનો માત્ર આગ્રહ કરતા રેહેવું કે, હીંદુસ્તાનના મીલ માલેકો તરફ કોઈપણ પ્રકારની અઘટીત મેહેરબાની દરશાવવામાં આવે નહી.]

A TEST CASE.—"I say, would you mind pretending to pick a quarrel with me, and just give me a push, you know? I want to see if this dog has any pluck in him."

Pesiba—I'm off, dear. Will you walk on?

Piroja—What? Walk while you ride! You seem to have a funny notion of what is due to the weaker sex.

Pesiba—Well, I've n't the slightest objection to your riding the cycle, if you like. Only take care of yourself, love, and see that I am not left a lone widower before tomorrow morning!

Piroja—Can't ladies ride, then, but they must die? See how fast those sisters of mine in England have taken to cycling. And the day is not distant, when I, your own Piroja, will outstrip you in the race!



પેસીબા—ચાલ ડીયર. હુવે હું તો જવા માંગુંચ. તું બી આવેચ કે?

પીરોજા—સું? તમે બાઈસીકલપર બેસો ને હું પગે રખડતી ચાલું? શું બઈરાંએ તરફની તમારીબી લાયકી છે! તેનો તો કૈંહ કુંઇ સુમારજ દેખાતો નથી!

પેસીબા—પણ લેની. એમા ફૂકેરેચ શું કરવા. ગમે તો તું બાઇસીકલપર બેસ. મને તેમાં જરાકબી વાંધો કે વીસટી નથી; ફકત સારી રીતે સંભાળથી બેસજે, ને એટલું કરજે કે આવતી કાલે સવારનું પો ફાર પરે તેટલાં હું એકલો અટુલો ને વગર બઈરીનો નહી થઈ જાઉં ને રંડાયલો નહીં ગણાઉં!

પીરોજા—ઓવાય, જોવરે કાંઈ તમારા ઢંગ! એટલે તારે સું તમે કંઈ એમએમ કેહેવા માંગેચ કે બઈરાંઓથી તે કંઈ બાઈસીકલપર બેસાયજ નહી, ને જો બેસે તો દમબેજ સીધી ચાલી જાય! અરે તમે તો ખાંડ ખાઓચ, ખાંડ! જોવો ઈંગ્લંડમાં સું થાયચ તે! કેવી બધી લેડીઓ તાંહુ બાઈસીકલપર બેસીને મજાહ કરેચ! ને જી. દાહારા હવે નજીક આવેચ કે જેમાં તમેજ જોસો કે તમારી પોતાની પીરોજા કેવી તમોને બાઈસીકલપર બેસીને હરાવેચ તે!



NOUS ALLONS CHANGER *TOUT* CELA.

Justitia—Look here, you've been all along found to be a most blackguardly scoundrel and a thorough scamp. You had better leave my premises and mend your ways and take up to something else, or—or———

[A Bill has been introduced in the Viceregal Legislative Council to do away with the legal touts, who have been a source of great mischief in the law courts.]

કજીયાદલાલનું મોહડું કાળુ.

ઇનસાફ દેવી—(કજીયા દલાલને) જોરે એઇ, તું હંમેશનો હરડતો બદમાસ ધુતારો અને લુચ્ચો ઠગારો છે. તું મુંગો મુંગો અહીંથી ખરતી માપ; મારી ઓસરી પર પગજ મુકતો ના; અને કંઇ સુધરીને બીજો કામ ધંધો પકડ, નહી તો—નહી તો—!

[ઇનસાફની અદાલતોમાં ભારે ખરાબીનાં મુલ તરીકે જણાયલા કજીયા દલાલોનો ઘાન કહાડવા માટે નામદારવાઇસરાયની ધારાસભામાં એક ધારાનો ખરડો દાખલ કરવામાં આવ્યો છે.]



THE INDIAN BUDGET IN PARLIAMENT.

Hind—A deficit of a crore and a quarter in my treasury ! A fine look-out, truly ! I wonder whom they'll squeeze next to replenish it!

Miss Mill Industry—Very likely my humble self, m'am ! Those Lancashire fellows are bent upon ruining me and my prospects, and just to please them, they're sure to pounce upon me !

[The Indian Budget was discussed in Parliament on 3rd Sept. last, when it was announced that there will be a deficit of Rs. 1,21,20,000 at the end of the year The import duties on Lancashire cotton goods are not threatened at present, but Mr. Balfour has announced that no undue favour will be shown to the Indian manufacturer,—meaning thereby that an excise duty on all Indian cottons under 20s is under contemplation.]

પારલામેંટમાં હીંદી બજેટ.

હીંદ–મારી તીજોરીમાં સવા કરોડનો ખાડો! સગન તો ઘણાજ સારા દેખું ! એ ખાડો પુરવા માટે કોણ જાણે વળી • કોણનું લોહી પેલાઓ કહાડશે !

મીલબાઈ–ઘણું કરીને મારૂંજ કહાડશે, બાઈ સાહેબ! પેલા લેંકેશીયરવાળાઓ મારૂં ને મારાં કામધંધાનું નખોડ વાલવા પરજ મંડેલા છે, એટલે તેમને રાજી કરવાને હવે મારીપરજ પેલાઓ ઉલટી પડશે!

[પારલામેંટમાં ગઈ તા૦ ૩જી સપ્ટેમ્બરે હીંદી બજેટ ઉપર તકરાર ચલાવવામાં આવી હતી, જે વેળા જણાવવામાં આવ્યું હતું કે ચાલુ વરસની આખેરીએ રૂ ૧,૨૧,૨૦,૦૦૦ ના હીંદી તીજોરીને ખોટ જશે. લેંકેશીયરના કાપડ સુતર ઊપરની અચાત જગાત હાલ તુરત કહાડી નાખવામાં આવનાર નથી, પણ મી૦ બાલફરે જાહેર કરયું હતું કે, હીંદી મીલવાળાઓ તરફ કશી પણ અઘટોત મેહેરબાની દેખાડવામાં આવશે નહી–એટલે કે, બીજા બોલોમાં, વીસ નંબરની અંદરનાં હીંદી સુતર ઉપર પણ જગાત નાખવાનો મનસુબો ચાલે છે.]



SINBAD THE SAILOR AND THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

[People in England have not been slow to criticise His Highness Shahzada Nasrullakhan's prolonged stay in England.]

Sinbad (John Bull)—I say, when are you going to get down ?

Old Man of the Sea (Prince Nasrullakhan)—Gooroorooroooo !!!

સીનબાદ ખલાસીની ખાંધપર ચહડી બેસીને ફરહર કરનારો બુઢો.

[શાહજાદા નસરૂલાખાને ઠરાવેલી મુદત કરતાં ઈંગ્લંડમાં પોતાની મુલાકાતને વધારે વખત લંબાવ્યાથી ત્યાંના લોકો તે વીશે તરેહવાર ટીકા કરયા વીના રહયાં નથી.]

નસીબાદ (જાંન બુલ)—એઈ કાકા, હવે તું કયારે મારી ખાંધપર ઉતરેચ? બુઢો—(શાહઝાદો નસરૂલાખાન) ગુરરરરરરર !

FUNNY BITS.

(From various sources.)

THE PARISH COUNCIL.—Mr. Boggs: " Before proceedi g to the resumed discussion on the important subject of a new hydraulic apparatus, commonly called a pump, it is our duty to elect a chairman in the place of the late lamented Mr. Fizjigs. I therefore move that our worthy friend, Mr. Camelford, be appointed chairman. The admirable way in which he has always repaired the soles and heels of the old boots in this parish is sufficient proof of his excellent business capacities."—Mr. Lumly: "I beg to second the motion. There is such a lot to be said on the subject that I will say nothing further."-Mr. Camelford: "Gentlemen, I am deeply honoured by the confidence which you have bestowed upon me, but before accepting the great honour you have done me, I move the council adjourn for 20 minutes. I must go home first and see whether the old woman has any objection to my occupying the chair before I can give you my decision."

RATIOCINATION.—Rector: "Duggan, attention ! As you're an old Balaclava soldier, I am inclimed to make allowances ; but this is the third time I have seen you under the influence of drink ! How is this ?"—Sexton : " Well, you see, sir, when I go down town, one fellow says, ' Duggan, will you have a drink ?' and another says the same, and I get drunk without knowing it !"—Rector : " But, Duggan, when I go down town, no one asks me to take a drink ?"—Sexton : Yes; but you're not nearly such a popular man, you see !"

LOCAL COLOUR,—Place—South Parade, Cheapenham-on-Sea. Edith : "Mabel, dear, would you get me Baedeker's ' Switzerland,' and the last number of the *World* ? "—Mabel : " What do you want *them* for ? "—Edith : "Oh, I'm writing letters, and we're in the Engadine, you know, and I just want to describe some of our favourite haunts, and mention a few of the people who are staying there—here, I mean."

ON THE CARDS.—Young wife : " Oh, mamma, do you know, I believe Alfred's going to reform, and give up gambling ! "—Her mother : " What makes you think so, dear ? "—Young wife : " Why all last night he kept talking in his sleep about his miserable, worthless Heart !"

SHILLING ADVERTISEMENTS.—" Oh—er—I beg your pardon, Mr. Bull, but have you tried our Vitriolic Soap ? We advertise it extensively in the Shilling Grace Fund." —"No, sir. Neither do I intend dealing with any of the crew who resort to such a despicably mean method of advertising their goods "

A POOR PLEA.—J. P. : Have you any explanation to offer as to what you were doing at 11 o'clock at night on the preserves ?"—Prisoner : " I only went for a lark." —J. P. : " But if you went for a lark that hardly accounts for a grouse being found in your coat pocket. Six weeks for making such an idiotic mistake."

FEMININE ARGUMENT—" I am not of a jealous disposition, but I really object to you kissing your cousin Tom."—" I did nothing of the kind."—"But I saw you." —" Then that shews that you do not love me any more, when you prefer to believe what you see to believing what I tell you."

AFTER THE DINNER.—" Look here, old man, it's no use you trying to unlock the door with a cigarette. " —" Whatsh that ? " —" You are trying to open the door with a cigarette. "—" Blesh me ! How strangsh. Wonder wethhorsh I've smoked the keysh ! "

OH !—Irate pa : " Did you tell that young man of yours that I'm going to have the gas turned off at 10 ? "—Trix : " Yes."—Irate pa : " Well ? "—Trix : "He's coming a quarter past in future."

WOMAN AS A COOK—HER ORIGINALITY.—Mrs. Neogam: "Dearest, can't you suggest something new for breakfast ? We've had eggs and bacon every morning for a week !"—Mr. Neogam (inspired) : " Of course, darling ! Why not try bacon and eggs ?"

A LESSON IN DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Laura (to her rich sister, who has been extravagant as usual) : " I *do* think it's a mistake to buy an ugly thing one doesn't want, merely because it's *dear* ! "

SATISFACTORY !—Nervous traveller : "Hi, man, steady ! Don't drive so fast ! "—Hibernian driver : " Sure, yer honner, an' I'm only thrying' to make the ould mare forget how often she has been on her nose at this blissed hill ! "

UNLUCKY SPEECHES.—She : " Oh, Mr. Sorney, I am so grateful to you for your thoughtfulness in writing so promptly to tell me of poor Harry's accident !"—He : " Pray don't mention it—I was very glad indeed to have the opportunity of doing it ! "

A MUSICAL DOG.— " I do not agree with you that all dogs object to music. "—" Have you had any experience to the contrary ? "—"Yes. My own dog does not in the least mind having a brass band round his neck. "

EXCEPT on the theory of a very liberal interpretation being permitted to the saying, " Si vis pacem, para bellum," it would almost seem to be a contradiction in terms to address her Majesty's Justices of the *Peace* as *Your Warships*."

NOT QUITE WHAT SHE MEANT.—" Well, mum, before I can decide on taking the situation, I must ask you if followers is allowed ?"—" Oh, yes ; we have a special mothers' meeting held here every month for the enjoyment of the servants."

ON THE BEACH.—Visitor : " What on earth is that horrible shrieking noise ? "—Boatman : " It's that there steamer a-blowing of her syringe. " [But he meant syren.]

IN A CRITICAL CONDITION.—Visitor to the hall : " How's the master now, steward ?"—Steward : " Dreadful bad. In fact, doctor says that, if he don't get better, he'll not answer the consequences."

ON THE SANDS, BLACKPOOL.—Artist : " Will you allow me to sketch you, ma'am ? "—Fishwoman : " *Me* ! Wy, now, who do yer take me for—*Ryalty* ?"

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.—He : " Now, mind, the success of my play depends on your acting."—Her first appearance : "I think the success of my acting depends on your play."

HUMPTY-DUMPTY'S SONG.
(Adapted from "Through the Looking-glass" to the Political Situation.)

Humpty-Dumpty.. .. .. Diplomacy.
Alice ... . Public Opinion.

["The Sultan, it seems, has not yet taken to heart the solemn warning addressed to him by Lord Salisbury, and approved by the leaders of the Opposition. . . The Sultan alone turns a deaf ear to the friendly counsel which it is so *greatly to his interest to accept*."—The *Times*.]

"The piece I am going to repeat," said Humpty-Dumpty to Alice, "was written entirely for your amusement. It goes thus"—

I sent a letter to the Turk,
Bidding him stay his horrid work.

The Turk delayed two months or three,
Then sent an answer back to me.

The Turk's belated answer was,
"I cannot do it, Sir, *because*——"

I sent to him again to say,
"It is your interest to obey."

He answered, with a sleepy grin,
"Why, what a hurry you are in!"

I urged him twice, I urged him thrice.
He would not listen to advice.

I took a rod, 'twas large and new
Fit for the work I had to do.

Namely, that lazy Turk to tickle;
And then I put that rod in pickle.

The Turk he wrote to me and said,
"My agents are asleep in bed."

I wrote to him, I wrote it plain:
"Then you must wake them up again!"

I wrote it very large and clear:
I had it shouted in his ear.

But he was very stiff and proud;
He said: "You needn't shout so loud!"

And he was very proud and stiff;
He said, "I'll try and wake them, *if*——"

I put his "answer" on the shelf:
I said, "I'll wake them up myself!"

He cried, "No good! The door is locked,
I've pulled, and pushed, and kicked, and knocked.

And when I found the door was shut
I tried to turn the handle, *but*——"

There was a long pause.

"Is that all?" Alice timidly asked.

"That's all.—*for the present*," said Humpty Dumpty.

JEALOUSY.—He: "She plays the lyre wonderfully well."—She: Lots of girls could do that if they tried."

QUERY—Do ghosts talk in dead languages?

THE First Lord of the Admiralty—Noah.

"THE fire was, fortunately, confined to the building.' "Confined to the building! Why, wouldn't it have been much better to have let it go out?"

CHOW-CHOW.

Pateti Greetings.

A GLADSOME and prosperous New Year to Mr. *Punch's* Zoroastrian readers! May the Light of Hormuzd be on their path—brightening every dark avenue throughout Life's pilgrimage to the Happy Goal!

* * *

The Dhulia Riots.

IT was sweet music from muskets, and smell of powder as fragrant as incense, that gladdened the hearts of the good people of Dhulia the other day. After all there is no music like the report of a gun for lawless men, whether Hindus or Mahomedans, who have music on the brain. The effect is startling and the cure of the monomaniacs safe and prompt. It is quite a modern disease, this music on the brain, which seems to grow worse under a mild treatment. Krishna's flute entranced not only the *gopis* of Bindraban but their cows as well. Similarly, the redoubtable "Tom, Tom, the piper's son," it has been said, "did not confine his cunning instrument to making cows and milkmaids dance. He so wrought upon a Friar that he capered until he lost

His cope and scapelary
And all his other wede."

The magic pipe of the Pied Piper of Hamelin even made the mountains open. That was soft music suited to the old world miracles. The magic pipe that soothes the modern savage breast, cures mental distempers, and makes fanatics and law-breakers caper, is the smooth barrel of the rifle. So pipe on, rifleman! It is a pitiless and drastic remedy which Mr. *Punch* extremely regrets, as he regrets the necessity of extracting a bad tooth that makes existence intolerable.

* * *

The University Reform.

THE Hon'ble Mr. Justice Ranade would exempt students studying for the Arts course from re-examination in subjects in which they have once scored 45 marks. This would afford a much needed relief to suffering candidates. The proposal is, however, stoutly opposed. The pound of flesh must be cut off from the victims, if the sanctity and high reputation of the Bombay University must be maintained! The priests—whom it pays, to bleed the victims,—and their blind followers insist upon the annual offerings at the sacrificial altar! Caste prejudice, party differences, class and professional interest are all on the side of the priests. "Cram!" is their shibboleth. The bulk of the graduates, produced under the present system, is known to be worthless and in no way comparable with the products of Universities in the West, where the "piecemeal" system, advocated by the learned judge, largely obtains. Knowledge is slowly taken in and *digested* there. Out here, it is gulped down the throat and injures the whole system. An enervating climate and the injurious social customs of the country help in the work of deterioration, and the *learned* Senate is stolidly looking on at the process! Judging from the

number of votes recorded in favour of the proposition, the wave of feeling, during the debate on Friday last, was not running altogether against the proposed relief —a relief which even Cambridge and Oxford do not deny their promising youths who knock at the doors of those Universities. At the crest of the wave, alas! Mr. Dharamsi,—himself a self-confessed sufferer,—placed the question of class versus class, and it was not difficult to foresee the result. The fiat has gone forth : "Relief to the dogs!"

* * *

The Bombay Cosmopolitan Club and Mr. Justice Budrudin Tayabji.

THE Hon'ble Mr. Justice Badrudin Tayabji is a happy mortal. The high esteem in which he is justly held by all classes finds another illustration in the splendid entertainment and banquet given last evening in his honour by the Bombay Cosmopolitan Club. A cosmopolitan himself, every inch, it was in the fitness of things that a club which, if its name does not belie it, stands as a protest against caste and sectarian prejudices, should honour this popular citizen.

* * *

The Touts.

A DIRE calamity is pending over that portion of our legal practitioners who, like helpless fledgelings with beaks wide apart, are always clamouring for food. Many a poor worm, patiently hunted down by the parent-bird, finds its way into the yawning craws of these nestlings. Our friend the tout stands in the relation of the parent bird towards the starving lawyers. How many wretched victims has he not pounced upon as food for these starvelings? The proposed annihilation of the tout looks very much like giving an impetus to the present keen struggle for existence among pleaders, which slowly makes for the survival of the fittest. But will the proposed measure succeed? If in the fierce fight between Capital and Labour the middlemen—the *dalâls*—play such an important part, and, though hated by both the actual producers and the consumers, are so far safe in their position, it is hard to see how this necessary evil of touting can be eradicated. Awakened, restless energy may change the form of the evil and, perhaps, in a measure modify its baneful influence. Whilst this achievement is fresh in our memory, we may have reason to be satisfied until the ghost reappears in some other questionable shape to bring our activities once more into play.

* * *

The *Hundá Nátak*.

THE acting in the "Parbhu Hundá Nátak" is said to be commendable and the many incidents in the life of the Pathare Parbhus are hit off in a realistic manner. Mr. *Punch* is glad to hear this. The dowry extortionists deserve to be caricatured and exposed. By the bye, cannot a few well-known *hundá* extortionists themselves be induced to take part in the representation? Their experience should enable them to put life into the play. The *hundá* evil is not confined to the Parbhus alone, but extends to other communities as well: why is the play, then, restricted to Parbhu audiences only? Let the satire, if effective, open the eyes of all offenders alike.

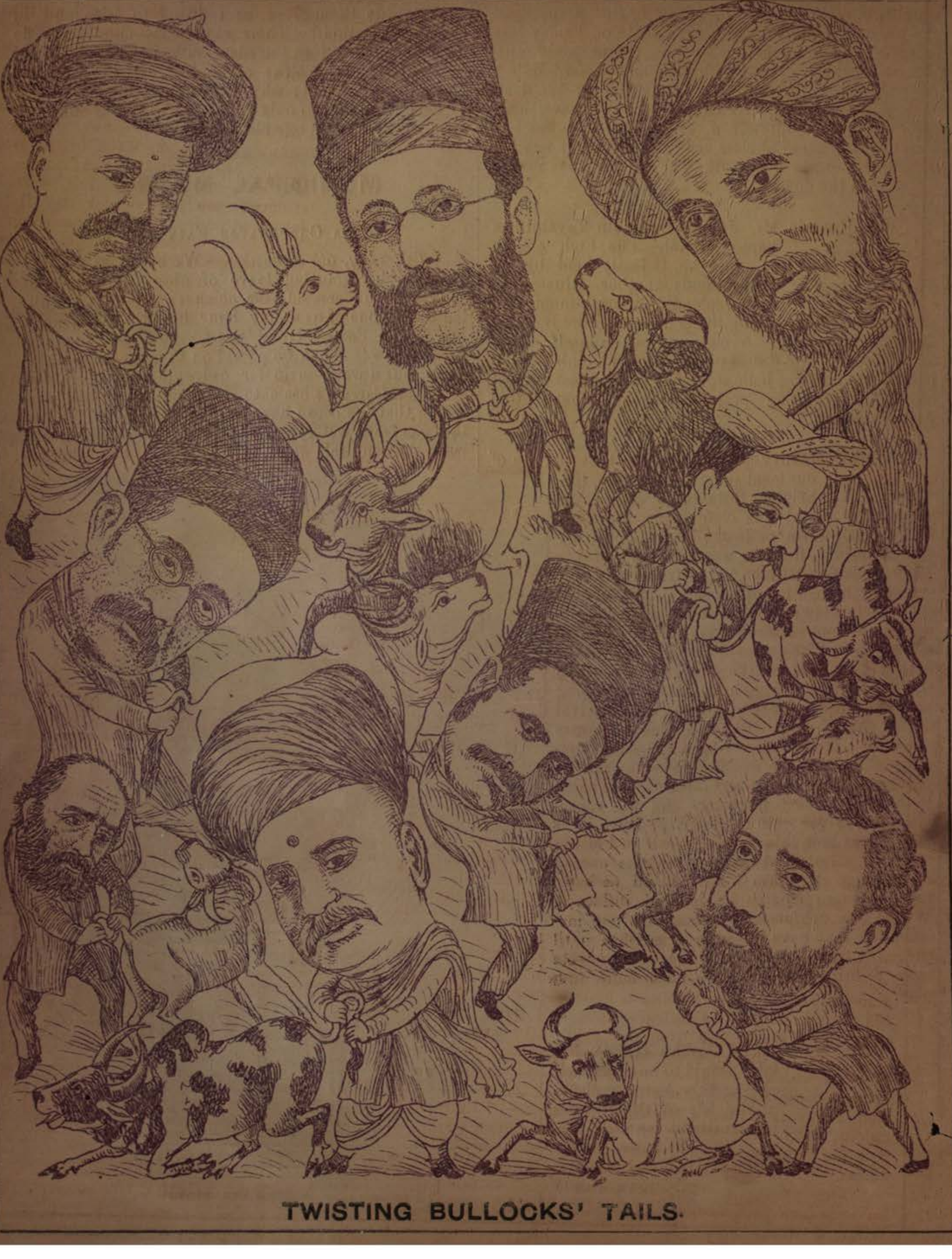
MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Thursday, 5th September.—We began, as we very often do, by granting leave of absence—*absence of body*, be it understood, for *absence of mind* is permitted to any one of us at any hour he likes—to a member, Major Scott. Great Scott, thou hast found a greater now! Then we passed on to main—not Major Mein, but a water-main for conveying water to the shipping. Carrying coals to Newcastle, you will say, seeing that the ocean has not run dry; but of course this was fresh water, and there's all the difference between that and salt water, as much indeed as there is



Asking for more!



TWISTING BULLOCKS' TAILS.



Newly developed predilection for the Bottom tribe.

between these veracious Notes and the false, ill-timed notes issuing from a certain quarter that shall be nameless. Though now that I think of it, the comparison is to my disadvantage, for my Notes are both fresh and salty, and the others are neither the one nor the other. So the parallel is not satisfactory, any more than the drainage of Parel, for ameliorating which it was proposed to construct a masonry channel. To this somebody objected, saying it was better to stick to the old way of removal by cartage. You will gather the antiquity of the system from the number of ages involved in it; drain*age*, cart*age*, sewer*age* and a score of others which would have turned up, had not Mr. Hamilton cut the matter short by dubbing the suggestion, in favour of the old method "ridiculous." "Ridiculous," thought I, "why, if anything is ridiculous, it is the masonry channel, since it is a '*mais on rit*' affair!" There's a Roland for your Oliver, Mr. Ham.!

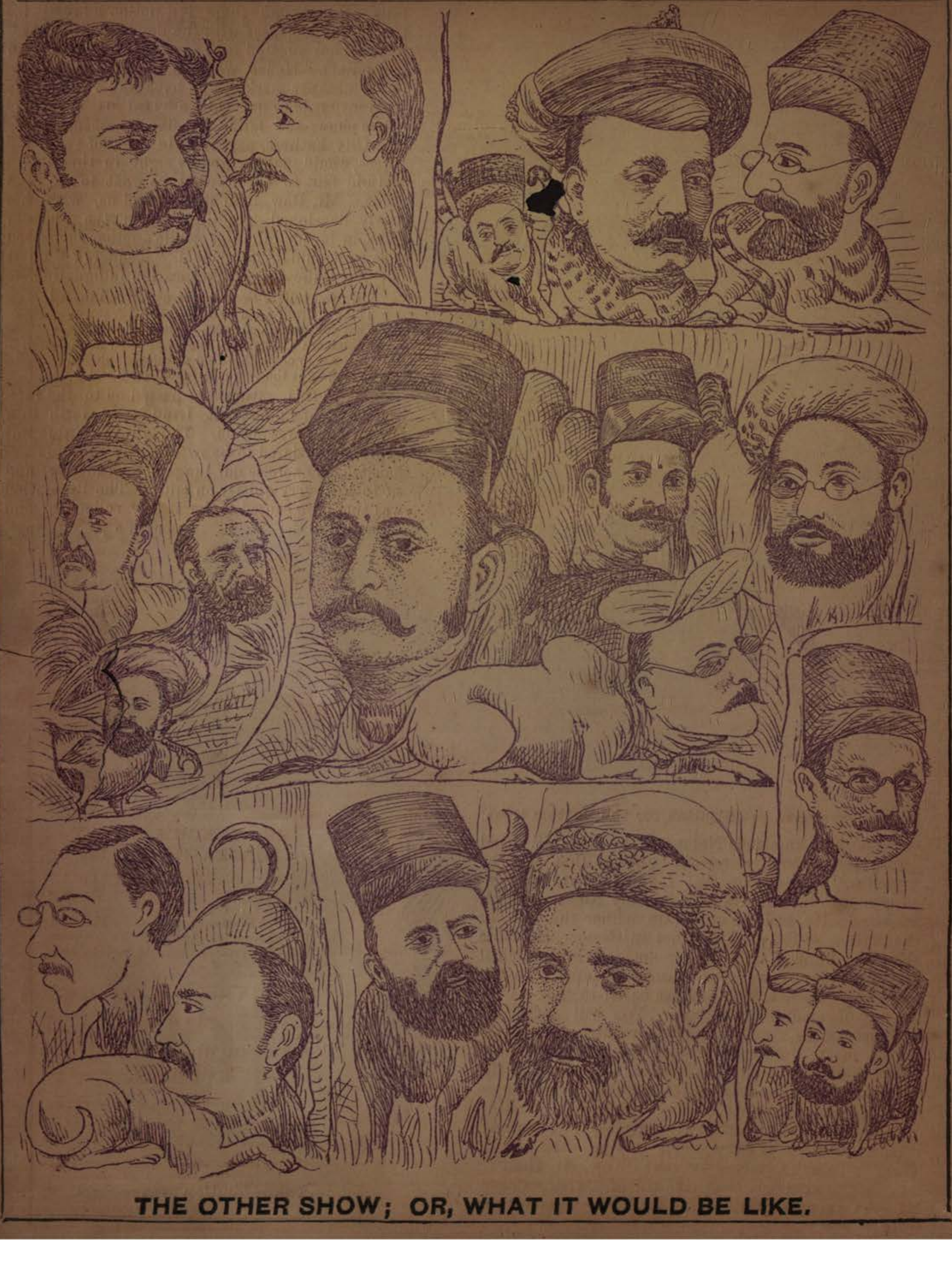
This reminds me that, like Oliver Twist, we have, for some time past, been asking for more—bulls to twist tails. But though there is a notion a broad that the supply increases with the demand, all tha t our demand has effected is to increase the demand of our sellers. Hence we have been casting abou t for a cheaper market, and have had various suggestions made to us. One advised us to attend cattle shows and fairs. A fine prospect truly! The City Fathers, parading in rows of twos and threes, would make a goodly sight in themselves and bid fair to outdo what we went to see and enjoy. Mr. Dew here interrupted us, with his newly developed predilection for the Bottom tribe, in favour of mules, while another suggested that we should invite tenders. "Tenders?" burst out Mr. Cuffe with Shakespearian indignation:—

> "Do you believe *these* tenders, as you call them?
> Think yourself a tender-faced baby
> That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
> Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
> Or,—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
> Wronging it thus,—you'll tender me a fool."

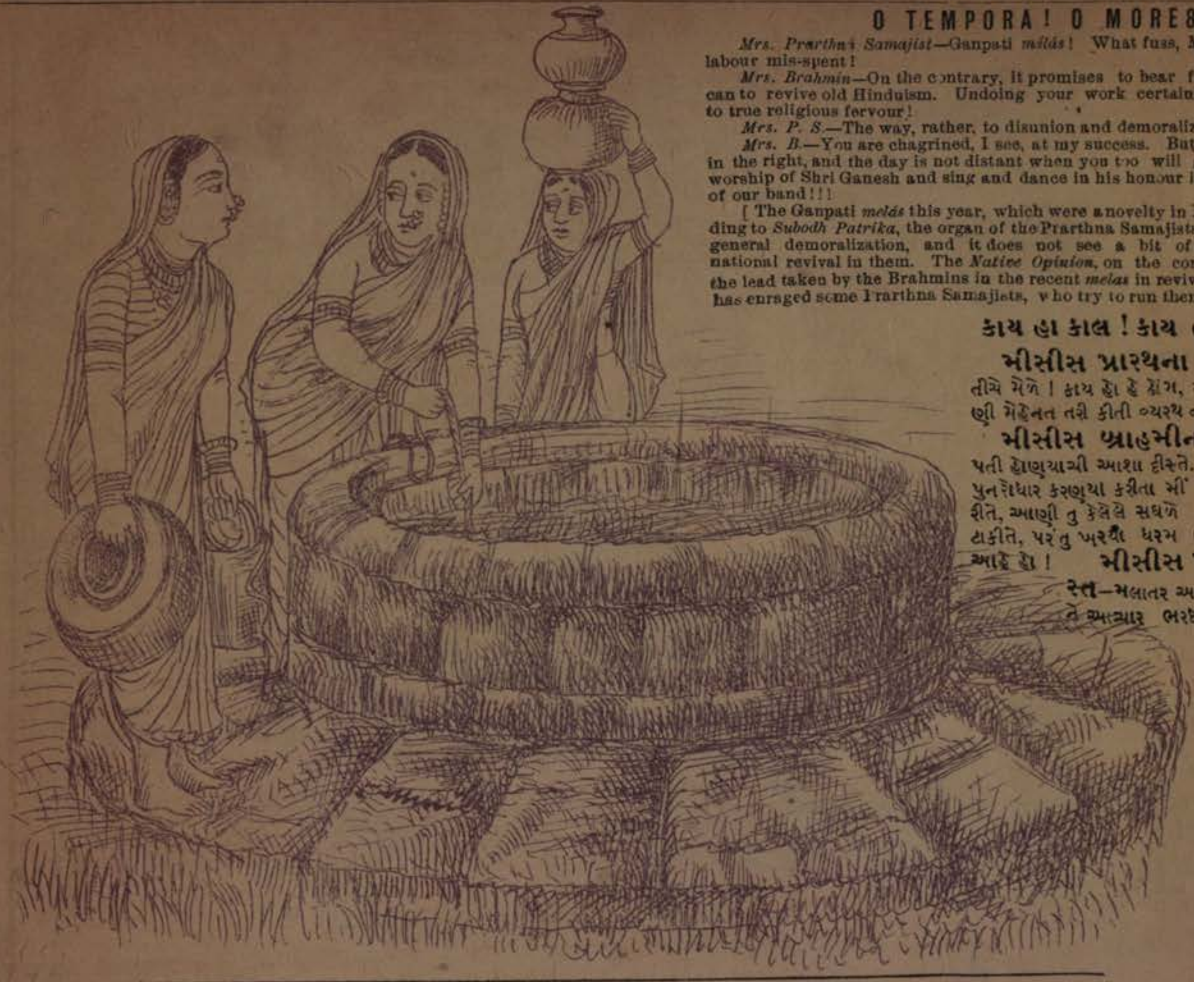
After this rating, we passed on to the *rateable* value of Port Trust Land as set forth in a Government resolution. Though the value was expressly declared to be *rateable*, we were too exhausted to exercise our lungs in the matter, and so took it very quietly on trust. The Resolution was therefore caused to be neatly rolled up and re-corded— with a piece of tape,



The resolution was re-*corded*.



THE OTHER SHOW; OR, WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE.



O TEMPORA! O MORES!

Mrs. Prarthna Samajist—Ganpati *melás*! What fuss, Mrs. Brahmin! And labour mis-spent!

Mrs. Brahmin—On the contrary, it promises to bear fruit. I'm doing all I can to revive old Hinduism. Undoing your work certainly, but that's the way to true religious fervour!

Mrs. P. S.—The way, rather, to disunion and demoralization!!

Mrs. B.—You are chagrined, I see, at my success. But I am convinced, I'm in the right, and the day is not distant when you too will gladly join me in the worship of Shri Ganesh and sing and dance in his honour like the most devoted of our band!!!

[The Ganpati *melás* this year, which were a novelty in Bombay, would, according to *Subodh Patrika*, the organ of the Prarthna Samajists, lead to disunion and general demoralization, and it does not see a bit of religious fervour and national revival in them. The *Native Opinion*, on the contrary, maintains that the lead taken by the Brahmins in the recent *melas* in reviving religious fervour has enraged some Prarthna Samajists, who try to run them down.]

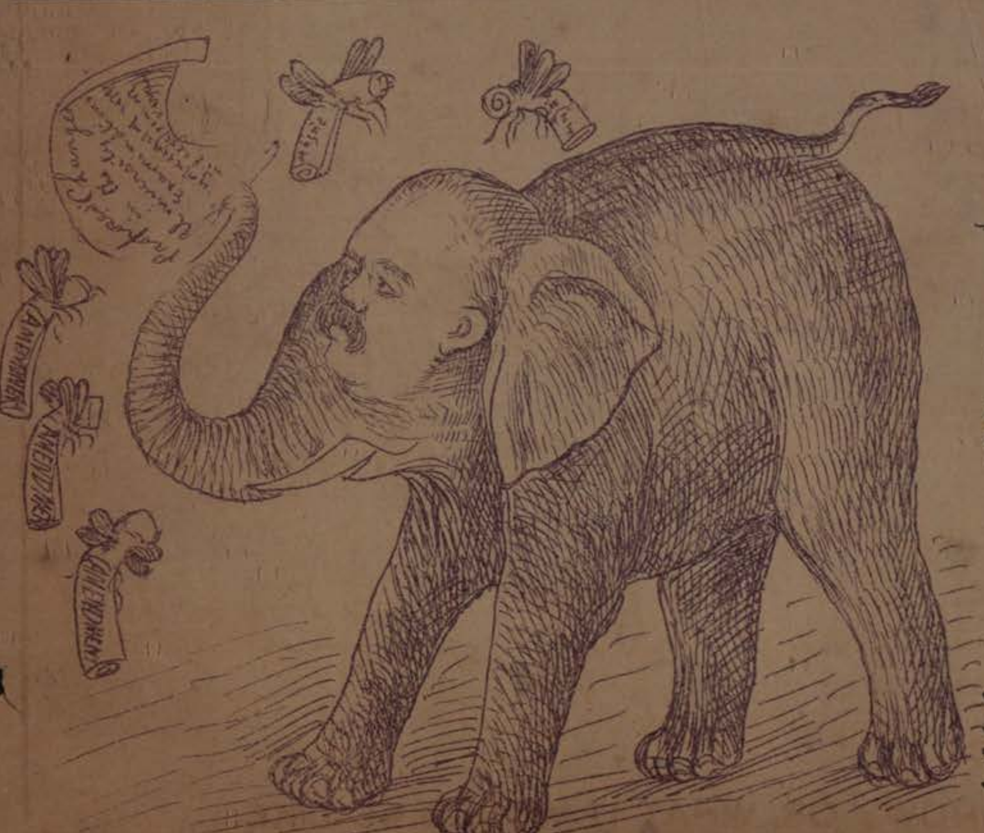
કાય હા કાલ ! કાય હયા રીતીભાતી !

મીસીસ પ્રારથના સમાજીસ્ત—ગણુપતીચે મેળે ! કાય હો હે સોંગ, મીસીસ બ્રાહમીન ! આણી મેહેનત તરી કીતી વ્યરથ જાતે !

મીસીસ બ્રાહમીન—ઉલટેં, યાચી ફળ પ્રાપતી હોણ્યાચી આશા દીસ્તે. જુન્યા હીંદુ ધરમાચા પુનરોધાર કરણ્યા કરીતા મીં માઝ્યાને હોતે તીતકેં કરીતે, આણી તુ કેલેલે સધળે કામ મુળાપાસુન તોડુન ટાકીતે, પરંતુ ખરયા ધરમ ભકતીચા હાચ મારગ આહે હો !

મીસીસ પ્રારથના સમાજીસ્ત—મલાતર અસે દીતેસ કી, કુસંપ અને અત્યાર ભરષ્ટતેચાતો મારગ આહે

મીસીસ બ્રાહમીન—મલાયશ મીલાલે લે પાહુન તુઝયા મનાતઈરષ્યા ઉતપંન ઝાલી આહે. પરંતુ માઝીતર પકી ખાત્રી આહે કે, માઝે હમણણે ખરે આહે આણી શ્રી ગણેશાચી સેવા કરણ્યાસે કામી તુ ખુશીને માઝયા સંગતીસ યેશીલ, આણી આમચ્યા તલ્યા અતીશ્રધાલુ સેવકાચે પાચી ચાલુન ગણેશ દેવાસ પ્રસંન કરણ્યા સાઠી ત્યાંગે ભજન કરુન નાચશીલ, આસા સમય લાંબ રાહીલા નાહી !!!



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 35.

THE HON'BLE MR. JUSTICE MAHADEVA GOVIND RANADE

The Elephant, worried by the flies, is obliged to put forth all his untiring patience, perseverance and tact to keep them off.

મી૦ પંચના ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.—ના૦ ૩૫.

આનરેબલ મી૦ જસ્ટીસ મહાદેવ ગોવીંદ રાનાડે.

નાની માખીઓ ગજરાજને એટલો બધો હેરાન કરે છે કે, તેમને દુરની દુર ઉડતી રાખવા માટે તેને પોતાની અથાગ સબુરી, ખંતીપણુ અને કલાનો ઉપયોગ કરવાની જરૂર થઇ પડી છે.

A NEW YEAR AWAKENING.

The Spirit of New Year to Parsee Commercial Spirit—Awake, my dear girl! I've come to bless thee. Strive to be happy, and let me have a good account of thy career before I go! Do not idly allow others to take away the bread from you. Be up and doing!



ઉઠ, જાગરૂત થા!

નવાં વરસનો ફરેસ્તો–(ઉંઘમાં પડેલી પારસી વેપારી હીમત અને આલાકીને) મારી વાહાલી, ઉઠ, જાગરૂત થા! હું તુને આજે સવારના પોહોરમાં દુવા દેવા આવ્યો છું. તું સુખી થવાની કોશેશ કર, અને હું જાઉં તે આગમજ તારી કારકીરદીનો મને ખુશ કરનારો હીસાબ આપજે! તું આળસુ પડ્યાં રહીને બીજાઓને તારી રોટલી લેઈ જવા દે ના! ઉઠ, હુશીયાર થા ને કામે વળગ!

A PRECAUTION.—"My dear, it is no use for you to look at those sarees, for I have only a few annas in my pocket."—"But surely you might have known when we went out that I wanted to buy a few things!"—"I did. That's why I didn't bring any m oney out with me."

WITHOUT PREJUDICE.—Ugly man (who thinks he's a privileged wag, to artist): "Now, Mr. *Daub*igny, draw me."—Artist (who does'nt like being called *Daub*igny, and whose real name is Smith): "Certainly. But you *won't* be offended if it's *like* you. Eh?"



A NEW YEAR'S TOAST.

"Here's a bumper to you! May you be ever fresh and green and blooming!"

નવાં વરસની સલામતી.

મી૦ પંચ—લે, તારી સલામતી અને તનદરોસ્તી ચાહું છ! હંમેશાં તું હંસતી, ખીલતી અને જોબનવંતીજ રેહેજે!



A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

Miss Poona.—Those Anti-Reform noodles have torn this. But I must stitch it in time.

વખતસર ટાંકો મારેલો સારો.

પુણાબાઈ—પેલ ધરમાંધલા કુધારાવાળાઓએ આ ફાડી નાખ્યું છે. પણ હું વખતસર ટાંકા મારી ને રફુ કરી નાખશ તો બસ થશે,



THE NEW YEAR DODGES.

Gool.—Now, Naval dear, what's going to be the Pateti present for me this year! Something neat and nice, I'm sure. . always admired your taste in these matters.

Naval—I'm afraid there'll be nothing to admire this time, love, except my patient resignation to the cruel decree of fate. *Gool*—Why, what's u p !

Naval—Nothing, darling. It's all dowe with me. I didn't draw Sir Visto, as I hoped I would ; or I should have put the whole of my winning in trust for you, and——

Gool—Oh ! You cruel, false, unfeeling man ! Trust indeed ! After this, who can trust you or your deceitful looks !

[*An avalanche of tears, and a present to wipe them* ! ! !

નવાં વરસના દાવપેચ.

ગુલ—કેમ નવલ ડીયર, આગ્મે વરસ મને તમે પપેતીની પરજેંટ સું આપોચ્ચ. તમે તો મને કંઈ છકજ કરી નાખવાના હોસો.

નવલ—છક તો ખચીત કરી ના ખતે, લવ, પણ કરૂં સું ! નસીબ એવું, અભાગયુ છે કે આગ્મે વરસ તો તુને નસીબને નામેજ સંતોષ ધરીને બેસવો પરસે !

ગુલ—હે એ, એટલે, છે સું ?

નવલ—છે તો કંઈનહી રે, મારા ડારલીંગ. પણ આગ્મે વખતે પાસેાજ અવરો પરયો. નવાં વરસને વાસ્તે મેં નસીબ અજમાવ્યું ને "સ્રી વ્હીંજર"ની સોરતીની ટીકીટ લીધી. હું તો ધારતોતો કે મનેજ "સર વીસ્ટો" પેહેલો થારો આવસે, ને તેના લાખ રૂપ્યાનું બધું તારે નામનુંજ ત્રસ્ટ કરસ, પણ–પણ–

ગુલ—ઓ હરયારે તમે ! એ કોણુન બધા ઢોંગ ધતુસ સમજાવ્યા ! જાવો રે, હવે કોઈ દાહારે તમારી પર ભરૂસો મુકવાનીજ નહી !

[આંસુની રેલ આલે છે, અને તેમને લુછી નાખવા "પરજેંટ"નો રૂમાલ નવલશાહને વાપરવો પડે છે ! !



BROTHERHOOD.

Bhayarià (Servant)—There, now, come into my arms and let us embrace, each other like brothers.

Rambhau (A young graduate) Why, what's up, you boor?

Bhayaria—What? Are we not *one* now? both devotional *mélá* singers and dancers, before Ganesh ?

खरें बंधु प्रेम.

भयऱ्या (खिदमतगार)—"हा कागा तात्या! द्या किय आतां परमालिंगन्."

रामभाऊ (तरुण कॉलेजियन्)—"कारे ये गांवढळ लेका कारे असें विचारतोस?"

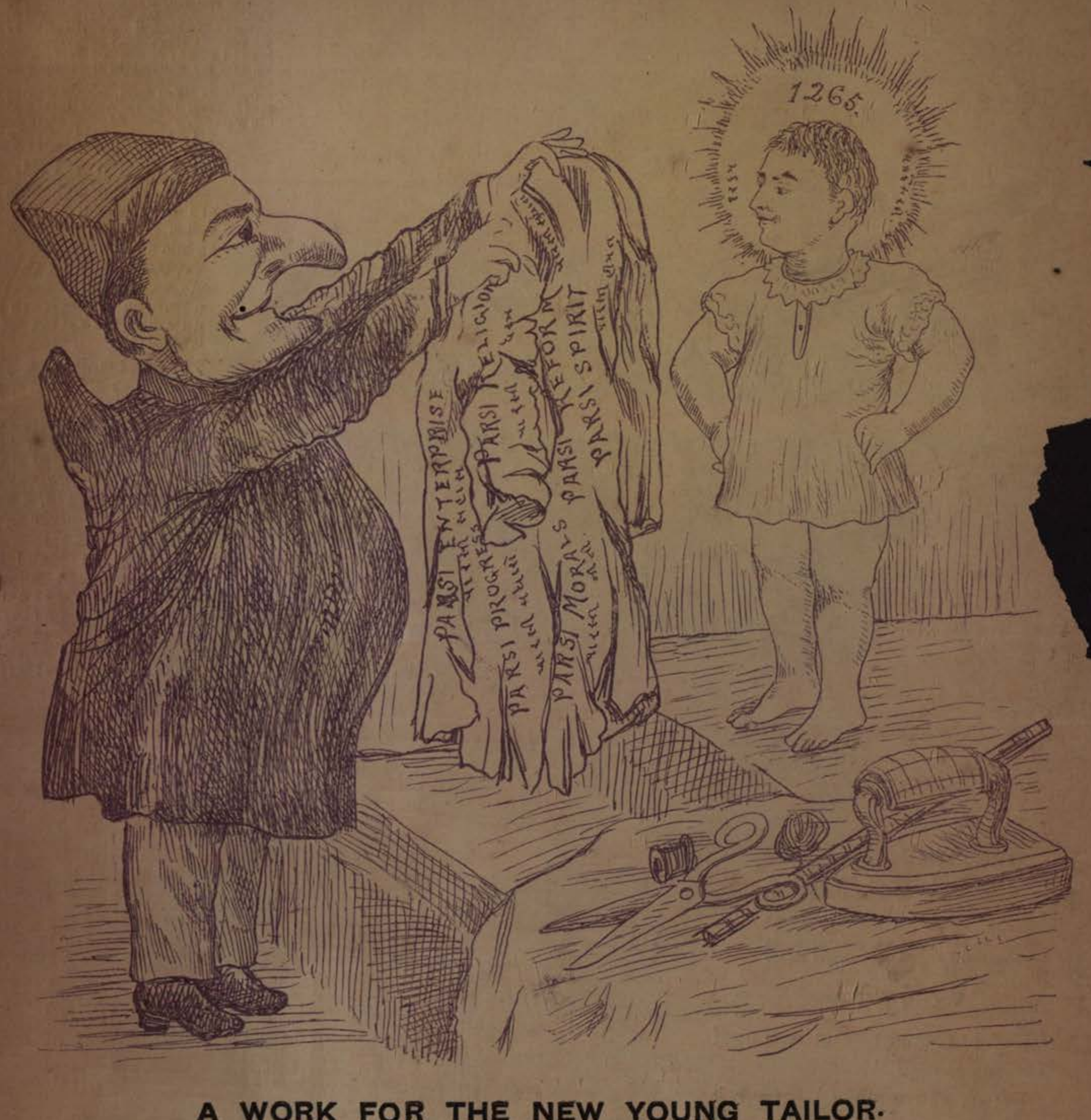
भयऱ्या—"असा कागा म्हनतुया! आपण गणपतोचे भगत होऊनशानी त्याच्या म्होर नाचतुयावी भना गातुयावी, तर असा न्हाही वर आपण एक झालों?"

ભાઈબંધ.

ભયરયા–(એક ખીદમતગાર) એઈ તાત્યારાવ, આવ ને મને ચાંપીને એક કોટી કર !

રામભાઉ–(એક ગ્રાડયુએટ) અરે એઈ બાનકોટા, તારૂં ભેલ્યું મેલ્યું ડકાણે છે કે ?

ભયરયા–કાં વારૂ ? આપણે બંને જણા શ્રી ગણેશના ભાવીક ભગત તરીકે મેળામાં સાથે ગાઈયે ને નાચયે છીયે, એટલે પછી હવે આપણે એકજ થયલા શું નહી કેહેવાઈયે કે ?



A WORK FOR THE NEW YOUNG TAILOR.

[*Time—The Parsee New Year Morn.*]

Mr. Parsee Punch—Good morning, my friend! Wish you good luck, peace and prosperity !—By the bye—h'm—here's something for you to do. You must mend this coat. There are so many holes in it, that they will want your careful and assiduous attention.

નવા નાનકડા દરજી માટે થોડુંક કામ.

[વખત—પારસીઓની પતેતીની સવાર.]

મી૦ પારસી પંચ—સાહેબજી, મારા દોસ્ત! સાલ મુબારક! તું સુખી રેહેજે, ભાયગસાલી નીવડજે, સુલેહ સંપજ ભરયો રેહેજે અને આબાદાનીમાં રેલછેલ કરજે!—અને અં—અં—આએ જો બા. તારે વાસ્તે કંઈ સેહેજ કામ લાવ્યો છું. આ ડગલો તારે દરસ્ત કરવો જોઈશે. એનાં એમથી તેમથા એટલાં બધાં ચીરીયાં ઉતરેલાં છે કે, તે રફુ કરવા માટે તુને ઘણીજ સંભાળ અને મેહેનતથી ધ્યાન આપવું જોઈએ.



NEW YEAR ROSES.

(With apologies to Menzler.)

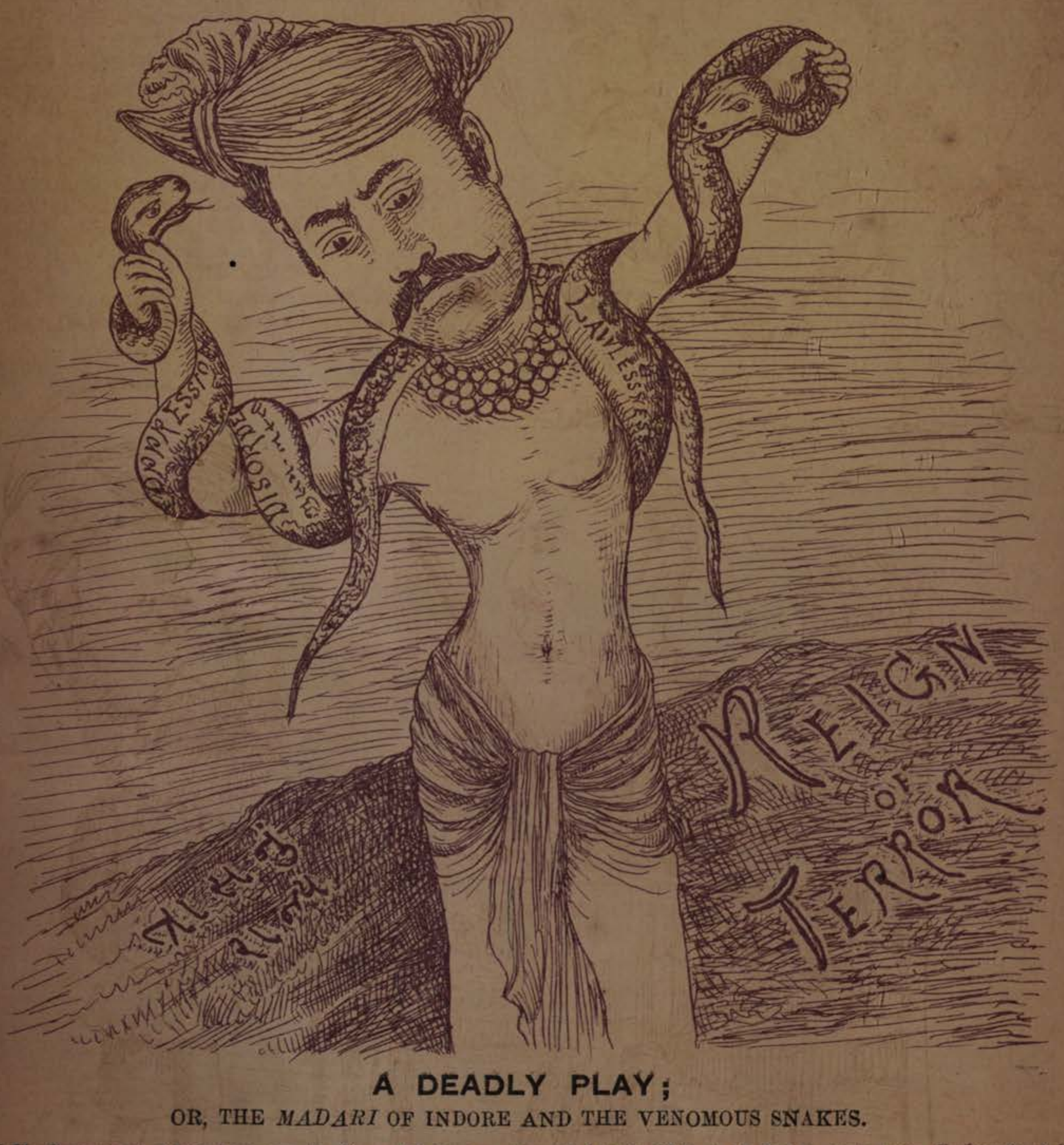
THE PARSEE NEW YEAR, YEZDEZARDI 1265: MONDAY, 16th SEPTEMBER, 1895.

Sweet as the scent of these roses, may thy life be one eternal sweetness!

નવાં વરસનાં ગુલેગુલાબ.

પારસી નવું વરસ, યઝદેઝરદી સને ૧૨૬૫: સોમવાર, તા૦ ૧૬ મી સપટેમ્બર ૧૮૯૫.

આ ગુલેગુલાબના મીઠા સુગંધની ખુશ લંપટ માફક તું ગુલબદન ગુલની જીંદગી હંમેશ સુધી મીઠાસ અને સુગંધથી ભરપુર નીવડજો !



A DEADLY PLAY;

OR, THE *MADARI* OF INDORE AND THE VENOMOUS SNAKES.

[The Government of India have, says the *Times of India*, formally notified to the Mahraja of Indore their grave displeasure at his acts of oppression, misgovernment and lawlessness, and have warned him that the consequences of his continuance in wrong-doing will be serious.]

એક જીવલેણ રમત;

અથવા, ઈંદોરનો મદારી અને ઝેરી સરપો.

[ઈંદોરના માહરાજા હોલકરના જુલમાતભરેલાં, ત્રાસ્તીભરેલાં અને અંધેર રાજકારોબારને લગતાં કેટલાંક કામો વીષે હીંદી સરકારે પોતાની ગંભીર નાપસંદગી સતાવાર રીતે તેને લખી જણાવી છે, અને ટાઈમ્સ આફ ઇન્ડયા ખબર આપે છે તે મુજબ તેને ચેતવણી આપી છે કે જો તેવાં ખોટાં કામો તે ચાલુ રાખશે તો તેનાં પરીણામ ઘણાંજ ગંભીર નીવડશે.]



"The d—l a bit we can hear."

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

Monday, 9th Sept.—"If you please, sir," asked Mr. Kabrajee, "is this correct? Here are some persons wanting to meddle with the Joint Schools Clock, the tick, I'm sure, is all right, the pendulum goes backwards and forwards with perfect regularity, but even supposing it was wrong, the clock isn't our own and why should we bother about it? Are we in order?" "Oh, yes, in perfect order," replied the president, "you shut up, and whether the clock is ours or not, let us hear it tell its hours, its seconds and its minutes." "The minutes!" cried out Mr. Dhakjee and Mr. Javerilal, "it is the minutes we want to hear, but whichever way we turn our ear, the d—l a bit we can hear. There's something the matter with the clock, and we want to put it right. You may say, the minutes, after all, are a trifle, but,

> "Tis the little minutes,
> Humble tho' they be,
> Make the mighty ages
> Of eternity."

We have had considerable experience, in Poona and elsewhere, of clock-mending, and we know the Pendulum is too slow." "A deal you know about it," oscillated the J. S. Pendulum in ponderous respectability, "give me a minute, and I'll prove to you that we're neither too



"If you please, sir!"



"Tick! Tick!"

slow nor too fast. Tick! Tick! Tick!

"Sixty seconds make a minute,
What is there to learn in it;
Sixty minutes make an hour,
Work with all your might and power."

It is this hour you need to hear, and I toll it with all my force. But if you must hear the minutes too, come inside my works, come the man who proposes and the man who seconds, come one, come all, and I promise you, you will hear seconds, minutes, everything down to the minutest details." "There now," said Mr. Dharamsi, "that ought to satisfy you. If you don't, shut up after this, bejabbers, I'll make you. You don't know your man." "Not so fast, Mr. Dharamsi, nor you, Mr. Pendulum," wound up the Indispensable, "you must not forget you are not independent, and you can't crow it over us. You partly belong to us and partly to the Government. For your sixty minutes or so to the hour, we pay as many thousands to keep you going, and if we haven't the power to call for the minutes when we like, who, I should like to know, has? But not to be too hard on you, we give you a little time, and then if you won't show us your minutes, we'll know what to do. You don't know your man." Here the pendulum didn't exactly stop, but its movements were slow and somewhat irregular, like those of a person lost in thought and uncertain what to do.

We need have no anxiety now on the score of health, either for ourselves or for the city at large, for, in addition to the Health Officer, we are going to have doctors and apothecaries as inspectors in the Health Department. Too many cooks spoil the broth, and too many doctors kill the patient! This evidently does not hold good with us, for the more we are physicked, the healthier we grow!

Not always though. Some bad blood does occasionally contrive to show itself. Here, for instance, was my friend Mr. Dharamsi, who moved for a committee to revise the rules of procedure to be followed at Corporation meetings, and in so doing, was himself moved to ungovernable wrath. It was only a "body without a soul," to use his own forcible phraseology, that had stung him, but it had stung so deep, that our pity for his sufferings was only equalled by our admiration of the heroism with

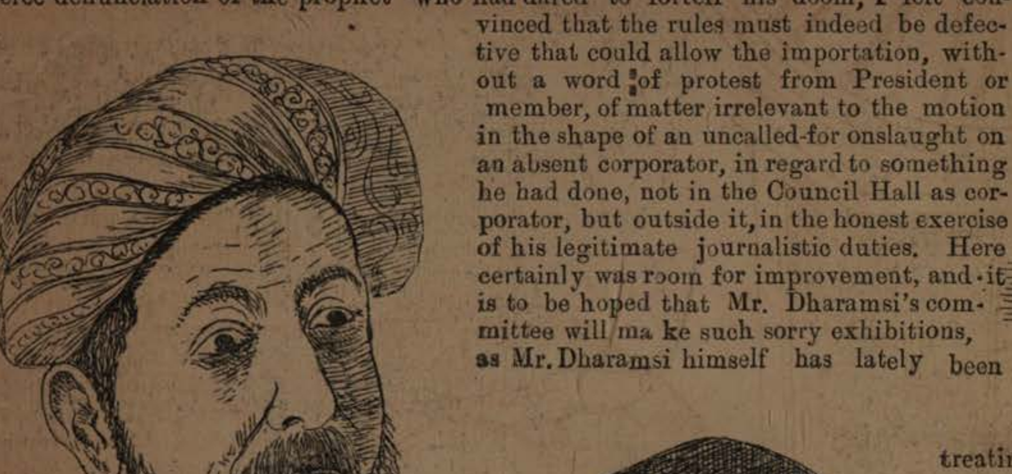


"If you didn't shut up, bejabbers, I'll make you!"

which he had borne them and of the boldness with which he now stood up to denounce their ruthless author. So far as I am concerned, he needs not have spoken, as he afterwards did, to his motion at all. For as I sat listening to his fierce denunciation of the prophet who had dared to fortell his doom, I felt convinced that the rules must indeed be defective that could allow the importation, without a word of protest from President or member, of matter irrelevant to the motion in the shape of an uncalled-for onslaught on an absent corporator, in regard to something he had done, not in the Council Hall as corporator, but outside it, in the honest exercise of his legitimate journalistic duties. Here certainly was room for improvement, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Dharamsi's committee will make such sorry exhibitions, as Mr. Dharamsi himself has lately been treating us to, impossible. To return to the motion itself, it was liked by nearly all of us, Mr. Bomaster particularly, who wanted to pick a bone with the Commissioner, and picked it. He said he was aware that the Commissioner was not a walking encyclopædia of municipal knowledge and could not be expected to answer all questions off-hand. But no more was the Commissioner dumb, and to see him sit like an Egyptian mummy, staring corporators out of countenance and tiring their patience, was aggravating in the extreme. Would Mr. Dharamsi's committee see to that? "Neither to that," said Mr. Mehta, "nor to anything else. Our existing rules work admirably enough, and though it were possible to frame more elaborate ones, there would be the same difficulty with them as now when a hitch arose; witness the rules for the University Senate meetings which often make 'confusion worse confounded,' although framed by learned jurists, and consuls and proconsuls!" Here Mr. Dharamsi interposed. "Because somebody has failed elsewhere, it is no reason why we shouldn't try. If our rules are radically defective, let us amend them by all means. And we have no reason to dread a failure, assisted as we should be by an eminent and able lawyer." This involuntary compliment to the indispensability of our indispensable man so tickled us that we put the seal on Mr. Dharamsi's motion—not the much-dreaded "*sealer general's*" but the seal of our own august approbation.



A walking encyclopædia.



Stung so deep.

We were also tickled in another quarter, in the olfactory nerves this time, by Dr. Gas' motion to keep our dust-bins as far away as possible from places of religious worship. I should have added, from everywhere else, where human beings "most do congregate."

But Dr. Bhal-chandra told us that if an evil, the dust-bins were a necessary evil. That they were not so black as they were painted, or rather, that they did not stink so foully as they were supposed



Tastes differ!

to. That they were much better now (I am not sure if Dr. Bhal. did not say, more fragrant) than before. For my part, I have looked in vain for Dr. B.'s fragrant dust-bins, but I have smelt any number of nasty ones emitting,

> "The rankest compound of villainous smell, that
> Ever offended nostril."

"Thou hast a tongue—come let us hear its tune!"



SOME French glass-blowers have come out on strike. When asked: "What about the glass?" they observed, "Oh, that be blowed!"

AFTER THE STORM.—"I always feel inclined to run when there is lightning about."—"Sort of thunder-bolt, I suppose."

MILTONIC MOTTO FOR OUR FOOTMEN.—"They also serve who only stand and wait."

A FINE STEAM ROAD ROLLER.

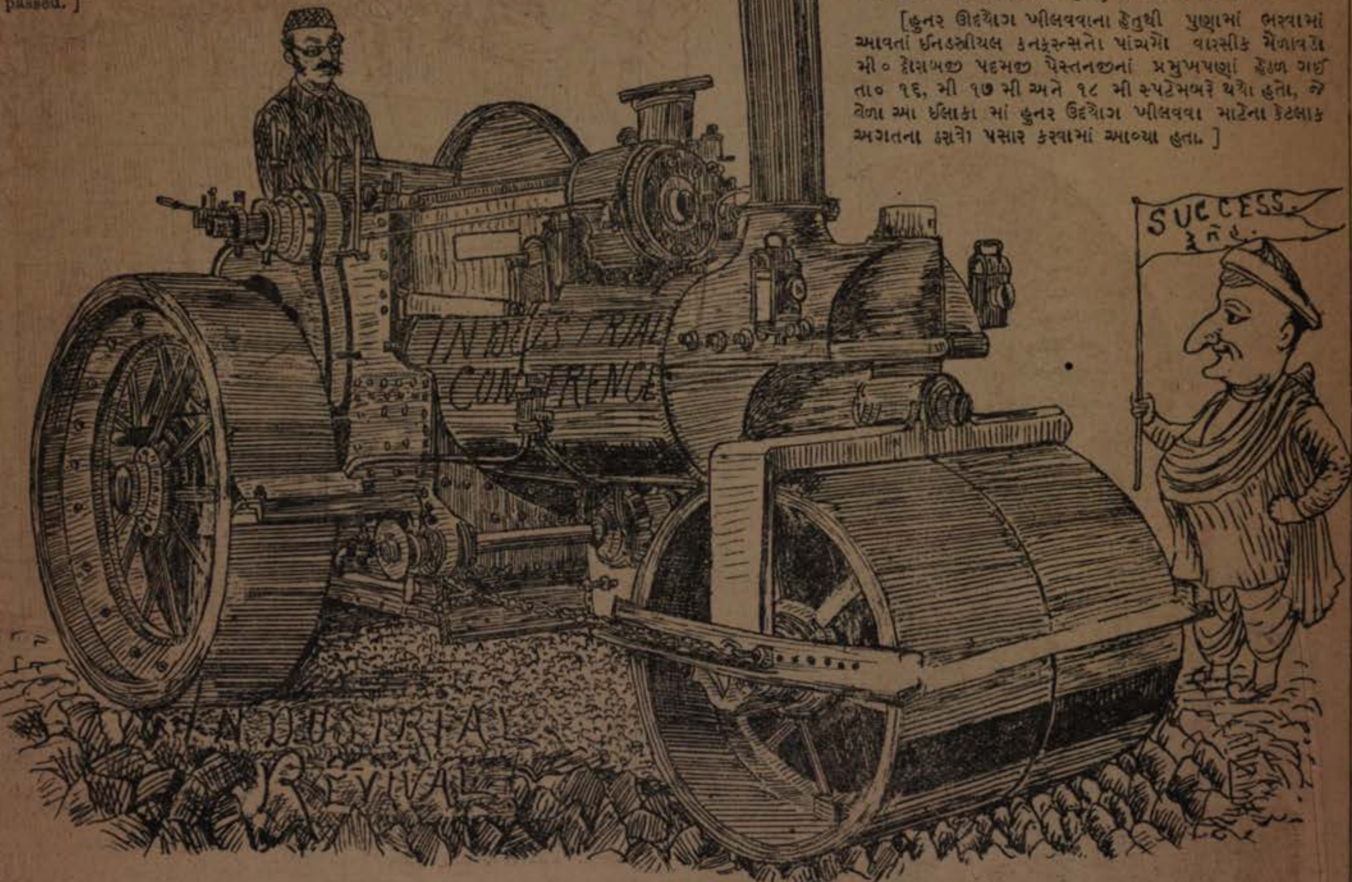
Very useful for levelling and rolling rough uneven ground. The Engineer in charge this year is Mr. Dorabjee Padumji Pestonjee, who in other ways has shown himself worthy of the trust.

[The Fifth Industrial Conference was held on 16th, 17th and 18th September last at Poona, Mr. Dorabjee Padumjee Pestonjee being its president when several important resolutions on the Industrial Revival of the Presidency were passed.]

એક સુંદર ખડી દાબવાનું સ્ટીમ રોલર.

ખાડા ખએાચીયા ભરેલા ખરબચડા ને વાંકા ટીકા રસ્તાને સરખો સપાટ કરવા માટે આ રોલર ઘણું ઉપયેાગી છે. આ વરસે મી૦ દોરાબજી પદમજી પેસ્તનજી જેવા ઈજનેરના હાથમાં તેને સેાંપવામાં આવ્યું છે, જેઓએ પોતા હસ્તકના કામ માટે પોતાને સંપુરણ લાયક દેખાડયા છે.

[હુનર ઊદયેાગ ખીલવવાના હેતુથી પુણામાં ભરવામાં આવતાં ઈનડસ્ત્રીયલ કનફ્રન્સનેા પાંચમેા વારસીક મેળાવડેા મી૦ દેારાબજી પદમજી પેસ્તનજીનાં પ્રમુખપણાં હેઠળ ગઈ તા૦ ૧૬, મી ૧૭ મી અને ૧૮ મી સ્પટેમબરે થયેા હતેા, જે વેળા આ ઈલાકા માં હુનર ઉદયેાગ ખીલવવા માટેના કેટલાક અગતના ઠરાવેા પસાર કરવામાં આવ્યા હતા.]



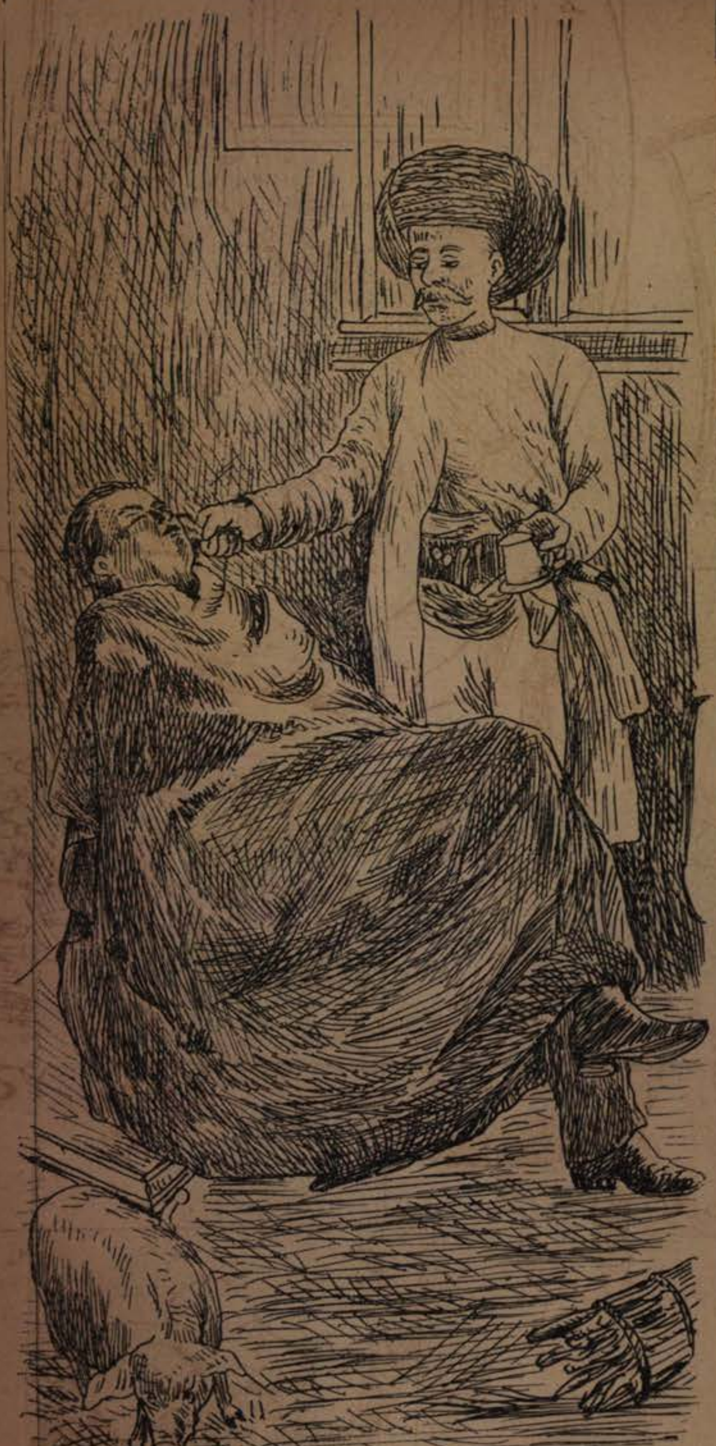


THE PYTHON'S LATEST PRAY.

[From the Chitral Blue Book issued in England it appears that the Government of India were from the very first in favour of the retention of Chitral.]

હીંદી અજગરનેા સરવેથી છેલ્લેા શેકાર.

[ચીત્રાલને લગતી ઈંગલંડમાં પ્રગટ કરવામાં આવેલી બ્લુ બુક ઊપરથી માલમ પડે છે કે, ચીત્રાલનેા કબજો રાખવાની તરફેણમાં પેહેલેથરથીજ હીંદી સરકાર હતી.]



IN THE INTERESTS OF LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT.

A Bandorite—What would you do, my knight of the razor, if you were on the Bandora Municipality?

Barber—Why, like the skilled physicians that we have been acknowledged to be from time immemorial, I would bleed and purge the sickly staff till it became healthier and more fit for honest work!

સ્થાનીક સ્વરાજ્યનાં લાભમાં.

વાંદરાવાસી-એઈ નાવી, તું જો વાંદરાની મ્યુનીસીપાલીટીમાં હોય તો વારૂ તું શું કરે?

હજામ—અમે તો અસલથીજ બાપદાદે હુશીયાર હજામ સાથ હુશીયાર વઈદ માં ખપતે છીએ, અને હું જો મયુનીસીપાલીટીમાં હોઉં તો એ ખાટલે પડેલા મયુની સીપાલવાળાઓને સંગશાહ મુકીને અને જમાલગોટાના જોલાબ આપીને એવા હુશીયાર ને શતામાતો બનાવી દેઉં કે પછી જોઈજ લેઓ તમે કે કેવું સરસ કામ તેઓ બજાવે છે તે!



A DANGEROUS FLIRTATION.

Miss—They say that all your professions of love are hollow, and that you're going to stab me in the dark!

Dhongeerâo—(A Poona Politician and a sham reformer)--Don't you believe them. I never loved you more than now!

ભય ભરેલો પ્રેમ.

મીસ—અધાઓ કહે છે કે તમે મારી તરફ જે પરેમ બતાવો છો તે સઘળો પોકળ છે, અને અંધારાંમાં તમે મને ઘા કરશો.

ઢોંગીરાવ—(પુણાનો એક રાજદ્વારી અને ઢોંગી સુધારાવાળો) તે લોકનું તું કંઈજ માનતી ના. હું કોઈ કાળેબી તારીપર હમણાના જેવો પ્રસંન નહી હતો!

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 36.

OUR PARSEE FOOT-BALL PLAYER.

"*Safe bind, safe find.*"

મી૦ પંચના ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.—ના૦ ૩૬.

આપણો પારસી ફુટબૉલ પ્લેયર.

"ફુટબાલમાંજ પેક થઈને રમે તો હાડકાં પાસરાં સહીસલામત રહે!"







A FEW PATETI NOTES.

(1) Godrez and Gool enjoy quietly at home. (2) Poor Hilloo mopes, her Homee having left home for his club (4) to try what his luck can do and (5) to find that others' loss is his gain. (3) Mischievous Minocher makes merry at the expense of his little brother and sister, and (6) Gadhashah, true to his name, makes an ass of himself.

પતેતીની થોડીક નોંધ.

(૧) ગોહરેજ અને ગુલ ઘરમાં જ નીરાંતે પતેતી ગુજારે છે, (૨) ગરીબ બીચારી હીલ્લુ ઘરમાં ઝુરે છે કેમ કે તેણીનો હોમી ઘર છોડીને કલ્બમાં (૪) નસીબ અજમાવવા અને (૫) પારકા પઈસા લુટાને પતેતી કરવા ગયો છે. (૩) મસ્તીખોર મીનોચેર પોતાના ભાઈબેહેનને ખર્ચે પોતે મોજ ભોગવે છે અને (૬) ગધાશાહ પોતાના નામ પ્રમાણેજ પોતાને ખરેખરો ગધો બનાવે છે।



YOUNG HOPEFUL.

ફતેહની આશા આપનારો બુચકલો.

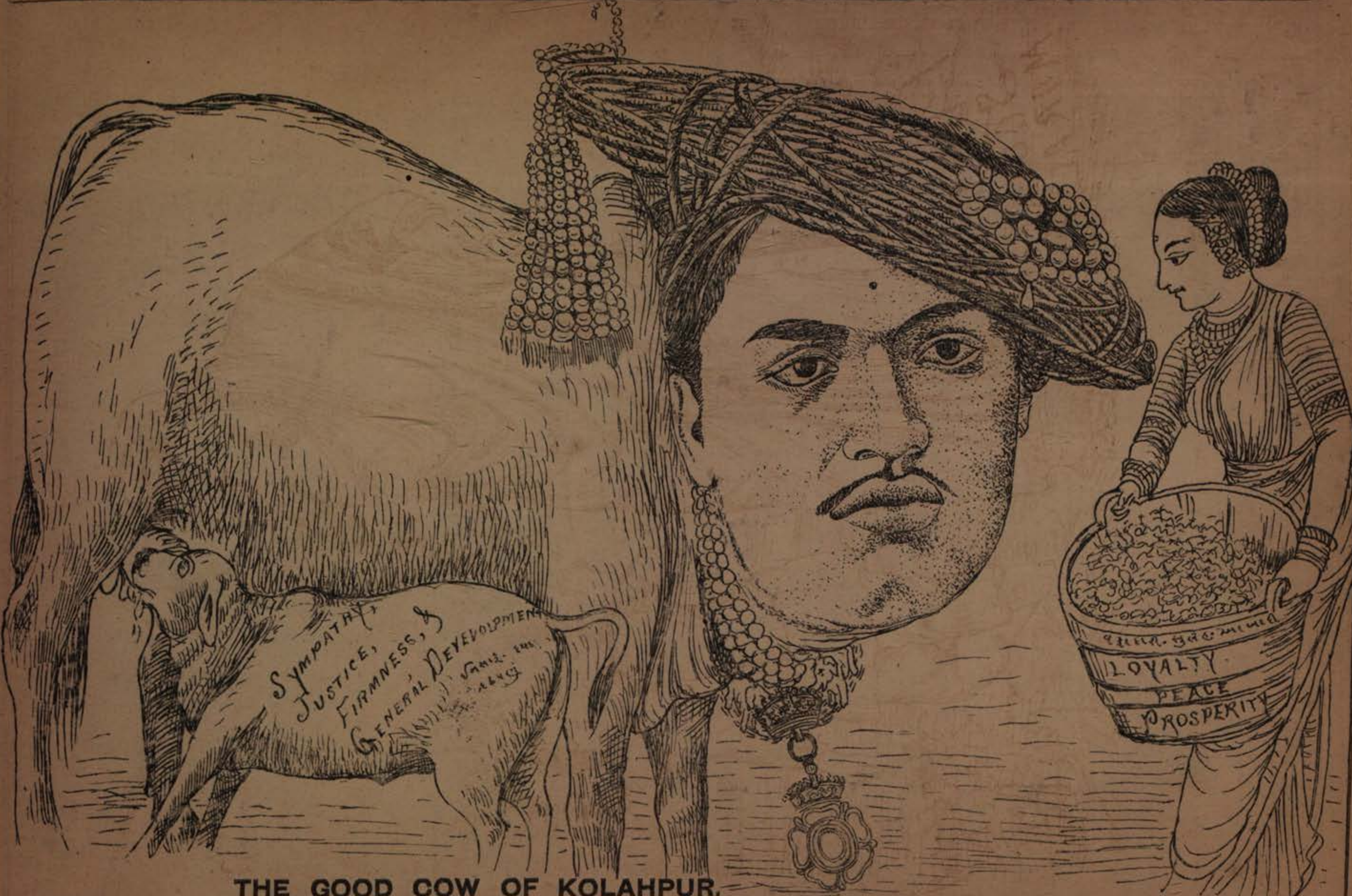


Young 1265—We will play in _hese waters every day, till it is time to go away!

Miss Parseebanoo—But you are such a tiny little thing! Can I trust you? And yet there's honesty in your face, and I think I will. Here we go then, and may happiness and prosperity wait on us!

બુચકલો ૧૨૬૫–જાંહસુધી ઘેર જવાનો વખત થાય તાંહસુધી આપણે દરરોજ આએ પાણીમાં રમશું!

પારસી બાનુ–પણ તું તો આટલો કરચ જેટલો બુચકલો છે તે ! તારીપર હું ભરૂસો કેમ મુકું ?–પણ–પણ–તોબી તું ઘણો ભોળો ભટાક દેખાયચ ને તારા ચેહેરા પર પાક દયાનતનો પ્રકાશ દીપી નીકળેલો જણાયચ.–કંઈ નહી,–તારીપર પુર ઈતબાર મુકી આ પાણીમાં હું ઉતરશ. ચાલ આપણે રમયે, ને ખોદા આપણી રમત ગમતમાં સુખ, ફતેહ, ફીરોઝગીરી ને આબાદાની આપે !



THE GOOD COW OF KOLAHPUR.

[At the ceremony of delivering to His Highness the Maharaja of Kolahpur the Insignia of a Knight Grand Commander of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, on Wednesday last at Poona, H, E. Lord Sandhurst took the opportunity of expressing the confidence of himself and H. E. the Viceroy in His Highness the Mahraja's sense of justice and integrity.]

કોલાહપુરની ભલી ગણિમાતા.

[ગયા બુધવારે પુણા ખાતે કોલાહપુરના નામદાર મહારાજા સાહેબને જી॰ સી॰ એસ॰ આઈ॰ ના ખેતાબની નવાજેશ કરતી વેળા, તે નામદારના ઇનસાફી અને બીજા ગુણો તરફ નામદાર ગવરનર લારડ સેંડહર્સ્ટે પોતાનો તેમજ નામદાર વાઇસરાયનો વીશ્વાસ જાહેર કરવાની તક લીધી હતી.]

AN UPHILL WORK;

OR, THE UNENDING LABOURS OF THE MODERN SISYPHUS.

He rolls uphill a huge stone, which, as soon as it reaches the top, falls back on the ground.

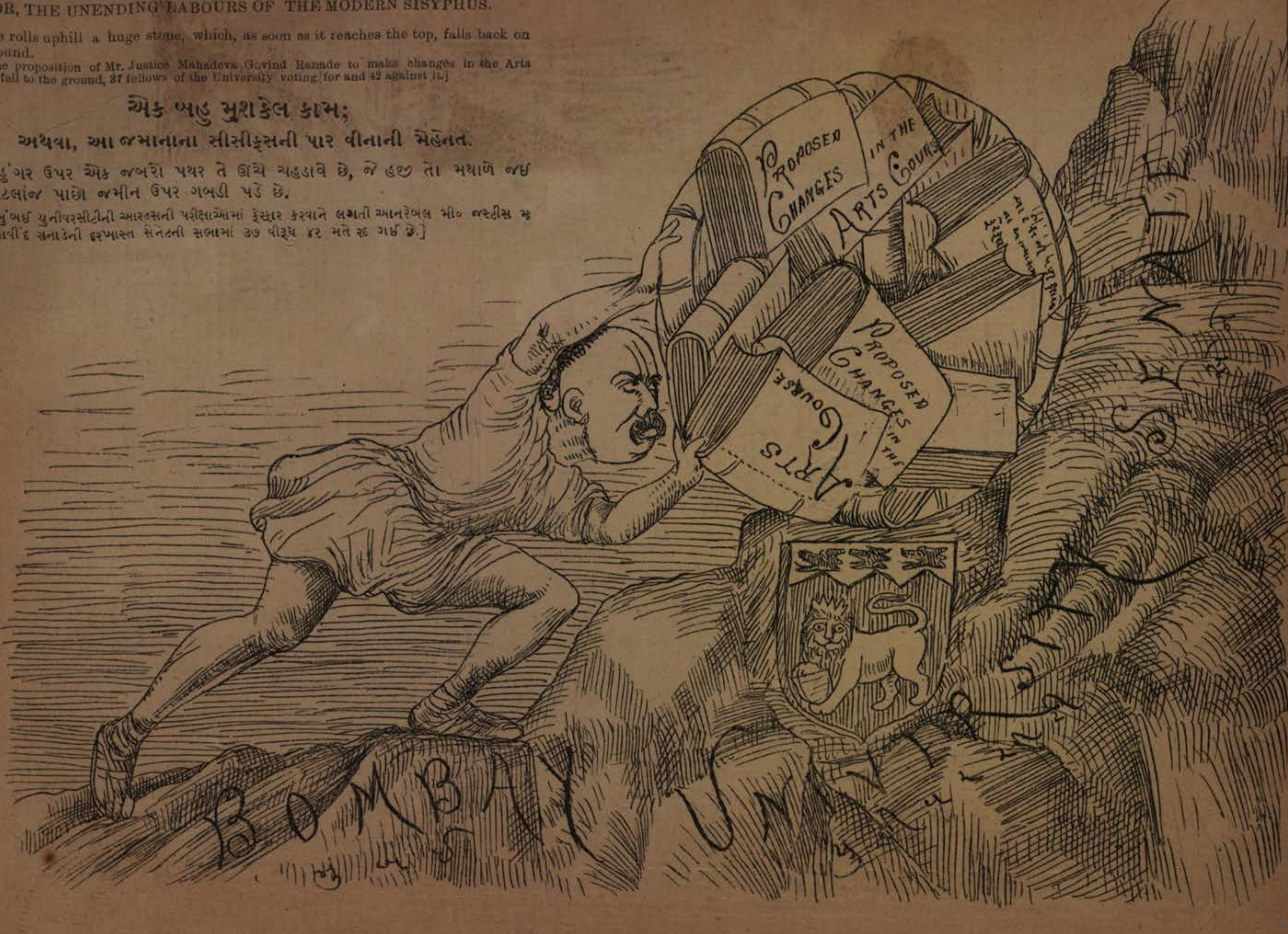
[The proposition of Mr. Justice Mahadeva Govind Ranade to make changes in the Arts course, fall to the ground, 37 fellows of the University voting for and 42 against it.]

એક બહુ મુશકેલ કામ;

અથવા, આ જમાનાના સીસીફસની પાર વીનાની મેહેનત.

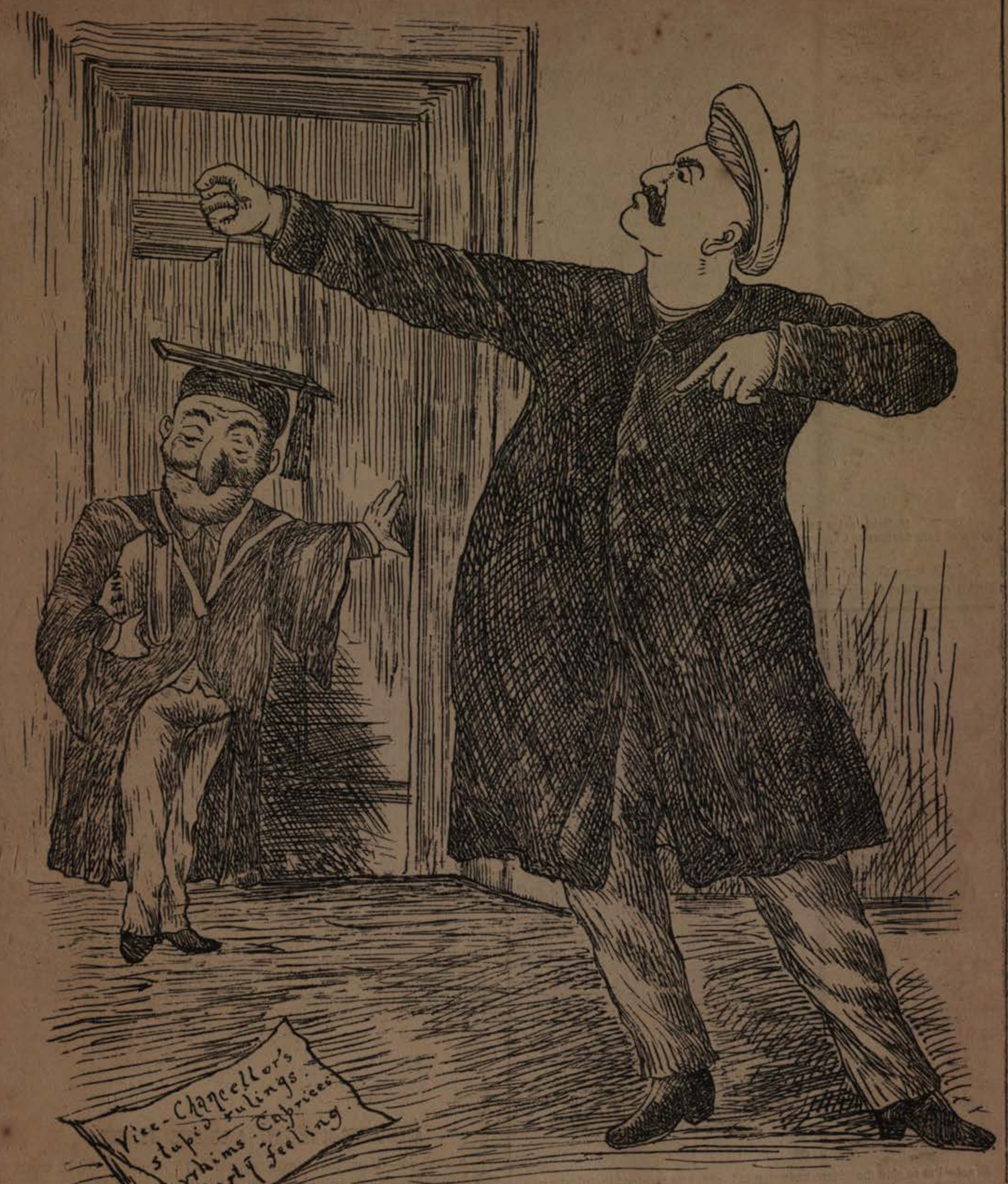
ડુંગર ઉપર એક જબરો પથર તે ઊંચે ચહડાવે છે, જે હજી તો મથાળે જઈ પુગે તેટલાંજ પાછો જમીન ઉપર ગબડી પડે છે.

[મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટીની આરટસની પરીક્ષાઓમાં ફેરફાર કરવાને લગતી આનરેબલ મીο જસ્ટીસ મહાદેવ ગોવીંદ રાનાડેની દરખાસ્ત સેનેટની સભામાં ૩૭ વીરૂધ ૪૨ મતે રદ ગઈ છે.]





THE DASSERA SHAMI PUJAN.
SATURDAY, 28TH SEPTEMBER, 1895.
દસેરાનો શુભ દીવસ : શમી પુંજન.



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO 36.

DR. RAMKRISHNA GOPAL BHANDARKAR, the late Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University.

"A fig for your rules! My rule is law! You may laugh and you may sneer, call me any names you please; I care not for your nigger's frown, so long as my friends pat me on the back and smile the soothing smile of approbation!"

મી૦ પંચનાં ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાં૦ ૩૬.

ડાકટર રામક્રીષણા ગોપાલ ભંડારકર, મુંબઇ યુનીવરસીટીનો માજી વાઇસ ચાનસેલર.

"તમારા રૂલની કોણ સ્તીભારથી દરકાર કરેચ ? હું જે રૂલ ચલાઉં તેજ બસ કાયદો ગણાય ! ગમે તમે હસો, ગમે મારી સામે નસકોરાં ચહડાવો, કે ગમે તે મને કહો; તમારા એવા ફરકાટની હું જરાબી પરવાહ કરતો નથી ! મારા ગોરા મીતરો મારો બરડો ઠોકે અને મારી તરફ હસ્તે ચેહરે પોતાની પસંદગી દેખાડે, તેજ મને બસ છે !"



CLEAN BOWLED!

[Dr. K. N. Bahadurjee had an innings the other day at the meeting of the Oriental Life Assurance Company.]

વીકેટ ઊડી ગઈ !

[ગયે આઠવાડયે મુંબઈ ઓરીએનટલ લાઈફ એસ્યુરન્સ કમપનીની સભામાં ડાકટર કૈખસરૂ નસરવાનજી બહાદુરજીએ જબરી બાઝમબાઝી ચલાવી હતી.]



Manek—I'm so glad the Parsee have won at Poona, and regained their lost name!

Meher—So am I, and more for my own sake than for theirs. I've won a pair of bracelets! Poor Homee! He was so sure of the Esplanade defeat being repeated at Poona, that he thought there would be no harm in promising largely, and he will now have to keep his word!

માણક—સારૂં થયું હું કે પારસીઓ પુણામાં જીત્યા ને ખોહેલું નામ પાછું મેલવ્યું!

મેહેર—એ તો ઘણુંજ સારૂં થયું—કેમકે એ લોક જીત્યા ને મને તસકો પરયો! હું તો એક બરેસલેટની જોરી કમઈ ગેઈચ! બીચારા હોમી સમજ્યા કે મુંબઈની માફક પુણામાંબી પારસીઓ માર ખાસે, જેથી ફુલ્લા જીવે મારી સાથ સરત બકીને હારી ગીયા!



ÁPTÁ-LEAVES-JEWELLERY: A DUSSERA PRESENT.

Shendiajee—How lovely you appear in these simple, light, fresh and green ornaments, dear! How superior to the heavy yellow metal

આપટ્યાચે પાનચે દાગીને : દસરાચી બક્ષીસ.

[ખરા સોનાના દાગીના સરસ કે દસેરાના "સોના" ના દાગીના?]

શેંડયાજી—પ્રીયે, હે હલકે, નવીન આણી હીરવે દાગીને ઘાલુન તુ કશી શોભતે! વજનદાર સોનાચ્યે દાગીને પેક્ષા તે કીતીતરી સુંદર આહેત!



The Matheran Season opens next month and our Sha Shomla Bhat Potiandass takes to assinine exercise at home before trusting himself on the back of the Matheran pony. (1) "How do I look, Ali dear?" (2) "Try a little gallop, love!" (3) "Oh! Oh! I say don't show your pranks like that!" (4) "Oh Alee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee!!! Hai re hae!!!"

માથેરાનની મોસમ આવતે મહીનેથી ઉઘડે છે, અને અમારા શાહ શોમલાભટ પોતયાંદાસ માથેરાનના ટટ્ટુ પર સ્વારી કરવા આગમચ અધિસ્વારીની અજમાયસ લઈ જોય છે. (૧) "કેમ અલી, હું કેવો લાગું છું ?" (૨) "જરા તમે ગધેડાને ચીઆલપ જવા દીઓ!" (૩) "ઓ! ઓ! અરે પોઠીયા મારા, આમ તારા બાપ દાદાની કીરતી ન દેખાડને!" (૪) "ઓ અલીઈઈઈઈઈઈ! આયરેએએએ! હાયરે હાયરેએ!"



MR. PUNCH'S WEATHER PROPHET—HIS FORECASTS DURING THE MONSOON.

First month—Our prophet is fully confident of heavy rains all over India this monsoon.
Second month—Confidence somewhat shaken. There has been a dearth of rains in several parts.
Third month—At his wit's end! His forecast is doomed!
Fourth month—Utter collapse of the poor prophet!

મી૦ પંચના વાયુશાસ્ત્રીનો આ વરસનાં ચોમાસાં માટેનો વરતારો.

[ગુજરાતી માટે જુઓ પાનું ૧૬૫ મું]



THE INDIAN LADY GODIVA.

THE "GRIM EARL" ... ... *Lancashire Spinning Interest.* GODIVA ... ... *Indian Cotton Industry.*

. . . . . "She told of their tears,
And prayed him "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as these?"—"But I would die," said she.
. . . "Prove me what it is I would not do"
. . . . .
He answered, "ride you naked thro' the town."

Tennyson's "Godiva."

હીંદી લેડી ગોદાઈવા.

ક્રૂર અરલ ... ... લેનકેશીયરના કાપડ સુતરવાળા. ગોદાઈવા ... ... હીંદી મીલ ઉદયોગ.

CHOW-CHOW.

The hoarded wealth of India.

THE loot of *áptá* leaves that passed current for pure gold at *Dasserá* greeting last evening, reminds us of the pagoda tree in India in the "good old times," the branches of which bowed to the ground laden with the weight of gold mohurs. That tree, it seems, still flourishes somewhere in this country, if Mr. W. Forbes Mitchell's account in *Chamber's Journal* is correct. The Treasure Trove Act in India —so barren of result heretofore—may yet bear fruit. Chowringhee Lall's revelation about the sixty *crores* of rupees ferretted out from under the secret vaults of the Gwalior fortress, should provide ample work for miners and treasure-seekers for the next quarter of a century. These are glad tidings which should dispel the gloom that is now hanging over this bankrupt country. The prodigal son may yet take heart, and the G. O. M. of India—seeing with the eye of faith the poverty of the country—may yet be converted!

* * *

Cruel Lancashire.

"MEMORIES may be stifled, and love may be faint for the lack of them", said George Eliot. One good turn deserves another; but that good turn must be remembered in the first instance. There is such a thing as doing a good turn to ourselves, if we can only succeed in recalling to mind the virtuous action in the past. Lancashire was not so bad before. During the terrible Civil War in the United States of America, in 1861, thousands of mill-hands in Lancashire suffered and the greatest misery prevailed owing to the blockade of ports in the South which fed the English mills with cotton. The blockade might have been removed had England interfered with the Northerners who were fighting for the emancipation of slaves in the South. Lancashire then chose rather to starve than side with wrong for *pét ké vásté*. How has she changed since! With prosperity now at her door she has no inclination to be just to poor India from whom she benefits most. Here is an instance of how memories may be stifled and love grow faint!

* * *

Enquiry *in Camera.*

THERE is nothing so wholesome as publicity in the discussion of public affairs, barring, of course, state secrets. An enquiry into the financial condition of India with the object of adjusting the present fiscal burdens equitably between the two countries, should have little to fear from publicity. The meetings of the Royal Commission *in camera* would, however, seem to indicate that the materials on which the experts are working, are of a highly sensitized nature, not admitting of exposure to light whilst the process lasts. Let us hope the experiment succeeds and the work turns out satisfactory.

* * *

The "Simolanghana."

IT is a pity, say some of the Maratha papers, that the great city of Bombay should lack the facility of towns in the Native States, for the marshalling, with due pomp and ceremony and in imposing numbers, of *Dassera* processions to "cross the boundary" for the worship of *shami* and for other manly pursuits. True, Mr. *Punch's* legion of Hindu readers cannot have a train of elephants, camels and horses tramping, to the accompaniment of music, through the crowded streets of the city; but there's the snorting iron horse and the rattling train with the shrill and far-resounding music of the steam-whistle heralding the advent of civilization, which the promoters of the annual "Arya Mitra Mela" on *Dassera* Day can press into service. The "crossing of the boundary," from a point in the north, instead of from Madhava Baug in the heart of the city, would be *Simolanghana* right in keeping with the time-honoured custom. Mr. *Punch* believes, the Hindu Union Club, once upon a time, *did* the *Simolanghana* in this fashion with the gentle and scholarly Telang riding the fiery chariot and enlivening the gathering with his genial presence now ever to be missed.

* * *

THERE are frontiers and frontiers to be settled in these days—some are scientific—which have baffled the wisest men to determine; others are moral frontiers: it is one of the latter which our brave men of the *Arya Mitra Mela* should attempt to cross next year. It is the BOUNDÁRY OF CASTE which for centuries has barred the way to progress. The proper *Simolanghana* for every true patriot feeling for his country is to clear himself out of the damp and stifling atmosphere of a perpetual *Chaturmás* and to cross the line of CASTE into dryer and healthier regions!

(*Hindi Punch*, 9-29-95.)

THE words of that arch-humorist, the late Artemus Ward, on the subject of the New Woman, when he designated "a he-lookin' female," are worth repeating: "'O woman, woman,' I cried, my feelins worked up to a hi poetick pitch, 'you air a angle when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper appairel and (mettyforically speaken) get into pantyloons—when yot desert your firesides, and with your heds full of wimin's rites noshuns go round like roarin' lyons, seekin' whom you may devour somebody—in short, when you undertake to play the man, you play the devil and air an emfatic noosence. My female friends,' I continnered, as they were indignantly departin', 'wa well what A. Ward has sed!'"

મી૦ પંચના વાયુશાસ્ત્રીનો આ વરસના ચોમાસાં માટેનો વરતારો.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૧૬૦ મું.]

પેહલો મહીનો–અમારા હવાઇ વરતારો કરનાર સંપુરણ વીશ્વાસથી આગાહી કરે છે કે આ ચોમાસાંમાં આખા હીદુસ્તાનમાં જબરો વરસાદ પડશે.

બીજો મહીનો–પોતાની આગાહી પરનો વીશ્વાસ લગાર ઢીલો થાય છે. કેટલાક ભાગોમાં વરસાદના તદન સુકામણાં છે.

ત્રીજો મહીનો–બીચારા ભવીષય વરતનારનાં ભેજાંનું ઠેકાણું રેહેલું નથી! તેનો વરતારો તદન ખરયાખરખર થવાની અણીપર દેખાયછે!

ચોથો મહીનો–ગરીબ બીચારો વરતારો કરનાર! તે પોતે ખરયાખરખર થઈ જાય છે!

THE CHEAPEST **EDULJI BROTHERS.** THE BEST.

ચોખી અને ખાત્રી પુરવક દવા. CHEMISTS

એદલજી બ્રધરસ.

DRUGGISTS ઘણાજ કીફાયત ભાવ.

વિલાયતી તથા પેટંટ દવાની મોટી દુકાન.

મુંબઈ—જુમા મસજીદની સામે, બજારનાં મુખડા ઊપર.

THE GRAEFENBERG CHILDREN'S PANACEA.
ધી ગ્રેફનબરગ ચીલ્ડ્રન્સ પેનેશીઆ.

બાળઅમૃત

માંતાઓ, તમારૂં બાળક વાહલું હોય તો આનો વપરાસ કદી ચુકતાં ના.

દર વરસે મરણોના આંકડા બાહેર પડે છે તેમાંથી આ અતીશે અજાયબ જેવી અને ચોંકાવનારી ખબર આપણે જાણીયે છે કે માણસ જાતનો અરધો ભાગ પાંચ વરસની ઉમરે પુગવા આગમજ મરણ પામે છે. બચું જનમયા પછી તરેહવાર દુખ દરદોને આધીન થઇ પડે છે અને તેની બરાબર માવજતની ગેરહાજરીને લીધે તેમજ જે ગમે તે દવા તેને આપયાથી તેની જીંદગી જલદીથી ખતમ થઇ જાય છે. આ દરદોની જો બરાબર માવજત કીધી હોય તો બચું સેહેલાઇથી તેમાંથી મોકળું થાય છે, નહી તો બીચારૂં મરણ પામે છે. દાંત આવતી વેળાનું દુખ અને તે પછી તેને થતો મરડો, ચામડીનું દરદ, હાથ પગનું ગળાઇ જવું, ઠાંસો, કરમ, સસની, ઉપલીયું વગેરે દરદો બાળકોને બહુજ ભારે થઈ પડે છે. આ સરવે દુખ દરદ મટાડવા માટે ઉપલી "**ગ્રેફનબરગ ચીલ્ડ્રન્સ પેનેશીઆ**" નામની દવા અતીશે અકસીર છે; તેની અસર કાંઇ મોજેજા યાને **બાળઅમૃત** જેવી છે; બીજી દવાઓમાં જયારે અફીણનું ધાસ્તી ભરેલું પ્રમાણ વાપરવામાં આવે છે ત્યારે આ દવા **તદન ભાજીપાલાનીજ** બનાવેલી છે. એ દવા થોડા કલાકના બચાંને પણ વગર હરકતે આપી શકાય છે. તેમાં મારેલી દવાનો જરાબી અંશ નથી. માતાઓ તમારાં બાળકની જીંદગી જો ખરેખર તમને વહાલી હોય તો આ દવા વાપરવા કદી ચુકતા ના; એથી તમારી ઈતેજારીનો અંત આવી જશે અને તમારૂં બચું તનદરોસ્ત અને મજબુતાઈ મેળવતું તમો જોશો ત્યારે તમારી ખુશાલીનો પાર તો કયાંજ રેહશે

THE GRAEFENBERG EYE LOTION.
ધી ગ્રેફનબરગ આઈ લોશન એટલે કે ગ્રેફનબરગ તેજ બક્ષનાર દવા.

એ લોશનના થોડાંક ટીપાં આંખમાં મુકયાથી આંખનો સોજો અને નજરની નાકઉતી ઝાંખ તથા નબળી પડતી આંખ એ સરવે ખાત્રી ભરેલી રીતે અને જલદીથી દફે થાય છે એવાં કોઇબી રીતે બાંકા ફુકવા કરતાં એનાથી આંખના સેંકડો દરદો છુટકો પામયાં છે તેજ બસ છે. આંખમાં ચાલુ રહેલો અઠવાડયાં સુધીનો મજબુત દુખારો માત્ર થોડી મીનીટમાંજ જાણે ઉડી જાય છે અને થોડા ટીપાં નાખયાથી આંખ હમેશાની સાફ થઈ જાય છે. કેટલાકોને અઠવાડયાં સુધી અંધારા ઓરડામાં બેસી રહેવાની ફરજ પડેલી તેઓ થોડાજ દીવસ એ દવા વાપરયાથી બાહેર ફરતા હરતા થયા છે. આંખના મજબુત સોજામાં તો એની અસર તદન જ બે કીમતી છે.

THE GRAEFENBERG DYSENTERY SYRUP.
ગ્રેફનબરગની મરડાની અકસીર દવા.

ઉપલી દવા અથવા સરબત, મરડા, પેટ, કાલેરા પેટનો ચુકો અને પેટનાં સરવે દરદો ઉપર અકસીર છે. બીજી પેટની દવાઓમાં ભયભરેલી રીતે ઝુપન લાવનારી દવાનો ભેળ હોવાથી પેટનો રોગ ટટાર કરતાં ભેજાંને નુકસાન પુગે છે; પણ આ સરબત આતરડાંને સરવે તથા ચોંટી બેઠેલા કચરાને છુટો પાડી હાંકી કાહડે છે, અને પાછળથી તેની જરાકબી ખરાબ અસર રેહતી નથી અને તનદરોસ્તી પાછો પોતાનો ખુદરતી મારગ લે છે

THE GRAEFENBERG CONSUMPTIVE'S BALM.
ગ્રેફનબરગનો ખહીનો ઈલાજ.

ફેફસાંનાં દરદો, તેને લગતો ઠાંસો અને જામી બેઠેલા ખહીના રોગનો અચુક ઈલાજ.

ખહીના કેટલાક છેકજ આગળ વધેલા કેસો માટેનો ઈલાજ નથીજ; તોપણ ડાકટરો અને મીત્રોએ જે કેસો માટે આશા મુકેલી હોય, તેમની જીંદગી બચાવવાનો તો સંભવ છે. કેટલાક દરદીઓ જેઓ સ્વર્ગમાં વાસો કરીબી ચુકા હતે તેઓ ગ્રેફનબરગનો ઉપલો બામ વાપરી આજ સારી તનદરોસતીમાં ફરહર કરે છે. જેઓએ તે વાપરયો છે તેઓ ખહીના રોગ ઉપર તેને સઊથી સારા ઈલાજ તરીકે કહે છે; માટે દરેકની ફરજ છે કે આવા કેસોમાં તે નહી વાપરવાની બેદરકારી કરી જીવ જોખમમાં નાખવો નહી; કેમકે જીંદગી બચાવવાનો મોટો સંભવ તેમાં સમાયલો છે

THE GRAEFENBERG CATHOLICON.
સ્ત્રીઓનો કોઇબી મુશકેલી વખતનો સાચો ભરૂસાદાર મીત્ર.
ગ્રેફનબરગનો કેથોલીકન.

આપણા દેશની ઓરતો અને અકસર કરી ઊચા અને વચલા વરગની બાનુઓ તન સંબંધી કસરત જોઈયે તેટલી લેતી નથી, એટલે તેમના ઉપર કાંઈ સેંકડો દુખ ગલબો કરે છે અને તેમાંનાં ઘણાક દરદોને ડાકટરો ઈલાજ કરવા છતાં નીમાલ આવતો નથી અને તેમાં સદાના પીડાય છે. મોટું દુખ ઓરતોને દસ્તાનને લગતું છે અને તેમાંથી ઘણાંક દરદો જનમ પામે છે. દસ્તાન જો બરાબર જતું નહોય અથવા વધારે જથામાં છુટતું હોય, કવખતે જતું હોય અને તે સાથ નબળાઈ થઈ હોય, ફેર આવતા હોય, ખરાબ સ્વપના આવતા હોય, બરડો, કમર દુખતાં હોય, ઓકારી અને અજીરણ થયાં હોય, દીલ ધબકતું હોય, કોઠાની કબજયાત હોય, પગ સુજયા હોય, પીશાબ ગરમ અને નીકળતાં મુશકેલી નડતી હોયા કીડ થઈ હોય તેવી વેળા ઉપલી ગોળી તેના પર જેમ લખેલું છે તેમ લીધાથી અતીશે ફાયદો થાય છે. એ દવાથી ઓરતોના સરવે અવયવે. તેના રસ્તા ઉપર પાછાં મુકાઈ પોતાનું ખુદરતી કામ ખુદરત રહીને કરવા લાગે છે. જેમને અધુરાં બચાં જતાં હોય તેમનું દરદ તદન સાફ આ દવા કરી નાખે છે અને ખરૂં જોતાં આખી દુનયાને એક મોટા આશીરવાદ સમાન તે છે.



નેસ્ટલસ ફુડ

દુધમળ બાળકો, નાનાં બચ્ચાંઓ અને આજારી માણસો માટે સંપુરણ ખોરાક.

માણુસનાં શરીરનો બાંધો વધારવા માટેનાં જોઈતાં સઘળાં તત્વો ધરાવે છે. ઉપયોગમાં લેવા માટે માત્ર પાણી નામીને તે તાબડતોબ તઈયાર કરી શકાય છે.

"શરીરને ગાળી નાખનારા તાવનાં રોગમાં તે કીંમતી મદદ કરનાર થઈ પડે છે."

"ટાઈફાઈડ તાવના સખત કેસોમાં તે ખોરાક તરીકે ગુણકારક છે."

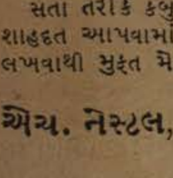
"કોલેરા ઇનફેનટમના હુમલા વેળા તે બેકીમતી થઇ પડે છે."

સતા તરીકે કબુલ રાખવામાં આવેલાં જે વઇદક પુસ્તકોમાં ઉપલી શાહદત આપવામાં આવી છે, તેને લગતું ચોપાન્યું નીચલે સરનામે લખવાથી મુફત મોકલવામાં આવશે:—

એચ. નેસ્ટલ, ૪૮ કેનન સ્ટ્રીટ, લંડન, ઈ. સી.



નેસ્ટલનું કન્ડેન્સ કીધેલું સ્વીસ દુધ.



મલાહીના સંબંધમાં સરવેથી ઉમદા.

માખણની ચરબી તેમાં કેટલી છે તેનું પ્રમાણ.

નેસ્ટલના દુધના છ નમુના છ જુદી જુદી દુકાનેથી વેચાતા લઇને, સોસાયટી આફ પબલીક એનેલીસ્ટસના માજી પ્રમુખ મી૦ ઓટો હેહનરે તે રસાયણી રીતે તપાસી જોયા હતા, અને તે ઉપરથી માલમ પડયું હતું કે, તેમાં સરાસરી

સેંકડે ૧૩·૧૩ ટકા જેટલી માખણની ચરબી હતી.

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DR. JIJIBHAI PESTONJEE NICHOLSON, L. M. & S.

SURGEON DENTIST.

Shaik Abdool Rehman Street, Baherkote, Opposite the Alahi Baug,

DR. A. D. MODY, L. M. & S.

Grant Road, Moos Buildings

BOMBAY.

દાંતના ડાકટર.

ડાકટર જીજીભાઈ પેસ્તનજી નીકલસન,

ઠેકાણું—અબ્દુલ રેહમાન સ્ટ્રીટ, અલાહી બાગની સામે.

ડાકટર એ. ડી. મોદી, એલ. એમ. એંડ એસ.

ઠેકાણુ—ગ્રાંટ રોડ કામાબાગ આગળ મુસ બીલ્ડીંગ્સ.

ઉપલે બંને ઠેકાણે દાંતનાં સઘળાં દરદોનું તથા સુધરેલી ઢબ ઉપર નવા દાંત બનાવવાનું કામ ખાતરી ભરેલું કરવામાં આવે છે.

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ડેંટો-ફેનોલીન

વાપરવો જોઈયે.

૧ શી૦ ૬ પેન્ની, ૨ શી૦ ૬ પેન્ની અને ૧ રતલી ૭ શી૦ ૬ પેન્ની બાટલીઓ.

એક સુગંધી પ્રવાહી દાંતનું મંજન.

પાણીથી ભરેલાં એક વાઈન ગ્લાસમાં થોડાંક ટીપાં નાખી તે વડે મોહોડું સાફ કરતાં લેહેજત મળે છે, દમ મીઠાશવાળો બનાવવામાં, દાંતના પાળાને મજબુતી આપુવામાં, અને મોહોડાંમાં ખુશી ઊત્પંન કરનારો સ્વાદ તથા તાજગી બખશનારી થંડક રાખવાને તે અસરકારક થઈ પડે છે. તે ઊપરાંત કોઈ પ્રકારનો ઊડતો રોગ લાગતો અટકાવવામાં તે ઊપયોગી થઈ પડે છે.

"હેલ્થ" પત્રનો અધીપતી લખે છે કે,

દાંતના પાળા નાજુક સ્થીતીમાં આવી પડયા હોય તે વખતે તેમને મજબુત બનાવવા માટે, અને મોહોડાંમાંથી તબાકુનો વાસ દુર કરવા માટે એ ઘણુંજ અસરકારક છે.

એફ. સી. કાલવરટની કં૦, મેનચેસ્ટર, ઈંગલંડ.

તેને સોના રૂપાંના ૭૦ ચાંદ તથા સનદો મળી છે.



Setting the hands.



Head over ears in love!

Finally, look out, my dear Fainéant, for a grand "*review*" in the Council Chamber, which will be a sight to gladden the Civic Father's weary eye. My eye! The Municipal Commissioner's Administration Report, loud enough to be heard all over the city, will sound the march and the Standing Committee will, for once instead of standing, follow in "review" order. Hurrah!

Yours ever,

A. WHEEL-BARROW.

(*Hindi Punch*, 6-10-95.)



The "Review."

O'TOOLE.—"I found the prisoner roaring drunk; he has a bottle in his pocket now, I think !" Justice Nipper: "See whether it is full or empty." O'Toole (unwrapping it): "Empty, yer honour." Justice Nipper: "Thirty days, for contempt of court."

"It seems to me that you want an unreasonably high price for that joke," said the editor. "But," said the humourist, "it is an Irish bull. And when you consider the present high price of beef you must see that I am demanding nothing more than ruling rates."

THE HEAVY FATHER.—Rachel: "Then you give your consent, papa ?" Izaac: "Yes, my daughter; but I cannot let you leaf me. You are mein only child, and you and Benjamin must live here mit be old folks. You can haf that second storey front room thirty shillings a week."

THE VERRA HEIGHT OF HOSPITALITY.—Genial Squatter Host Mactavish: "If, pairson, ye feel a wee bit droughty in the night—" His Reverence: "Oh, thank you—but I'm really ashamed." G. S. H. M.: "If ye do—there's a fine tank at the back."

AT YARRAMAN RACES.—She: "Do you want to buy a feed of oysters ?" He: "You bet ! But not them there things in the tub, though. Yer can't kid me tryin' to chew them lumps of bloo metal, if I do come outer the bush. Give us somethin' I can get my teeth through."

ASSURANCE.—Lady (at *table d'hote*): "Awfully annoying, professor ! This afternoon I wanted to have a swim in the sea when, unfortunately, the thermometer fell several points." Professor: "Never mind, madame; directly it gets warmer it will go up again !"



AN UNWELCOME VISITOR—POOR TURKEY IN TERROR!

[There is considerable excitement at Constantinople owing to the arrival at Lemnos, near the entrance to the Dardanelles, of a British fleet of seventeen men-of-war.—*Reuter's Telegram.*]

એક અનગમતો પરોણો—તરકી ગયલી ટરકી!

[ઈંગલંડની સતર મનવારોનો એક કાફલો દારડેનલ્સની સામુદ્રધુનીમાં દાખલ થવાના મારગ નજદીક આવેલાં લેમનાસનાં મથક આગળ આવી પડયો છે, તેથી કાનસ્ટાનટીનોપલમાં ભારે ગભરાટ ચાલી રહયો છે.]



ROWDYISM IN THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY.

Mr. Punch—I say, Policeman, here are some fellows kicking up a row. Collar them, will you?
Policeman S-ndh-rst—They aint on my beat, sir!
Mr. Punch—Your beat or not, they beat loud enough!

[Answering an interpellation of the Hon'ble Mr. Pherozeshah M. Mehta, the Hon'ble Mr. Birdwood on behalf of the Government said the other day at the Bombay Legislative Council, that under the existing laws the Government had no power to frame a general rule, applicable to the whole Presidency, regarding the playing of street music before places of worship.]

મુંબઈ ઈલાકામાં હુલડનાં તોફાન.

મી૦ પંચ–એઈ, પોલીસમેન, આએ કોઈ ખુબ ગડબડ ને ઘોંઘાટ કરેચ. તે લોકને ગલચીમાંથી પકડ, એવી વારૂં ?
પોલીસમેન સેંડહસ્ટ–તેઓ મારા જીલ્લામાં નથી, સાહેબ!
મી૦ પંચ–તારા જીલ્લામાં હોય કે નહી હોય, પણ તેઓ ગડબડ તો ઘણીજ કરેચ!

[મુંબઈની ધારાસભામાં આનરેબલ મી૦ ફીરોઝશાહ મેહેરવાનજી મેહેતાએ પુછેલા એક સવાલનો જવાબ આપતાં આનરેબલ મી૦ બરડઉડે સરકાર તરફથી જણાવયું હતું કે ધરમનાં મકાનો આગળ વાજીંત્રો વગાડવાની બાબતમાં આખા ઈલાકાને લાગુ પડે એવો એકજ પ્રકારનો સામાન્ય કાનુન ઘડવાની હાલના હયાત કાયદા



OUR MODERN PLATFORM ORATOR OF GUJERAT.

(1) For political speeches, spiced or unspiced, conciliatory or threatening, and of any length or size or form, I am your man, gentlemen, and (2) I can denounce the Government and their actions in any key you like and in the most approved attitude; but (3) utter the faintest whisper of a contribution to the Congress Fund, and I am in a funk, gentlemen, (4) because, boo-hoo-oo-oo, boo-hoo-oo-oo, however rich you may deem me, it is against the grain to part with so much as a pie of my hoarded money, and (5) I fly from these fund-posts as I would from a pestilence.

[The *Mahratta* complains that the Congress Committee of Gujerat has not yet commenced the work of collecting subscriptions for the next Congress but hopes they will cast off their usual indifference and begin to work in right earnest.]

લાંબા લાંબા ભાષણ ભેાંસી જનારા ગાંડી ગુજરાતના શા૦ પેાત્યાંદાષ.

[વધુ માટે જુવેા પાનું ૨૨ મું.]



EXCHANGE OF CONFIDENCES.

Peelee—Papa says no college for me, not even the Matric. He does not like bony cheeks and hollow sunken eyes!

Alee—No more does my pa. He fears consumption lurks in every line we read.

Peelee—Why not then draw the line, and stop where we are?

Alee—Yes, far better to bear the brunt of the kitchen fire than that of the University Hall!

બે સુખદુખની વાત.

પીલી—મારા બાવા તેા સાફ કેહેચ કે હું નથી તુને કાલેજ માં મેાકલવાનેા કે નથી મેત્રીક માં મેાકલવાનેા! તેવણુને તેા આંખમાં મેાટા મેાટા ખાડા પ ડેલી ને બેઠેલાં ડાચાં ને ચીમ ળાયલા ગાલવાળી છેાકરી ગમ તીજ નથી!

આલી—ને મારા બાવાનેબી તેવી નથી ગમતી! તેવણુ કે હેચ કે જેમ જેમ હું વધારે વાંચસ ને સીખસ તેમ તેમ છાતીની દમીયલ ને ખાહીની ભરેલી થઈ જવસ!

પીલી—તારે કરચે શું? પ રીક્ષાએા પસાર કરવાની માથા ફેારને બદલે જેટલું સીખ્યા તે ટલું ગનીમત ગણીને બેસચે, બીજું શું?

આલી—હા, હું બી તેજ બે હેતર ધારૂં છ. હવે યુનીવરસીટી હાલમાં પરીક્ષા આપવા જવાને બદલે ચુહુલામાં જ પાઈને સંઘ ળીની પરીક્ષા પસાર કરચે તેજ તેા!

THE PRESENT ATTITUDE OF EUROPA.

TO DRAW OR NOT TO DRAW? THAT IS THE QUESTION.

યુરોપાની હમણાની હાલત.

તલવાર મયાનમાંથી ખેંચું કે નહીં ખેંચું, એજ હાલ તુરત તો સરવેથી મોટો સવાલ છે.



A FOND MOTHER.



"I'll nurse my darling and hope he'll grow and live to make me happy!"

[The Mahraja of Kolahpur has set a good example to other states by carrying out an Industrial survey of his state, by which many a deficiency of the local administration, calling for remedial measures, has been brought to light.]

હેતવંતી માતાના મન નો ઉભરો.

"એને મારું લોહી પાઈને ઉધારું, કે જેથી એ જીવતો રેહે ને મને ઘણું ઘણું સુખ દેખાડે!"

[પોતાના રાજમાં ઉદ્યોગની ખીલવણી કરવા માટેનાં સાધનોની કોલાહપુરના માહારાજાએ તપાસ કરાવી છે, જે ઉપરથી માલમ પડી આવેલી ઘણીક ખામીઓ સુધારવાના ઉપાયો લેવામાં આવ્યા છે.]



"I say, donkey, our days are now numbered! They're going to do without us and use the auto-mobile!"

"Gonchee! Gonchee!! I should so like to kick the fellow who invented those beastly motor carriages!"

બીચારા ઘોડા-ગધેડાનો બળાપો!

"એઈ, દોસ્ત ગધા, આપણા દાહાડા તો હવે ગણાઈ ચુકા! હવેથી તો આપણા વગર બધી ગાડીઓ ચાલશે!"

"ચેાં-ચીઈઈ! ચેાંઓં-ચીઈઈ! મને તો એવી ચીડ ચહડેચ કે એવી સ્ટીમની ગાડીઓ શોધી કહાડનારને જાણે ઓય ઉઠીને બે ચાર પછાડી ઝારી કહાડું!"

A PRETTY LITTLE CHERUB!



[At the meeting of the Supreme Legislative Council held on the 3rd ult., the Pilgrim Ships Bill was passed, when H. E. the Viceroy and Sir A. Mackenzie took the opportunity to express their gratification at the general reception of the Bill by the Mahomedans.]

એક સુંદર નાનું ફેરેસ્તાઈ કચકલું.

[ગઈ તા૦ ૩ જીએ મળેલી વાઈસરૉયની ધારાસભામાં હાજીઓને લગતો કાયદો પસાર કરવામાં આવ્યો હતો, જે વેળા બોલતાં નામદાર વાઈસરૉયે અને સર એ. મેકેનઝીએ પોતાની ખુશાલી દેખાડી હતી કે, મહોમેદનોએ એક આવાજે તેની તરફ પોતાની પસંદગી બતાવી છે.]

THE MODERN RIP VAN WINKLE.

The Hon'ble Mr. J-v-r-l-l—II say, Alla—a—a—a—a—a—! Wake up! When the deuce are you going to cast off your lethargy? And how long are you bent upon keeping me and the fraternity of Ghee-pee-dass without pure ghee!

[The Hon'ble Mr. Birdwood, replying to the question of the Hon'ble Mr. Javerilal Umiashanker, said that the draft bills for the prevention of fraudulent adulteration of ghee were still under the consideration of the Government of India.]

ભર ઊંઘમાં પડેલો આ જમાનાનો રીપ વેન વીંકલ.

ઝવેરીલાલભાઇ—(ધાંટાપર ઘાંટા પાડીને) ઓ અલેઆ—આ—આ—આ—આ! ઉઠનેએએએએ! જાગરૂત થાનેએએએએ! અરે તું ક્યારે ઉઠી મરશેએએએએ! (હેં એ એ! હેં એં એં એં!) મારૂં ઘાંટે ઘાંટું તુટી ચાલ્યું નેએએએ! ઓ અલેઆઆઆઆઆ! આ સાંભળે છે કેએએએએએએએએ!!!

[પણ અલેઆ એવો ભર ઊંઘમાં પડયો છે કે, ઝવેરીભાઈનાં ઘાંટેઘાંટાં તુટી આવ્યાં, તેમનું ગળું બેબરાં ફ્રોગ જેવું થઇ ગયું, તોપણ અલેઆ તો જરાક પણ ચવરતો કે વવરતો નથી!!!

[આનરેબલ મી૰ ઝવેરીલાલ ઉમ્યાશંકરના સવાલનો જવાબ આપતાં આનરેબલ મી૰ બરડવુડે ધારાસભામાં જાણાવ્યું હતું કે, ઘીમાં થતી ભેલસેલ અટકાવવાના કાયદાના બે ખરડા ઉપર હજી હીંદી સરકાર વીચાર ચલાવે છે.]



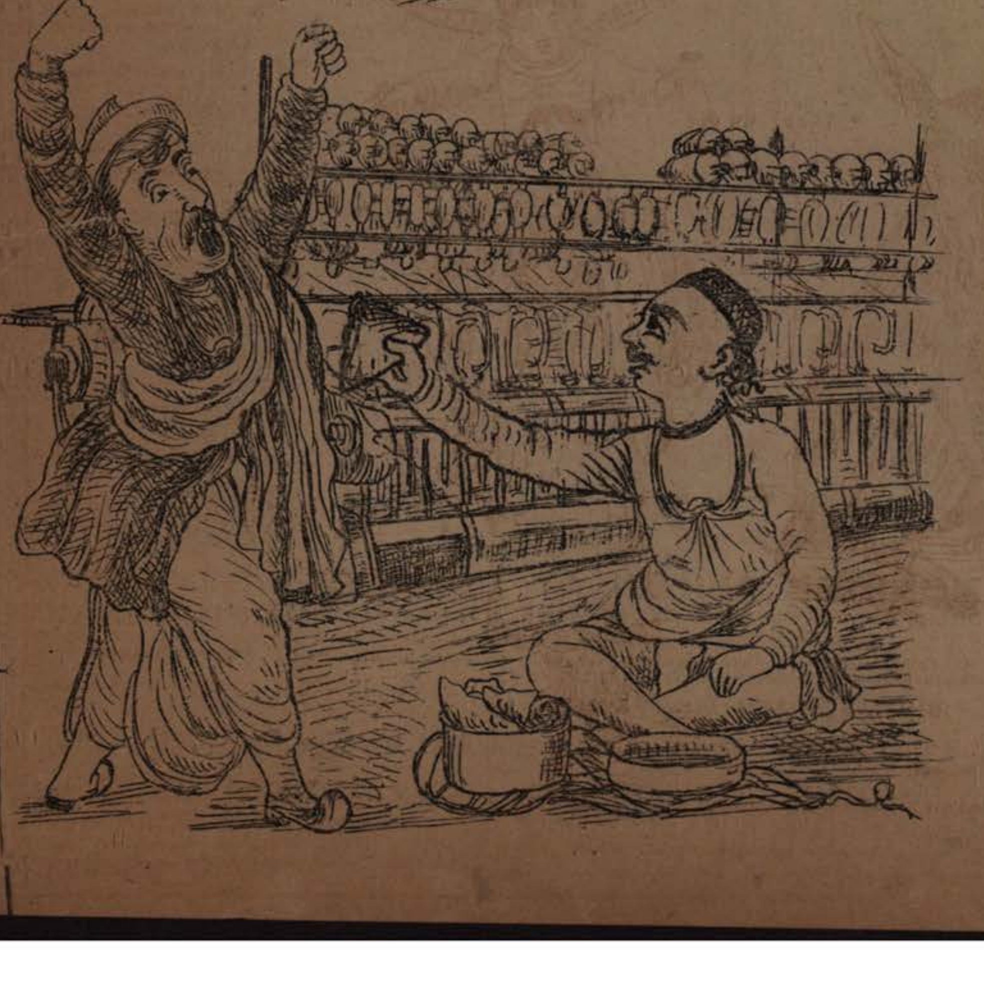
CHOLLY.—"Miss S. is the sharpest girl I know." Chumley: "Yes, she cuts me every time I meet her."

TRUE BROTHERHOOD.—NO. 2.

Bablia (A Mill-hand)—Tatia, share this bread and *chutni*!

Govindrao (A Brahman clerk)—Like your cheek! Do you expect a Brahman to partake of your food?

Bablia—And why not, pray, if we are one in devotion at *bhajans* and Gunpati and Dassera *melas*! Is this your boasted *UNION*!



खरें बंधु प्रेम.—न० २.

बाबल्या (एक गिरणीतील) :—तात्या! घेवा किहो हीं थेाडीशी भाकर नी चटणी.

गोविंदराव (एक ब्राह्मण कारकून):—वाहारे उर्मटा, इतका की तुं शाहाणा आहेस! मी ब्राह्मण असून मला भाकर खाण्यास सांगतोस होय?

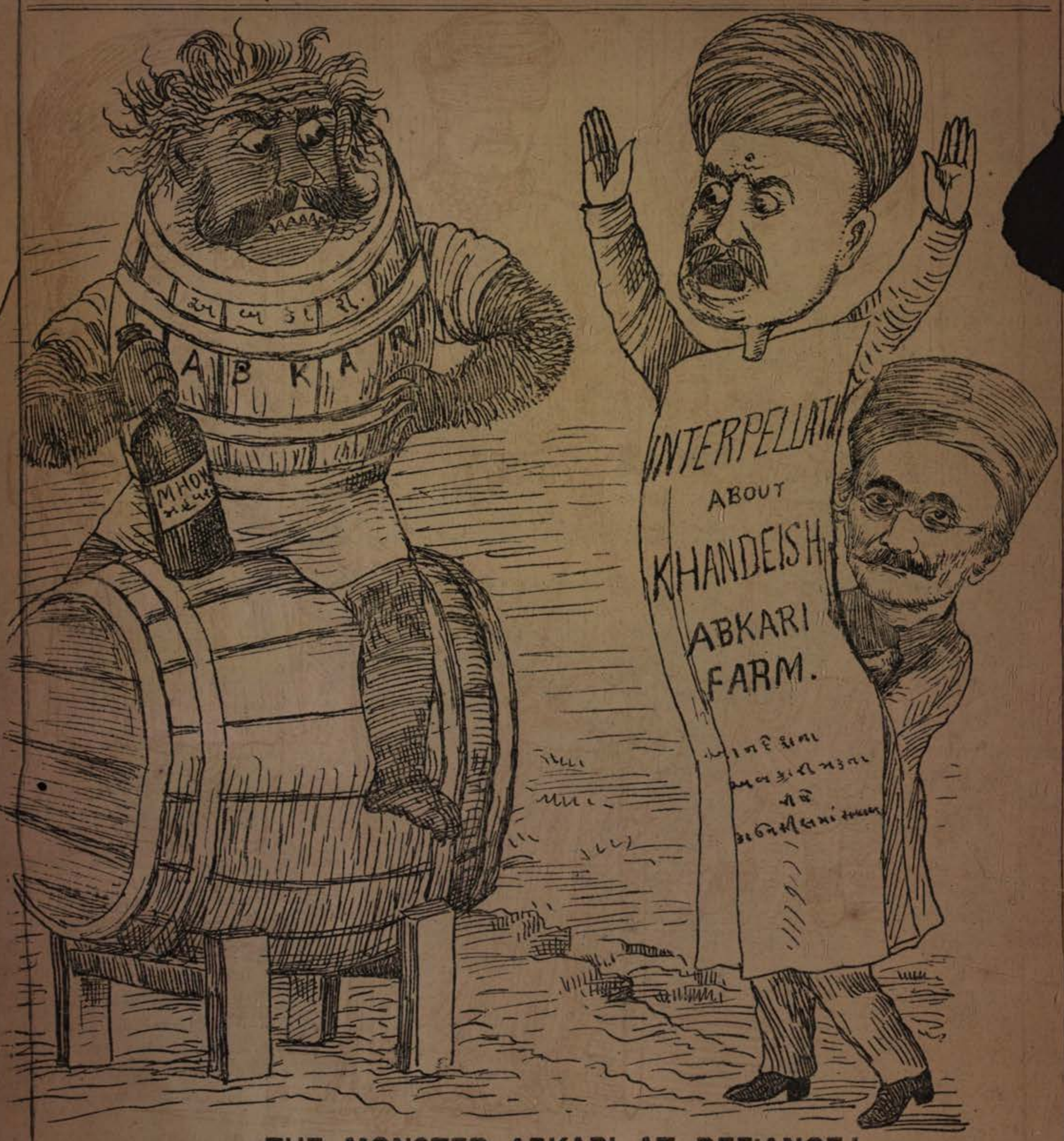
बाबल्या :—त्याकां काय झालें, तुह्मीं नी आह्मीं एका गणपतीचे भगत असों, भजनाक नी गावाक आपण एक ठयीं, आणि एकी करीक आपण भेल्यां तवी होतेा, मगें होच काय तुमची एकी ती?

ખરી ભાઇબંધી.—ના૦ ૨.

બાબલીયા—(એક મીલ મજુર) લે! તાત્યા, લે. આ ભાખરી ને ચટણી મારી સાથે ખા!

ગોવીંદરાવ—(એક બ્રાહ્મણ કારકુન) એઈ બચ્ચા, કેમ તું ઘણોજ શાણો થઈ ગયો કે? તારા જેવા ઘાટના હાથનું પકાવેલું શું હું એક બ્રાહ્મણ કદી અડકું પણ?

બાબલીયા—કાંય, નહી કાય? આપણે ભજન કરતી વખતે અને ગણપતી ને દસેરાના મેલામાં નાચતી ને ગાતી વખતે જો એકજ ગણાઈયે, તો પછી મારા હાથનું ખાવામાં ને તેને અડકવામાં શું ગયું? એકત્ર પણાની આએજ તારી લાંબી લાંબી વાત કે?



THE MONSTER ABKARI AT DEFIANCE!

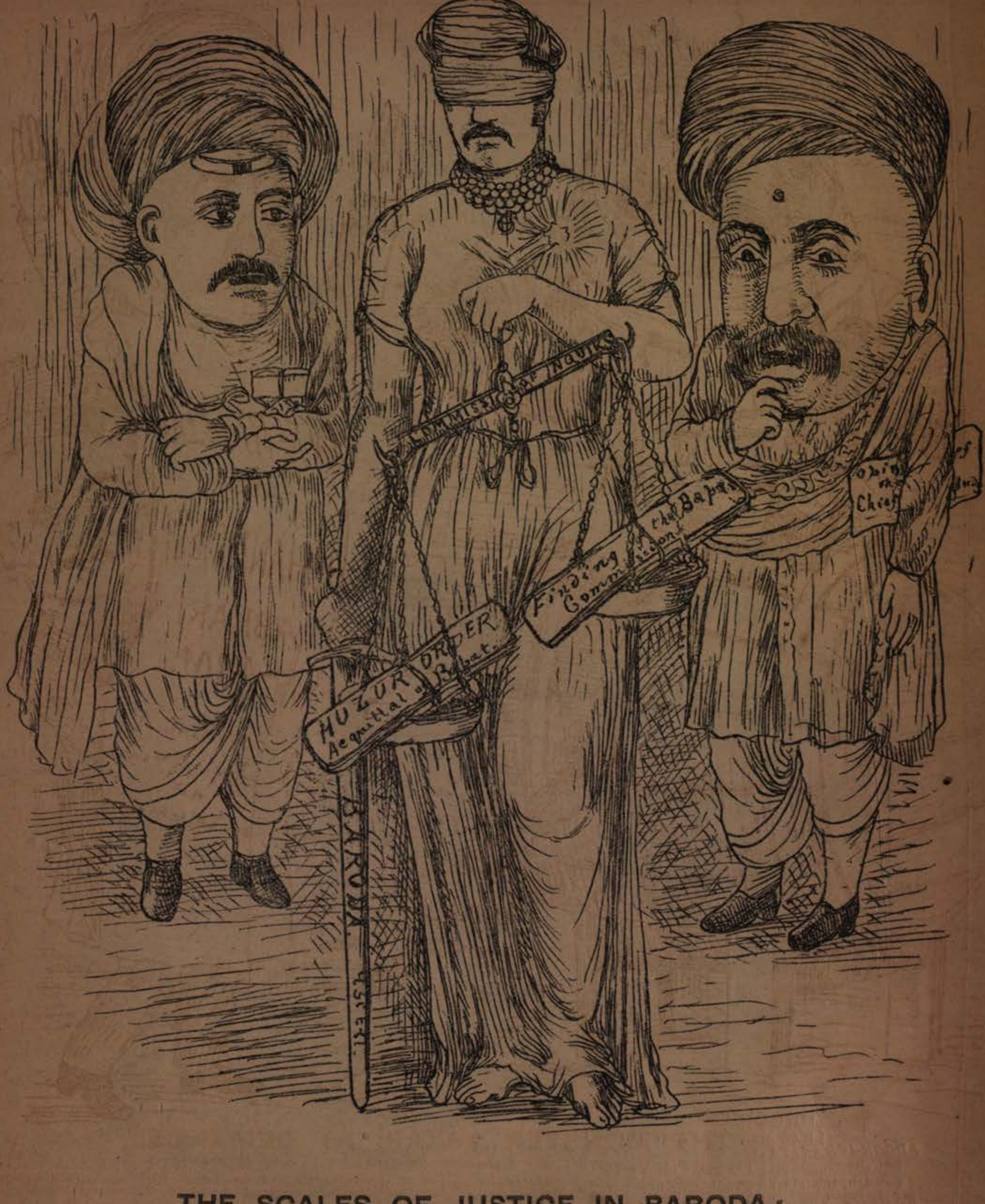
The Monster—Don't you expect to frighten me, with your frowns and your howls! A fig for a scare-crow like you!

[Although repeated questions have been asked in the Bombay Legislative Council by the Hon'ble Mr. Javerilal about the Khandeish Abkari Farm, and Mr. Pestonji B. Dantra has been persistent in his attacks against the way in which it has been managed by the farmer, the Hon'ble Mr. Nugent is still defiant of public opinion and still persists in *saying that everything has been done in the interests of the public.*]

અબકારી રાક્ષસ કોણને ગણકારે છે!

રાક્ષસ—તારા ડોળા ચહડાવ્યાથી કે ઘાંટા કાહડયાથી હું જરાબી ધ્રુજવાનો કે થથરવાનો નથી! કોણ તારા જેવા ચાડીયા કે બાહુની એક ચમટી ધુળ બરાબરબી પરવાહ રાખેચ!

[ખાનદેશના અબકારી ઈજારા બાબે આનરેબલ મી० ઝવેરીલાલે મુંબઈની ધારા સભામાં જોરે વારંવાર સવાલ પુછયા છે, અને ઈજારદાર જે રીતે એ ઈજારાનું કામ બજાવે છે તે સામે મી० પેસ્તનજી બેહેરામજી દાંત્રાએ જો કે ઉપરાઉપરી જાહેરમાં હુમલા કીધા છે, તે છતાં આનરેબલ મી० ન્યુજંટ પ્રજામતને ગણકારતા નથી અને હુજતથી જણાવે છે કે પ્રજાના લાભ અરથે દરેક ચીજ કરવામાં આવે છે.]



THE SCALES OF JUSTICE IN BARODA;

OR, THE END OF THE BAPAT IMBROGLIO.

[His Highness Mahraja Shiaji Rao has decided that Mr. Wasudeo Sadashiv Bapat be freed of the charges of corruptian and extortion of which he was found guilty by the Commission which tried him; but looking to other circumstances of the case His Highness does not think it desirable to retain Mr. Bapat any longer in the service of the State.]

વડોદરામાં ઇનસાફનું ત્રાજવું;

અથવા, બાપટને લગતી ખટપટનો છેડો.

[વડોદરાના જમાબંદી ખાતાનાં વડા મી૦ વાસુદેવ સદાશીવ બાપટ ઉપર લાંચ લેવાના અને પઇસા ઓકાવવાના જે આરોપો મેલવામાં આવ્યા હતા, અને જે માટે કમીશને તપાસ કરયા પછી તેને અપરાધી ઠરાવ્યો હતો, તે આરોપોમાંથી મહારાજા શીહાજીરાવે તેને છોડી મુકવાનો હુકમ કરયો છે; પણ આ બાબતને લગતી બીજી હકીકતો તરફ જોઇને મી૦ બાપટને વધુ વખત રાજની નોકરીમાં નહી રાખવાને તે નામદારે ઘટીત વીચારયું છે.]



SHOOKA—RAMBHÁ.
(*With apologies to Ravi Varma.*)

SHOOKACHARIYA (the unswerving recluse, with lofty and transcendental ideas). . . . DR. RAMKRISHNA GOPAL BHANDARKAR, the late Vice Chancellor of the Bombay University.
RAMBHA (the celestial nymph) . . . . THE SPIRIT OF THE TIME, in vain urging the recluse to look earthwards.

શુક—રંભા.

શુકાચારય (કોઈની અક્કલમાં ન આવે એવા અને ઊંચા ખ્યાલો મનમાં જડ કરીને બેઠેલો સન્યાસી)...... રામકૃષ્ણ ગોપાલ ભંડારકર, મુંબઈ યુનીવરસીટીના માજી વાઈસ ચાનસેલર.
રંભા (આકાશી અપસરા)...... હાલનો જમાનો, જે સન્યાસીને આકાશ તરફજ નહી પણ જરા પૃથ્વી તરફ પણ નજર કરવાને વીનવતાં અને આગ્રહ કરતાં હેરાન થઈ જાય છે.



THE HORRORS OF A *MENU* IN FRENCH.

Khushro—(After the second course, catches the word "*Poisson*" on the *Manu*, which is in French)—O horror! Boy! Was there *poison* in that dish I ate just now? There is treachery here! Not a word on the card that I can understand!

Boy—No, sar! French "*poo-a-zon*" is *fish*, sar! Next time will give *Menu* in Gujerati, sar!

ફ્રેંચ ભાષામાં લખેલાં "મીનુ" એ કીધેલો ગભરાટ.

ખુશરો-(ખાનાપર મછીનો બીજો "કોરસ" પુરો થયા પછી, ફ્રેંચ ભાષામાં લખેલાં વાણીઓનાં નામ વાંચતાં "Poisson" બોલ જોઈને) ઓ બાપરેએ! એઈ બોય! ઇદર આવ! ઓ અભી હમ ડીશ ખાયા ઉસમે કયા "પોઈઝન" (ઝેર) થા? એ કીયા ઠગાઈ હય! એ મીનુ કાર્ડ ઊપર જો કુચ લીખેલા હય ઊસમેસે એક વર્ડ હમ સમઝતા નહી!

બોય-નહી, સાહાબ! ફ્રેંચમેં મછીકુ "પુઆઝોંન" બોલતા હેય, સાહાબ! દુસરી બખત "મીનુ" ગુજરાતી મેં લીખેગા, સાહાબ!



THE RIVAS; OR, THE NATIVE KHATÁRAWÁLLÁ AND THE AMERICAN AUTO-MOBILE.

[*A peep in the near future.*]

[It is proposed to introduce the auto-mobile in Bombay, which will do away with the bullock, horse, cart carriages and all. The Corporation is to be moved for the purpose.]

બે હરીફો; અથવા, દેશી ખટારાવાળો અને અમેરીકન "ઑટો-મોબાઇલ" ગાડી.

[નજદીકનાં ભવીષ્યમાં એક ડોકીયું.]

[વગર ઘોડાએ કે બલદે ચાલતી ઓટો-મોબાઈલ ગાડીઓ મુંબઈમાં દાખલ કરવાની ભલામણ કરવામાં આવી છે, જેથી બળદ, ઘોડા, ખટારા, ગાડીઓ ને બાજા બધાંનો ઉપયોગ નીકળી જશે. આ બાબત કારપોરેશન હજુર પણ લાવવામાં આવનાર છે.]



THE LAST STRAW.

Chorus of Fazulbhoy and Harkissondass—So sorry, friend, but we could'nt help it. We did our level best, but these fellows are bent upon making you pay, and pay you must!

[The *Bombay Samachar* takes Messrs. Fazulbhoy Visram and Harkissondass Narotamdass to task for the part they took at the last meeting of the Standing Committee, during the discussion which ensued one counsel's opinion regarding the liability of the Corporation to pay Major Tulloch £750 for preparing plans and estimates for Worli Drainage, by order of Mr. H. A. Acworth, the late Municipal Commissioner, without the previous sanction of the Corporation.]

પાણી ઊતાર !

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૨૨૧ મું.]



"HOORAY! BAPAT IS FREED!"

The ecstacy of Shendiarao Brahman of Baroda knows no bounds at the acquittal of Bapat and the discomfiture of the Gujerati Hindup arty!

હુરરેએએ ! બાપટ સુટલા હો ! હુરરેએએએ !

વડોદરાના શેંડયારાવ બ્રાહ્મણની ખુશાલીનો કાંઈ પાર જ દીસતો નથી, કેમકે બાપટને છોડી મુકયો છે અને તે સાથ ગુજરાતી હીંદુઓના પક્ષનાં કેડ ભાંગ થઈ ગયાં છે!

ALL IN GOOD TIME!

Leo—Unless you do what's right, I'll have to blow you out of the Dardanelles, do you hear?

Mian Turkey—You be blowed! The most mischief-making shaetan that I ever saw! You just leave off intriguing, and everything will come right in the end.



[The Porte in reply to the Collective Note of the Powers regarding the Armenian riots promise to make an enquiry into the matter and declares that the Armenians were the aggressors and killed harmless Mussulmans. The Porte requests the Ambassadors to use their utmost endeavours to prevent intrigues which have the object of creating graver troubles.]

ધીરે ધીરે બધું થયા કરશે !

લીયો—એઈ સાંભળેચ કે, મીયાં? હું કેહું તેમ બરાબર કર, નહી તો એક ફુકમાં આએ દારડેનલ્સના પાણીમાં તુને ફુકી દેવસ!

મીયાં ટુરકી—અરે જાઆઆ! તારા જેવો તોફાન મચાવનારો શએતાન મેં કોઈજ જોયો નથી! તું કાવત્રાં કરવાનું છોડી દે, ને પછી બધું ઠીકેઠીક થઈ જશે!



FAIR PROSPECTS.

Jari.—Do you know, Koomlee, Jai Gorani has been to ma for your horoscope.

Koomlee.—What for?

Jari.—There's a bailiff, a widower, wanting to marry again!

K.°mlee.—Good, and his salary!

Jari.—Is some *20 rupees* a month!

Koomlee.—So much! I wonder at his throwing himself away on poor me!

Jari.—Oh! You don't know! He's worth his weight in gold! His salary is only a drop in the larger ocean of his perquisites, and these are some 500 a month! What doctor or lawyer, or B. A., or M. A., makes even a quarter of that sum, I should like to know!

Koomlee—Ah! Say no more! Jari, I yield! The bailiff's the boy for me!

સધર બીલ્લુ.

જરી—કુમલી, જાણેચ કે, મથજી પાસે પેલી જાઈ ગોરાણી તારો ટપકો લેવા આવીચ ?

કુમલી—વરી એ સાને વાસ્તે લેવા આવીચ ?

જરી—કેહેચ કેહુએ જે એક એલીક છે, તે રંડાયલો છે ને બીજી વખત પરણવા માંગેચ !

કુમલી—વારૂં, ને તેનો પગાર બગાર સું છે ?

જરી—કંઈ વીસેક રૂપયાનો છે !

કુમલી—એટલો બધો ! જારે, એવા મુવાપર હું તો મારી નજરે જોઉંબી નહી !

જરી—અરે પણ તું જાણેચ કે, એની બીજી કમાણી સું છે તે ! પગાર તો કેલી વીસનો છે, પણ મહીને હાહુરે એમશા તેમથી કરીને બીજા પાનસો કમાયચ ! કેહેની, કીયા તારા ડાક્ટર કે વકીલ, કે બી. એ. કે એમ. એ. થયલાને એમાંની પા કમાણીઓ હોયચ !

કુમલી—ઠીક છે તારે. મને કબુલ છે. માયને કેહે કે જાઈ ગોરાણીને મારો ટપકો આપે !



THE BEWILDERED HEADMASTER.

Chorus of boys—Please sir, how has the preliminary gone, and where are our forms?

Head-Master—Three months' school-fees in advance before you get a word out of me!

[The Matric Examination takes place on the 11th November, and the high schools have been busy with their preliminary examinations.]

ગભરાઈ ગયલા હેડ માસ્ટર.

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૨૨૧ મું.]



A WORD TO THE WISE.

Mr. Punch—(To the Hindu and Mahomedan communities.) Here you are, my good girls; here is the meddlesome musiciaa that is tearing you asunder, you who ought to be united in one common bond of love. Once for all, make short work with him, or you'll never know a moment's rest!

[Now that Government have expressed their inability to frame any common rules for playing music before places of worship, it is urged that the Hindus and Mahomedans should continue together and settle this vexed question once for all in their common interests.]

તેજીને એક ટુકારો.

મી૰ પંચ—(હીંદુ અને મુસલમાન કોમોને) લેઓ, મારી શીયાની દીકરીઓ, આએ ગડબડખોરો ધાંધલખોરો વાજાંવાળો તમારી વચે મારામારી ને ચોટલાપીંખ કરાવે છે, અને તમાકરી વચેની માયા ને મોહોબતમાં ભંગાણ પાડે છે. ગમે તે કરીને એકવાર એનો તમે રસ્તો કરી નાખો, નહી તો એ તમોને એક ઘડીબી સખકરારે બેસવા દેશે નહી!

the University sacrificial altar! Blessed Priests of Learning and thrice blessed the victims bleeding upon the smoking altar!

***

The Great Shivaji.

THE mists of race bias and prejudice, which ignorance and fanaticism had raised to veil the reputation of Shivaji the Great, are being slowly dissipated, and the refulgent face of the renowned warrior-king, —the founder of an empire—is once more beginning to shine upon his people. Historians, too indolent for original researches, were hitherto content to draw without stint upon onesided and positively biassed accounts of the heroe's life and exploits. To them he was no better than a treacherous robber-chief. As if in all the great upheavals of nations making for freedom, the four cardinal virtues of justice, courage, wisdom and temperance, and the three theological virtues of faith, hope and charity, have been the sole guiding principles of the leaders. O ye critics with microscopes, it would be hard to find a loveable object in the universe if scanned through such media—even that bright and lovely star, shining serenely in the blue firmament, analysed by your methods, is nothing but a volume of gas and smoke!

***

THANKS to the well-directed efforts of scholars like the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Ranade and others, the real merits of the great patriot and statesman are beginning to be recognized. So the Civil Administration of Shivaji, with its council of eight ministers, was an improvement on the former *regime*, and it is his Akbar-like policy that is being followed, *mutatis mutandis*, by the wise Indian Government, which, like the far-seeing bee, has been culling the honey trom every political flower that ever florished in this country! The Peshwas of Poona undid the good work of the great Maratha politician and set in the rot in the administration. A blind, selfish policy is short-lived. There's a moral for all workers, far and near, in the field of politics; take note!

(*Hindi Punch*, 10-13-95.

FUNNY BITS.

(*From various sources.*)

A BACHELOR'S TRIALS.—Young Swell: "I left a letter on my table when I went out. Where is it?" Valet: "I hope you won't mind, sir. I thought it would do nicely for *my* sweetheart; so I posted it to her. Your, christian name is the same as mine!"

THE RISING GENERATION.—Father: "Tell me, Lieschen, if a very rich man asked you to be his wife, and also a poor man, who, however, had a good heart, which would you choose?" Lieschen: "I should first of all ask the rich one if he had a good heart!"

POLITENESS.—" Ah, good morning, doctor. Fine day, isn't it?"—Yes. It's a long time since I have seen you."—" You must really excuse me, doctor; but, unfortunately, I have been so well for the last six months that I did not care to trouble you."

STILL IN THE HONEYMOON.—Angelina: "And you *won't* forget to buy a tin of cocoatina." (Edwin ties a knot in his pocket-handkerchief.)—Angelina: "And you *won't* forget to call and see dear mamma" (Edwin ties another knot in his pocket-handkerchief.)—Angelina: "And oh, Edwin dear, you won't, you *won't* forget to think sometimes of your poor little wife, left all alone for the day!" (Edwin ties a *third* knot in his pocket-handkerchief.]

CAUTIOUS.—"As you will have considerable sums of money passing through your hands, I shall require a deposit from you of £100."—"That will be all right; but, in return, I shall want a guarantee policy from you to ensure the safety of my £100 while out of my hands."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—" good heavens! What, three new bonnets! and it was only yesterday that I explained to you that it was necessary for us to retrench."—"That was just the reason I got the bonnets. All three were splendid bargains, and I thought I could not better begin to economise than by ordering them."

ARGUMENTATIVE.—"Jerry, my boy, I can smell that you have been smoking, and I must punish you". —"I heard you tell mother this morning that when you said you were going to do a thing it might be considered done."—"That is so; but what about it?"—"Cannot we therefore consider that the punishment has taken place?"

SHE: "Yes, that's all very well; we've been engaged now getting on for two years, but——"—He: "My dear girl, there's no hurry. As you say, we're engaged; well, we'll always be engaged."

BROWN: "Why on earth do you allow your wife to play football?"—Jones: "Well you see, if I tried to stop her I should get all the surplus energy the ball now receives showered on me."

પાણી ઉતાર !

[જુવો ચીત્ર પાનું ૧૮૨ મું.]

ફાઝલભાઈ અને હરકીસન–શું કરયે, દોસ્ત; અમે તો ઘણુંખી માથું ફોડયું, પણ પેલાઓ સમજતાં સમજતા નથી, અને તારાં ગજવામાંજ ચઉદ હજારનું કાનું પાડવા માંગે છે!

[કારપોરેશનની મંજુરયાત વીના વરલીની ગટરને લગતાં ચોકસ બાંધકામ વગેરેના પલાન અને અડસટા મેજર ટલોએ માજી કમીશનર મી૦ એકવર્થના હુકમથી કરયા હતા, તેનો ખરચ આપવાને કારપોરેશન બંધાયલી નથી એવા બારીસ્ટરે આપેલાં મતને લગતી તકરાર છેલી સ્ટાનડીંગ કમીટીમાં નીકળી તે વેળા મી૦ એકવર્થની તરફથી મેશરસ ફાઝલભાઈ વીસરામ અને હરકીસનદાસ નરોતમદાસે બજાવેલા નાપસંદ ભાગ સામે ભાઈબંધ "મુંબઈ સમાચાર" ટીકા કરે છે.]

ગભરાઈ ગયલા હેડમાસ્ટર.

[જુવો ચીત્ર, પાનું ૧૮૩ મું.]

છોકરાઓ–માસ્ટર સાહેબ, કેહોની પ્રીલીમીનરીનું અમારૂં રીઝલ્ટ શું છે, ને અમારા મેત્રીકના "ફોરમ" કાંહ છે?

હેડમાસ્તર–પેહેલાં ત્રણ મહીનાની સ્કુલની "ફી" તોલો, પછી બીજી વાત! પેહેલાં "ફી" ભરો પછી મને પુછવા આવો!

[આ વરસની મેત્રીકની પરીક્ષા આવતી તા૦ ૧૧ મી નવેમબરે લેવામાં આવશે, અને તેટલાં હાઈ સ્કુલોમાં પ્રીલીમીનરી પરીક્ષાની ગડબડ ચાલી રહી છે.]

MOTHER CASTE AND THE VALIANT STOMACHES.

DEAR PUNCHOBA,

To the end of my days, as I contemplate my attenuated form, I shall remember the injury my dear old grandmother did me in my infancy, by physicking me regularly four times a month. I rebelled hard for years, but was helpless, and had to serve my apprenticeship in the *purgatory* of my infantile days. I shall always hold the castor-oil bottle in horror! This is babyhood experience. A learned Pandit, who happens just now to be near, reminds me that the castor-oil bottle, or an equally efficacious operative drug, is to this day, administered to grown-up men within the pale of Hinduism, by that immortal grandmother Caste, in the interests of the health of the community. This is done not to purge the *soul* of impurities: at any rate in my infantile days, that could not have been the object of the weekly doses I was made to swallow—for I was innocence itself. Hinduism of the present day needs no purgatory for the *souls* of men. The Hindus are so spiritualized you know! It is that inveterate sinner—the stomach—which needs looking after vigilantly. Mother Siegel has told us, in language full of force and wisdom, that in that vile organ lies all the ills of life. Her infallible Curative Syrup removes the bad humours and gives the sufferer a new lease of life. Mother Caste has her own Curative——? Well, it is not a *syrup*, nor the abhorred castor oil: it is a divine mixture, like the Indian Mellin's food, "not touched by hand." This sovereign remedy is prepared in the laboratory of Nature, and the potion is administered in homœopathic doses. Those who have been drenched with this physic ever after remember the agony of the moment.

Valiant men, who thunder from Congress and Social Conference platforms, and would, if accepted as volunteers by an unappreciative Government, march unflinchingly against the enemy, approach mother Caste tremblingly, with the left hand fingers pressing the nostrils, to swallow the unsavoury draught, in order to expiate the sin of that incorrigible paunch! All for *potá sáthi*!

They say you are ubiquitous. Were you present at the banquet given by the members of the Bombay Cosmopolitan Club in honour of Mr. Justice Budroodin Tyabjee? They say the occasion was grand and the worthy Judge complimented the Hindu members present at the table for their pluck in openly revolting against grand-mother Caste, who in her dotage is growing tyrannical in proportion she is tolerated and respected for her antiquity. The Panch Houd Mission tea party at Poona proved the strength of the old lady. The offending paunches had to expiate for their sins. Her power is once more to be tested. It is, they say, to be tried on the patriots who sealed the bond of good fellowship at the hospitable board of the Cosmopolitan Club, by feeding on diet more nutritious than biscuit and drinking beverages stronger than tea, to wit, the vivifying words from the lips of the honoured guest. A paper, conducted in the interests of social reform, gave the alarm to orthodoxy and in ecstatic terms named the valiant paunches. Mother Caste has since been astir, but having no faith in newspaper reports she is, according to time honoured custom, looking askance for an eyewitness to accuse the offenders. Patiently, therefore, she is waiting for the accuser to turn up before the Curative Draught is administered to the offending organs—upon the purity of which the entire religious and social systems of Hinduism depend!

Yours,

JALANDHAR NATH.

Poona, Chatursinghi, 3rd Oct.

(*Hindi Punch*, 6-10-95.)

CHOW-CHOW.

The Interpellation Scare.

A LOCAL contemporary trembles at the thought of his correspondence columns shrinking if hon'ble members go on airing public grievances through the medium of interpellations in the Council Hall at the rate they are now doing. We hope the Hon'ble Mr. Setalwad and his colleagues will give their ears to the appeal made to them not to enter into a keen competition with the papers. Let the Press with the bull's eye seek nooks and corners for petty wrongs that hide their small heads in darkness. The glare of the powerful search-light in the Council Hall is meant for graver evils.

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The Victims of our University.

THE news of Professor Gopal Krishna Gokhale's narrow escape from Yamá's noose will be hailed with joy by all lovers of high education who have had to mourn of late the loss of so many earnest workers in the Deccan Education Society. Mr. *Punch* hopes the convalescent will, after his lucky escapade, acquire a fresh and long lease of life to be judiciously conserved in the service of his country.

***

THE University down here is fatuously bent upon producing prodigies of learning to eclipse the scholars of the West, and in that process takes pride in weeding out all who are not fit to survive. The rare feat, nowhere else in the world witnessed, of turning out men whose command over a foreign and difficult tongue is successfully tested by their answering every examination paper in that language, is an accomplishment which counts for nothing with the weeders in the unhealthy craving for equalling, nay surpassing, the cultured children of the West.

***

RAKHMABAI ATHAVALE of Angriá's Oart,—the mother of three grown-up, educated and promising young Brahmans—two already immolated under the Car of Cram, and the third, a graduate and a fellow in the Elphinstone College, laid up by a serious attack of fever—has committed suicide through grief. She chose a well to put an end to her sorrows, but her spirit, they say, hovered at the supreme moment round



DEEWALEE REVERIES AND GREETINGS.

"LAKSHMI THE GODDESS OF WEALTH has turned her back upon the country," said Mr. Manibhai Jashbhai, the Dewan of Baroda, in mournful tones, to his audience at Madhava Baug on the last Dasera Day. "Do you, my countrymen," he continued, "follow industrial pursuits and open up the resources of the country, so perchance the Goddess, now in sulks, may be propitiated and persuaded once more to abide with you. Win back her smiles and favours, so that the motherland may become fertile and fruitful." The advice was sound, though there was no charm of novelty about it,—but what is there new under the sun? Was not the Industrial Conference at Poona hammering away at the same idea? "Hammer!" that word led MR. PUNCH to fall into a brown study as, curling himself up in his bed, he lay pondering over the words of the Dewan. He was soon launched into the ocean of legendary lore. "Odin called Thor, his first-born son, and set a crown upon his head; but when Thor asked for the sword

Odin gave into his hand in lieu thereof a hammer, saying, 'the Kingdom of the Destroyer is necessary, but brief; the Kingdom of the Builder shall never end.' Thenceforth in the centre of every globule of northern blood sat enthroned the ideal—Man fulfilling his twofold destiny as labourer and god." This was wisdom like a flashing gem, set in a ring of legend, by a sagacious writer—a skilled jeweller. Yes, thought PUNCH, the men with the hammer, more than those with the sword, are for the present the favourites of the Goddess. Whatever Ignorance, bowing before dead dogmas, may say to the contrary, reasoned the Sage, the Western Man with the Hammer had the key to wealth and happiness. Lakshmi smiles not long on the Man with the Sword or the Man with his skull charged with the explosive of Politics; or, again, on the Modern Reactionist who humours Old Mother Caste, makes genuflexions to her, and servilely submits to her caprices. The Goddess of Fortune, again, has no sympathy with Hypocrisy and Selfishness. When the misguided sons of Hind took in hand this pair of Furies and merrily danced on political platforms, in Temples of Learning and around their domestic hearths, where was the room for Lakshmi's smiles? Saraswati was in sore distress, Lakshmi took to flight, and Progress was scared! These and kindred other gloomy reflections disturbed the slumber of the *Rishi* as he tossed restlessly on his couch. It was the eve of the Festival of Lamps—the season when the Goddess of Wealth descends upon Earth and for a brief space of time lights up the humblest cottage and smiles upon the Rich and the Poor alike. Gradually peaceful sleep stole upon him and he dreamt a joyous dream. He had a glorious *Darshan.* The Goddess revealed herself to the Prince of Wit and Humour,—whom Care and Melancholy cannot enthral long,—in a blaze of light and with a countenance "wreathed in smiles." The room was flooded with light and perfume and a shower of mystic symbols fell thickly around the happy Sage! The ineffable bliss of the moment would be hard to conceive, much less to describe. Then rang melodiously through the air, in sweet silver tones, the exhortation: "Weed out from Hind's garden the stifling undergrowth of WORDS, so that WORKS may grow in vigour and bear fruit. There's Wealth and Happiness for her children!" It was a Prophetic Vision! Mr. *Punch* heartily shares the bliss of that inexpressibly sweet moment with his gentle readers and wishes them all, on this auspicious occasion,

A MERRY DEEWALEE
AND
A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!

MUNICIPAL NOTES.

(BY A CORPORATOR FAINÉANT.)

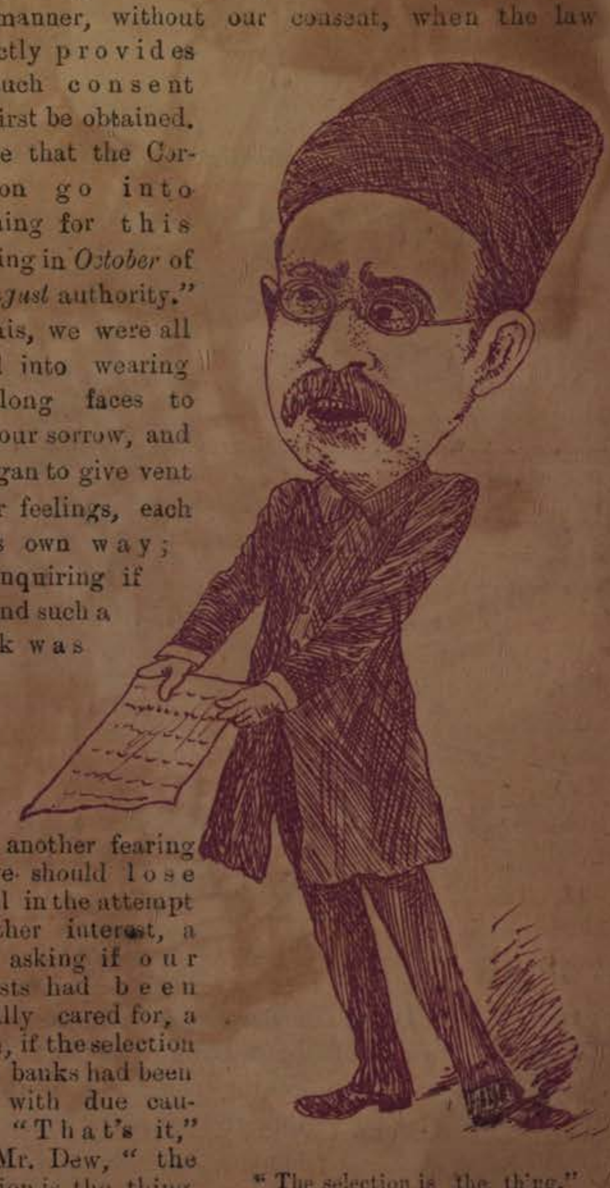
Thursday, 10th Oct.—Whether in anticipation of the coming business, or in pleasing recollection of a favourite passage in my favourite Poet, I entered the Hall to-day, singing:—

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows."

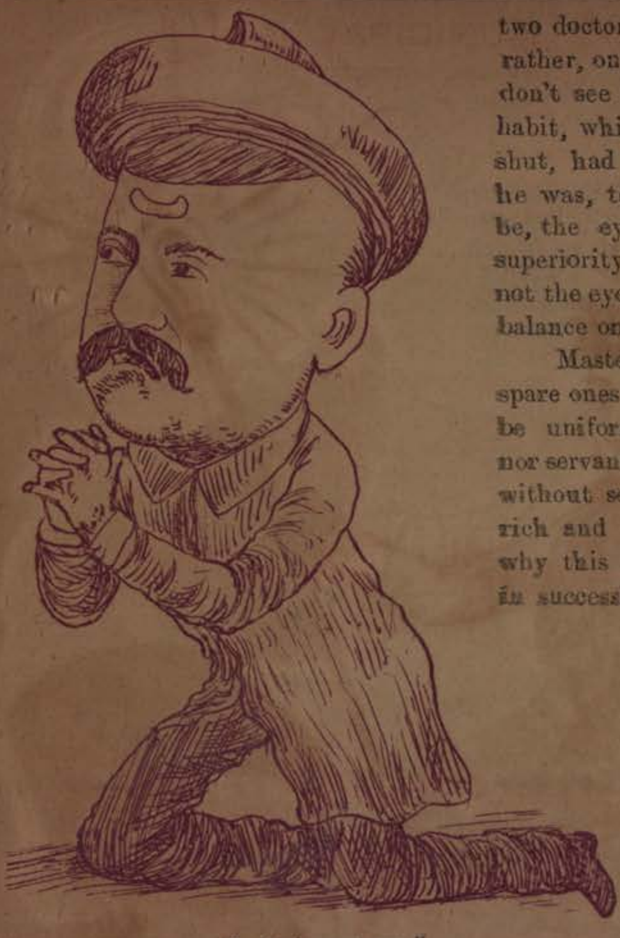
"You are jolly, friend fainéant," said Dr. Bhalchandra, the spokesman of the Standing Committee, "but to cap you,

"I know three banks whereto deposits flow
From city coffers, some four lacs or so."

"Well, you are cool," replied Dr. Katrak, "cool like the pale luminary from which you take your name, to go and deposit our money in that off-hand and off-head manner, without our consent, when the law distinctly provides that such consent shall first be obtained. I move that the Corporation go into mourning for this slighting in *October* of its *August* authority." At this, we were all moved into wearing very long faces to mark our sorrow, and we began to give vent to our feelings, each in his own way; one enquiring if such and such a bank was good, another fearing lest we should lose capital in the attempt to gather interest, a third asking if our interests had been capitally cared for, a fourth, if the selection of the banks had been made with due caution. "That's it," said Mr. Dew, "the selection is the thing.



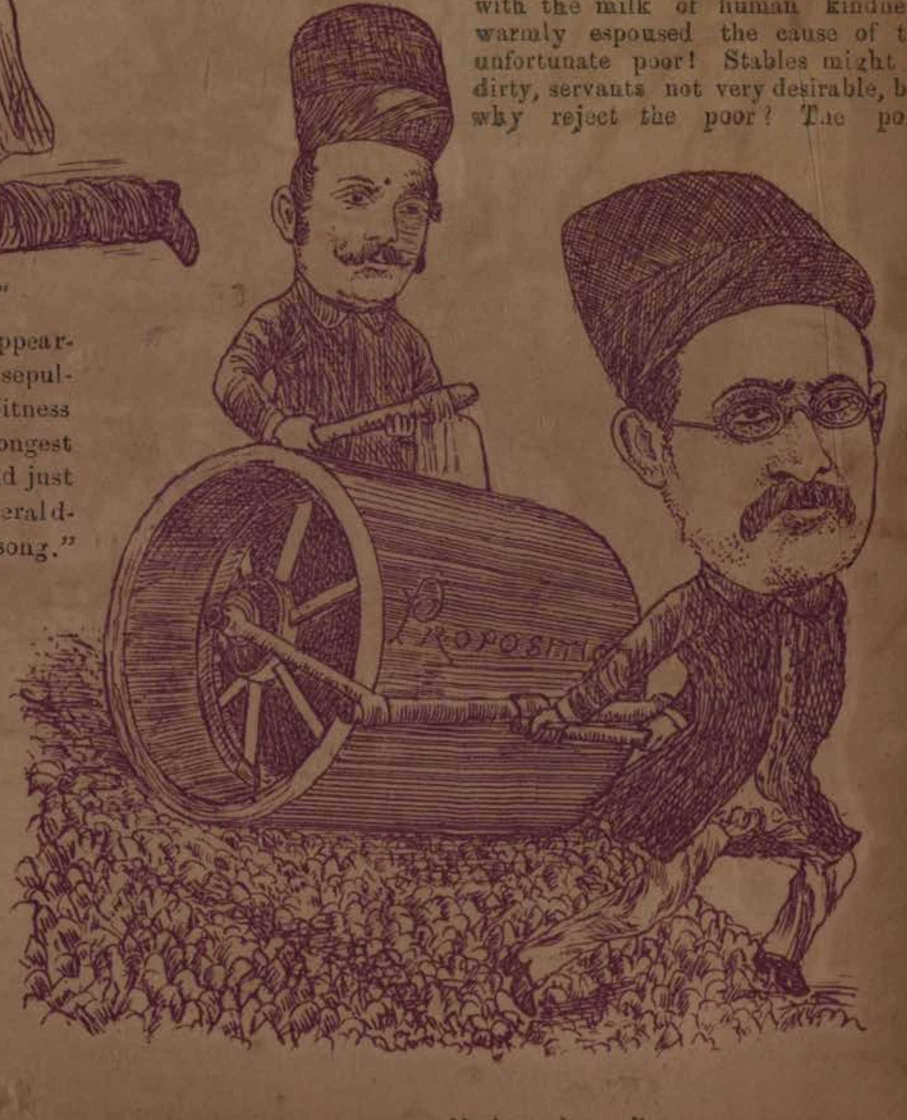
"The selection is the thing."



"Imploring our ayes."

two doctors fell into each other's arms! Hereupon, on a division, or rather, on a reckoning, our nose and eyes were found to be equal. I don't see how this could be, seeing that we are no cyclops, unless the habit, which some of us have of watching the proceedings with one eye shut, had taken possession of the whole house, and the censor, whoever he was, took into account only our active eye. However that might be, the eyes were declared to have lost their time-honoured numerical superiority over the nose, until the President threw in his casting aye, not the eye with the cast, and restored the preponderance of the balance on the right side.

Masters of broad acres, we were next asked to part with a few spare ones on Agripada Road for building purposes, the buildings to be uniform and neat, and neither stables, nor poor men's dwellings, nor servants' quarters, but only princes' palaces, the princes being without servants or carriages or horses. No quarter to any but the rich and proud! Sell by all means whatever we don't want, but why this condition, or that condition, or any condition at all, urged in succession, the proposers and seconders of three sets of amendments? Mr. Kabrajee, especially, over-flowing with the milk of human kindness, warmly espoused the cause of the unfortunate poor! Stables might be dirty, servants not very desirable, but why reject the poor? The poor



Moving and seconding.

It requires the utmost care. Appearances are deceitful, and whitened sepulchres are only fair to look at. Witness the Glasgow Bank, one of the strongest that there was, declaring a dividend just before it croaked, like the swan heralding its own death by a melodious song." "But why should we be sorry at the bidding of Dr. Katrak," asked Mr. Khoté, "when we have lacs and lacs to call our own and lay by. It would seem as if the Standing Committee were lax in their duty." "Not we, I assure you," pleaded Dr. Bhalchandra with imploring eyes, imploring our ayes. "We have not been lax, although we have had lacs to deal with, nor have we been disrespectful to the Corporation or unmindful of its authority." "Don't say another word," cried Dr. Katrak, and the

poor! Were they spiders, or beetles, or worms, or crawling insects that they should be denied a decent shelter? Must we, human corporators, the guardians of the poor, despise them, singing like Titania's fairy?—

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

We were, however, in one of our inconsistent and inexplicable moods, and so rejected, one by one, not only all the amendments, but also the original proposition, thinking, perhaps, that what stood so much in need of amending could be good for nothing! *Hinc illae lacrymae!* Lack rhyme, and reason too, in a column-full of local whining over our "pitiful mind" and our "unbusiness-like dismissal of the business in hand!" Perhaps it was not in accordance with the spirit of the times, but we don't change with the times, let Father Time and grandmother *Times* frown as they may! So much the worse for their looks!



Overflowing with the milk of human kindness.



"Let Father Time and Grand-Mother *Times* frown as they may!"



WELCOME!—DEEWALEEBAI IN EXCELSIS!

THE HINDU NEW YEAR, SAMVAT 1952: SATURDAY, 19TH OCTOBER, 1895.

ભલે પધારયા !—રંગ રાગના હરખમાં ચકચુર દીવાળીબાઈ.

હીંદુ નવું વરસ, સંવત ૧૯૫૨ : શનીવાર, તા૦ ૧૯મી અકટોબર, ૧૮૯૫.



KICKING OUT THE OLD !

Mr. Punch at Father Time—May thy black hideous face and blacker deeds be never seen on Hind's soil again !

જુના બુઢાને લાત !

વખત બાવા પંચ—તારો કાળો બીહામણો ચેહેરો અને તારાં વધારે કાળાં કરમો ફરીથી કદી પણ હીંદની ભુમી પર દેખાડતો ના!



NEW YEAR GREETINGS.

Miss Congress—Let us bury all our differences, all unkindness, on this sweet New Year's Morn, in this overflowing cup of kindness !

[A meeting of orthodox Hindus and anti-reformers, held at Poona on 13 th ult., with the object of denouncing the Social Conference, resolved not to allow it the use of the National Congress pendal at Poona for its next meeting.]

નવાં વરસના શુભ શુકન.

મીસ કાનગ્રેસ—ચાલેા બેહેનેા, આજે નવાં વરસની શુભ સવારે આપણી વચેનાં સરવ મતફેરને અને સરવે પ્રકારની નારાજી અને ધુરકાધુરકીને આ માયા મેાહેાબતના છલાછલ ભરપુર પ્યાલામાં દાટી દઇયે !

[અસલી વીચારના અને સુધારાની વીરૂધવાળા હીંદુઓની એક સભા ગયા રવીવારે પુણા આતે મળી હતી. જે વેળા સંસારસુધારાની હીમાયત કરનારી સેાશીયલ કનફરનસને ધીકારી કહાડવાના અને કાનગરેસની આવતી સભા પુણામાં મળે તે વેળા કાનગરેસના મંડપનેા ઉપયેાગ તેને નહી કરવા દેવાના નાપસંદ ઠરાવેા પસાર કરવામાં આવ્યા હતા.]

[The Corporation met on Monday the 14th ult., and postponed work for a week for the Deewalee holidays.]

દીવાળીના ગેરૈયા !—મોજ ફરવા ઉતરી પડેલા આપણા શેહેરીબાવાઓ.



SHINE BY FAIR MEANS, IF YOU CAN, BUT SHINE!

Miss Poona—How you're rating those social reformers! Do you know you're degrading me, and at the same time retarding progress?



Dhongirao (a hypocrite)—It is the way to get into prominence. If we did'nt make this loud display, who would notice us? We should only be sulking in the dark, unhonoured and uncared for!

ભલે નામ કે ભુંડે નામ પણ નામ તો કહાડવુંજ જોઈયે !

પુણાબાઈ—પેલા બીચારા સંસાર સુધારાવાળાઓ સામે તમે લોકો એ શું ઢોંગ મચાવવા અને ધતુરા કરવાં પડયા છો! તેમ કરીને તમે લોકો મને હલકી પાડો છો, અને સઘળા સુધારા વધારાના કામને પાછળ નરખો છો, તેની તમારાં જડ ભેજાંને કાંઈ સમજ છે?

ઢોંગીરાવ—તેમ કરીને તો અમે લોકો જાહેરમાં આવીયે છીયે અને લોકોમાં જાણીતા થઈયે છીયે. અમે જો એમ બધી હોહા ને ધામધુમ ને ઢોંગઢોંગ કરીયે નહી તો પછી અમારો ભાવ કોણ પુછે? ત્યારે તો પછી અંધારામાંજ બડબડયાજ કરીયે. ને નહી કોઈ અમને માન આપે કે નહી કોઈ અમારી દરકાર કરે!

NEW BROOM DOESN'T SWEEP CLEAN!

ANOTHER FANCY PORTRAIT OF LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA,



who has been severely taken to task by experts in England and the Native Press in India for his facts and figures regarding the financial state of India.

નવી ઝાડુથી સાફસુફ અને ઝારઝુર બરાબર થતું નથી !

હીંદુસ્તાન ખાતાંના પ્રધાન લારડ જયોરજ હેમીલટનનું એક બીજું ફેનસી પોરટ્રેટ.

હીંદુસ્તાનની નાણા સંબંધી હાલત વીશે તેણે રજુ કીધેલી રંગીન વીગતો અને આંકડાઓ ઉપરથી ઈંગલંડના કેટલાક જાણીતા ગરહસ્થો અને હીંદના દેશી છાપાઓએ બીચારા પર ઝાડેઝાડ તોડી પાડયાં છે.



NOT A DROP!

Mr. P. B. Dantra,—I don't think I would get a drop out of it even if I tapped it until doomsday.

[Mr. Pestonjee Byramjee Dantra's unceasing endeavours to get the Bombay Government to explain its policy regarding the Khandeish Abkari Farm have so far proved fruitless, the Government all the while sitting like a mummy and observing dead silence.]

એક ટીપું'બી પડતું નથી!

મી૦ પે૦ બે૦ દાંત્રા—મને તો નહીલાગતું કે કયામતના દહાડા સુધીબી હું ઉભો રેહું અને કાક ફેરવ્યા કરૂં તોબી એક ટીપું'બા એમાંથી પડવા પામે!

[ખાનદેશના અબકારી ઇજારાના સંબંધમાં મુંબઈ સરકાર જે રાજનીતી ચલાવે છે, તે વીશે ખુલાસો મેળવવાને મી૦ પેસ્તનજી બેહેરામજી દાંત્રા મથીમથીને કોશેશ કરે છે, પણ સરકાર મુંગીમંતર થઇનેજ બેઠી છે અને તે ખુલાસાનો એક હરફ પટાક કહાડતી નથી.]



ON THE SPREE!

Ramlo—I say, what a shame to ride an ass during the Deewalee

Shamlo—You idiot! Bapa says if I know to ride a horse he would take me to Matheran, and I am only practising. There's so much leisure during the holidays!

દીવાલીની મોજ!

રામલો—એઈ ગધા, આ દીવાલી જેવે દહાડે ગધેડે બેસીને ફરતાં શરમ નથી આવતી!

શામલો—રોણુના મુંઢ! તું તે તે મહી શું સમજે! બાપા કહે છે કે તને જો ઘોડે બેસતાં આવડશે તો માથેરાન લઈ જઈશ, તેથી હું તો માત્ર ઘોડેસ્વારી શીખવા માટે ગધેસ્વારીની પ્રાકટીશ કરૂં છું! આ દીવાલીના દીવસો મહી છુટી છે ને ફુરસદ છે, તેનો કાંઈ ઉપયોગ પણ કરૂં કેને?



MRS. DOLEEBA'S FIRST-BORN'S FIRST DEEVALEE.

Bachoo.—What do you say, Dolee dear? This delightful little duck, our first-born, is going to cost us a little money on this his first Deevalee. An embroidered *Jubbla* and a gold cup, for some 25 rupees, and a pair of *valas* from Kana goldsmith for about 150! That isn't much now, is it, for a first occasion And as this is going to be my first Deevalee too since the little rogue's birth, I've only ordered for myself a fine Japanese gold-silk saree for only a hundred or so! I couldn't well go in for more, you know, nor would it be seemly to stint. So I have done it as moderately as possible.

[*Poor Doleeba is dumb*]

મીસીસ દોલીબાના જીભરૂં પેહેલ વેહેલા દીકરાની પેહેલ વેહેલીજ દીવાલી.



EXCHANGE OF CONFIDENCES.

Peeloo—(*Dressing to go to the Back Bay on the New Moon day*) My wedding was to have come off to-day,—the New Year's Day and New Moon Dya——

Hilloo—(*A friendly visitor*) And where is the hitch?

Peeloo—Those beggars wouldn't pay, although I'm a member of the Parsee Girls' Marriage Benefit Fund. Everything had come to a deadlock and pa says I must wait till they pay up! A weary waiting it is like to be!

નવાં વરસ ને ચાંદરાતનાં પીલુનાં ઠરાવેલાં લગનમાં વધન.

પીલુ—(નવાં વરસની ચાંદરાતે દરયે ફરવા જવાને દરેસ કરતાં) મારાં લગન તો કેવાં આજે થતે! નવું વરસ ને વળી ચાંદરાત જેને આજનો સારો દાહાડો ઠરેલો હતો ને બધી તઈયારી હતી——

હીલ્લુ—(મળવા આવેલ એક સહી) પણ તે મોડી કાંય વાસ્યાં હોસે?-કંઈ અગવર બગાડ પડી કે? કંઈ તારી પારી બારી હતી તેને લીધે બીજા દાહાડા પર રાખયાંચ કે?

પીલુ—નહી રે; મરેરે તેવું જ કંઈ હોતે તો ઠીકજ થતે તો! પણ નખોડના ગીયા પેલા લગનના લાભના ફંડવાળાઓ કોઈને પઈસા તોલતા નથી, ને બાવાએ તો બેબે ફંડમાં મારૂં નામ નોંધાવેલુ છે! તે લોકની બધી મોહકાન પરી ગેઈએ, ને બધી વાત ખોરંબે પડીઅ. ને બાવા તો સાફ કેહેચ કે ફંડવાળા પઈસા આપવાનો કંઈ રસ્તો કાહારે તાંહ સુધી આપુને થોભવું જોઈશે! મરેરે, કોણ જાણે કીયા ભવ સુધી એ હરવાયા ધારતા બાઈલાઓની દીકરીઓના માબાપને થોભાવયા કરશે!



THE ASS IN A SAD PLIGHT!

Poor beast! It brays loud for assistance, but there seems hardly anybody to extricate it out of the mire!

કાદવમાં ફસી પડેલો ગોઆનો ગધેડો!

ગરીબ બીચારો ગધેડો! કાદવમાંથી તેને કહાડવા માટે તે છેક જહમોર તોડી નાખીને ભુંકે છે, પણ તેની ફસી પડેલી હાલતમાંથી તેને બાહેર ખેંચી કહાડનાર હાલ તુરત તો કોઈ નજરે પડતું નથી!

[ગોઆની સરકારનાં લશકરનાં એક ભાગે બળવો કરયાને દીવસો થઈ ગયા છે, છતાં તે તેને દાબી દેવાને શરમભરેલી રીતે અશકત માલમ પડી છે.]

BROWN: "Why on earth do you allow your wife to play foot ball?"-Jones: "Well you see, if I tried to stop her I should get all the surplus energy the b all now receives sh owered on me."

FUND OF HIS GLASS.—A glazier.



OPINIONS DIFFER.

Gool—I wish I were married to a doctor.

Meher—Not I. I prefer a bailiff

Gool—Why?

Meher—Just to be saved from the taunts of Mr. PUNCH who pitches into Dr. Makhmar every now and then, and at the same time to roll in riches, which your doctors and vakils and B. A.s and M. A.s would hardly dream of!

જેવેા જેનેા વીચાર.

IN MEMORIAM.

HIS HIGHNESS RAJ RAJESHWAR MAHRAJ ADHIRAJ SIR JASWANT SINGH BAHADUR, G. C. S. I., MAHRAJA OF JODHPUR.

A shining light extinguished before the Deewalee light.

Born, 1837. *Ascended the throne*, 1873. *Died*, 14*th Octbober*, 1895.

[A sad gloom has been cast over the Deewalee illuminations in Bombay this year, as, owing to the death of H. H. the Mahraja of Jodhpur, all the, leading Marwadi baukers, merchants, shroffs and agents of Bombay have gone into mourning as a mark of respect towards the deceased Mahraja.]

ભલાની ભલી યાદમાં.

નામદાર રાજ રાજેશ્વર મહારાજ અધીરાજ સર જસવંતસીંગ બહાદુર, જી. સી. એસ. આઈ., જોધપુરના મહારાજા.

દીવાલીની લાઈટ આગમજ ગુલ થઈ ગયલી એક પ્રકાશીત લાઈટ.

જનમ, ૧૮૩૭. ગાદીએ બેઠા, ૧૮૭૩. મરણ તા૦ ૧૪ મી અકટોબર ૧૮૯૫.

[મુંબઈમાં આ વરસે દેવાલીની રેાશની ઉપર દલગીરી ભરેલેા અંધકાર પડયેા છે, કેમકે જોધપુરના મહારાજાના મરણને લીધે તેમની તરફનાં માનની ઈધાની તરીકે મુંબઈના જાણીતા મારવાડી શરાફેા, વેપારીઓ અને આડતયાઓએ શેાક પાળયેા છે.]



Scene I.—D—n these bugs! They 'll suck my brain dry!

દેખાવ પેહેલેા—અરે નખેાડ જાયરે એના માકડેાનું! મારૂં માથું ખાઈ નાખયું, અને મારા મસ્તકમાનું બધું લેાહી ચુંસી ચાલયા!

Scene II.—Let's find them out and punish them as they deserve!

દેખાવ બીજો—જેકે વારૂં, એ કાંહ ભરાયલા છે! બધાને શેાધી કહાડીને ઘાનજ કહાડી નાખું!

Scene III.—What! Eluding search! I'll be even with them. Let's unfold! One, two, three,—

દેખાવ ત્રીજો—અરે! નખેાડના ગીયા તેા શેાધેલા જડતા નથી! પણ હું બાતેા ખરેા કે એ બધાને શેાધીજ કહાડું! ચાલ, હું પાઘેાટાંનાં આંટા ઊકડવા માંડું. એક, બે, ત્રણ—

Scene IV.—Now am I all right!

દેખાવ ચેાથેા—હાઆઆ! હવે જરા કરાર થયેા!



Scene V.—Ah! At it again, the pest!

દેખાવ પાંચમેા—અરે! વળી પાછા નખેાડના ગીયા તેા કરડવા માંડેય!

Scene VI.—Dash it!

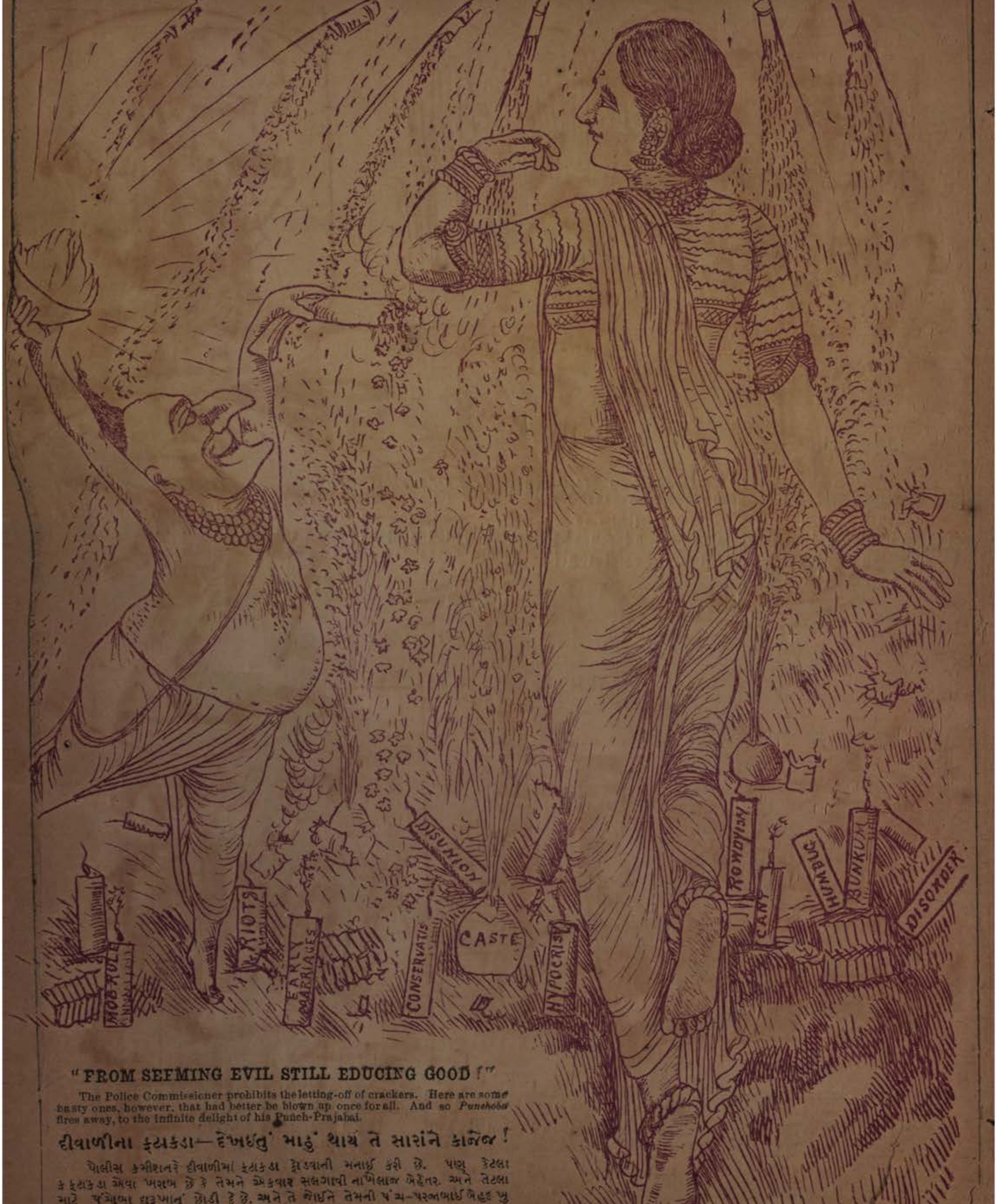
દેખાવ છઠેા—જહાનમમાં જાય એ પાઘેાટી!

Scene VII.—Thus do I immolate turban and bugs on the altar of my wrath!

દેખાવ સાતમેા—ચુડુલામાં નાખું પાઘેાટીને, કે જેથી તે બલી જાય—ને તેની સાથે બધા કંગાલ માકડેાબી બલી જલી ને ખાક થાય!!

OUR SHENDIAJEE'S TURBAN—A DEEWALEE BUGBEAR IN SEVEN SCENES.

આમચા શેંડયાજીથી પાઘેાટી મદયા માકડ—દીવાલીનેા એક માકડ-હાઉ-બાઉનાટક—સાત દેખાવમાં.



"FROM SEEMING EVIL STILL EDUCING GOOD!"

The Police Commissioner prohibits the letting-off of crackers. Here are some nasty ones, however, that had better be blown up once for all. And so *Punchoba* fires away, to the infinite delight of his Punch-Prajabai.

દીવાળીના ફટાકડા—દેખઈતું માઠું થાય તે સારાંને કાજેજ !

પોલીસ કમીશનરે દીવાળીમાં ફટાકડા ફોડવાની મનાઈ કરી છે. પણ કેટલાક ફટાકડા એવા ખરાબ છે કે તેમને એકવાર સળગાવી નાખેલાજ બેહેતર. અને તેટલા માટે પંચોબા દારૂખાનું છોડી દે છે, અને તે જોઈને તેમની પંચ-પરજાબાઈ બેહદ ખુશ થઈ આનંદ પામે છે.



PUTTING ON THE EXTINGUISHER.

Punch Mahraj hopes the tapering flame will be put out once for all, never more to light the dark paths of Party-strife, Disorder and Corruption in Gaekwadi domains.

[The Huzur Order issued by the Baroda Government will, it is hoped, finally blot out the Bribery Chapter of the Baroda Survey Settlement Department.]

ઢાંકણું !

પંચ મહારાજ આશા રાખે છે કે આ બળતી જોતને હંમેશની હવે ગુલ કરી નાખવામાં આવશે, કે જેથી ગાયકવાડી રાજમાંના પક્ષાપક્ષી, તડાતડી અને લાંચ રૂશવતના અંધારા મારગો ઉપર તેનું ઉજેરડું કદી પડેજ નહી.

[બાપટ કમીશનના સંબંધમાં વડોદરાની સરકારે જે હુકમ બાહેર પાડયો છે, તે ઉપરથી એવી આશા દેખાડવામાં આવે છે કે ત્યાંના જમાબંદી ખાતાનાં લાંચ રૂસવતના બાબ ઉપર ઢ



A TALE OF THE DEEWALEE ILLUMINATIONS.

(With apologies to Chasemore.)

Thakar Nandpal Rangila and Shendia Baburao Chhelchhabilla go out to see the Deewalee illuminations. (1) " Fine, strapping wench that !" (2) "Lovely ! The identical witch I saw at the *Baethak* ! Let's have a nearer view." (3) And from admiring woman's lovely eye, they come to admiring each other's nose! A little too close to be pleasant !

દીવાળીની લાઇટની એક કાહાણી.

ઠકર નંદપાલ રંગીલા અને શેંડીયા બાબુરાવ છેલછબીલા દીવાલીની લાઈટ જોવા નીકળયા છે. (૧) "ઓહો ! ઓલી તો બહુ લઠ ને ફક્કડ છે હો !" (૨) "કાય રે ! કાય ત્યાગી 'બ્યુટી' ! મી બઠકમાં મહી તે દીવસી પાહેલી હોતી તીજ હે અસીલ ! જરા જવલ જાવુંન બગુ તો ખરા !" (૩) અને બંને સાહેબો છેલછબીલીઓની ખુબસુરત આંખપર મોહીત થતા થતા એક બીજાના નાકપર મોહીત થઈ પડે છે ! બાચારાઓ એક બીજાને એવા જોશથી અથડી પડે છે કે બંનેના સુંદર નાકનો ઘાટ વધારે સુંદર અને



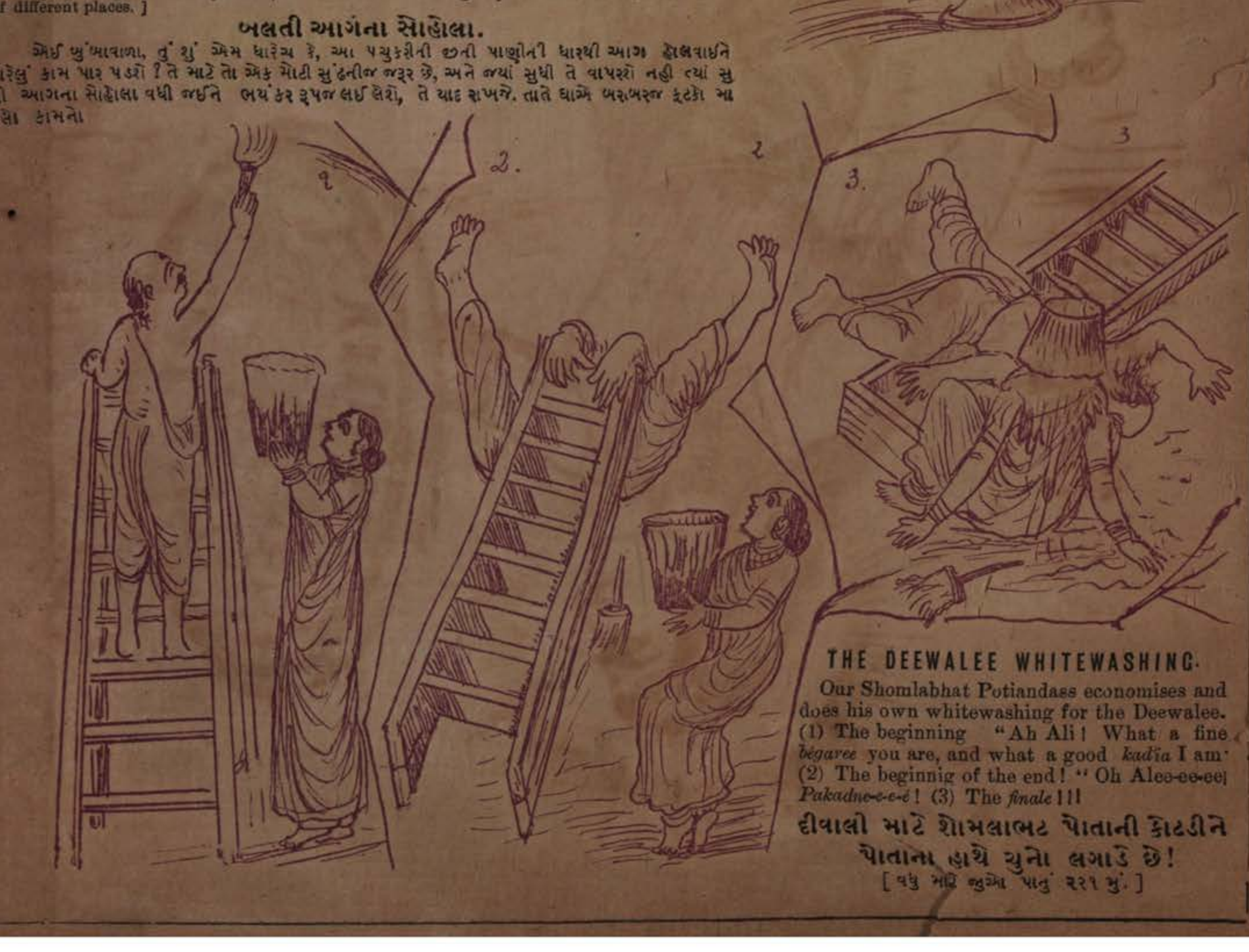
THE BURNING FLAMES.

Do you seriously believe, fireman, that this fancy play of water will answer the purpose ? A big hydrant is the thing, and unless you use it, the flames may assume most alarming proportions. A stitch in time saves nine.

[Regarding the music question, Government are making enquiries into the local customs of different places.]

બલતી આગંના સોહોલા.

એઈ બુંબાવાળા, તું શું એમ ધારેચ કે, આ પચુકરીની છની પાણીની ધારથી આગ હોલવાઈને ધારેલું કામ પાર પડશે ? તે માટે તો એક મોટી સુંઢનીજ જરૂર છે, અને જયાં સુધી તે વાપરશો નહી ત્યાં સુધી આગના સોહોલા વધી જઈને ભયંકર રૂપજ લઈ લેશે, તે યાદ રાખજે. તાતે ધાએ બરાબરજ ફટકો આ રેશા કામનો

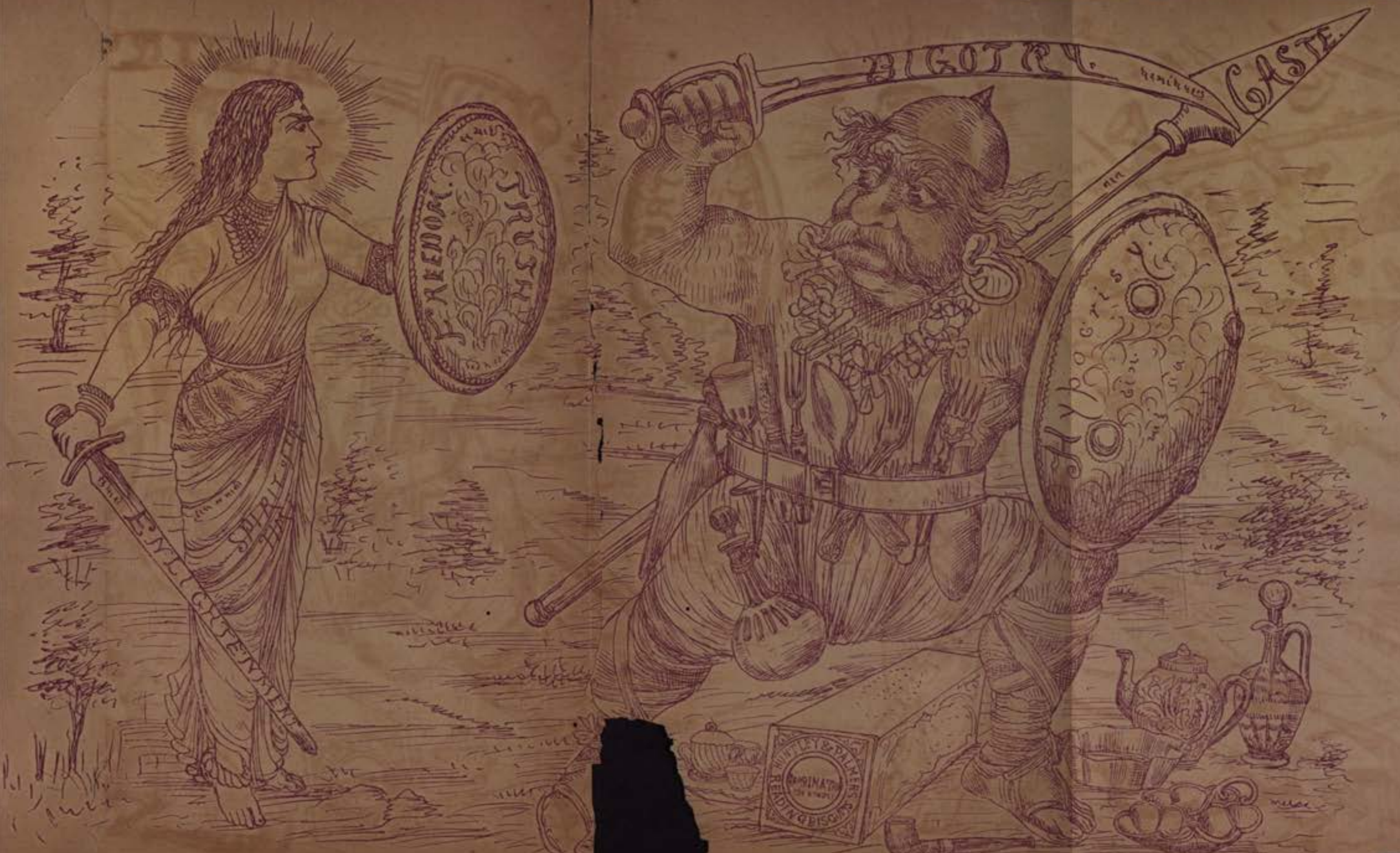


THE DEEWALEE WHITEWASHING.

Our Shomlabhat Potiandass economises and does his own whitewashing for the Deewalee. (1) The beginning "Ah Ali ! What a fine *begaree* you are, and what a good *kadia* I am" (2) The beginnig of the end ! " Oh Alee-ee-ee! *Pakadne-e-e-e* ! (3) The *finale* !!!

દીવાલી માટે શેામલાભટ પેાતાની કેાટડીને પેાતાના હાથે ચુનેા લગાડે છે!

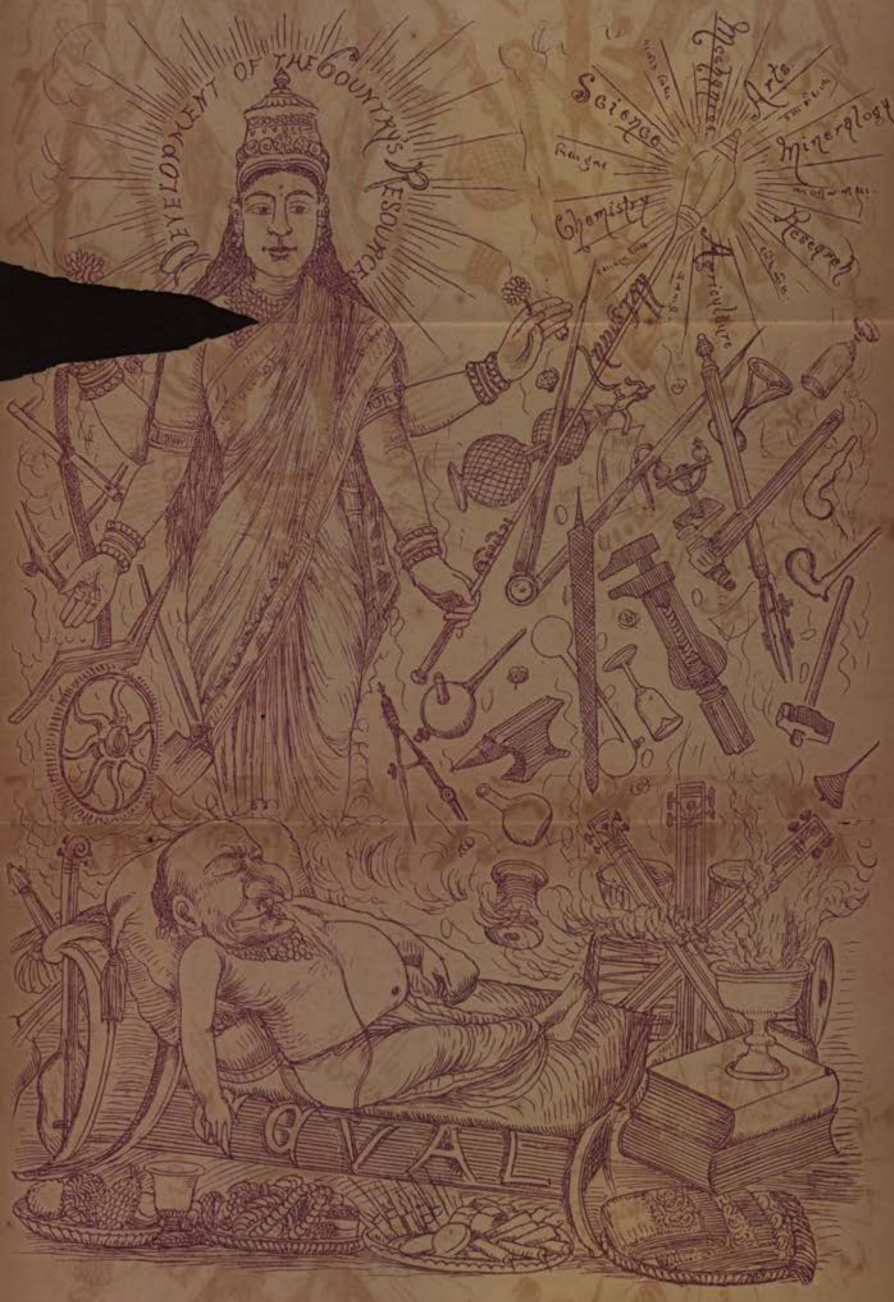
[વધુ માટે જુઓ પાનું ૨૨૧ મું.]



THE COMBAT OF THE ... R NARKASUR WITH T...

SPIRIT OF THE TIME

નરકાસુર રાક્ષસની દે...



A PROPHETIC VISION.

A GLORIOUS *DARSHAN* EARLY ON THE DEEWALEE MORN.

ભવીષ્યવાણી કેહેનારો એક આનંદી સ્વપનો.

દીવાળીને શુભ સવારે પંચરૂપીને લક્ષ્મી દેવીએ આપેલાં દરશન.



ON THE BRINK!—EUROPE: NOVEMBER, 1895.

છેકજ અણી પર !—યુરોપ : નવેમબર, ૧૮૯૫.



A GENTLE GAG.

L—rd Elg—n—Excuse my freedom, dear girl, but remember we are here for the exchange of civilities. A few sweet words either way and there you are! We are not here to controvert and dispute, so shut up, will you, there's a good girl!

[Replying to the address of the Poona Sarvajanik Sabha, H. E. the Viceroy made a gentle protest against lengthy addresses of welcome, and the introduction therein of too much controversial matter.]

નરમ ઘી જેવો મોહડે ડુચો!

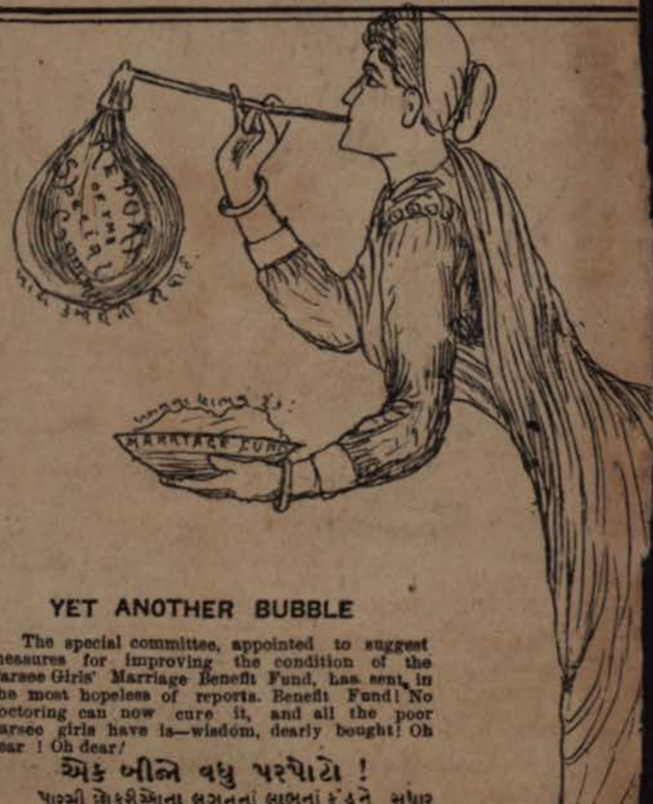
[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૨૭૦ મું.]



Dady—(*Looking at the family album*) Who is this, Peeloo?
Peeloo—That's ma's grandpa!
Dady—What! He looks more like our cook Kavla!
Peeloo—The type runs in the family. Don't you know pa often chaffs ma for having a governor's butler for her grandpa!

ગવર્નરના બટલર!

[વધુ માટે જુવો પાનું ૨૭૦ મું.]



YET ANOTHER BUBBLE

The special committee, appointed to suggest measures for improving the condition of the Parsee Girls' Marriage Benefit Fund, has sent, in the most hopeless of reports. Benefit Fund! No doctoring can now cure it, and all the poor Parsee girls have is—wisdom, dearly bought! Oh dear! Oh dear!

એક બીજો વધુ પરપોટો!

પારસી છોકરીઓના લગનનાં લાભનાં ફંડને સુધારવાના ઉપાય સુઝવવા માટે નેમવામાં આવેલી સ્પેશીયલ કમીટીએ ફંડના હાંજા ગેલાવનારો રીપોર્ટ કીધો છે. ગરીબ બીચારૂં ખાટલે પડેલું ફંડ! તેને સાજુ કરવા માટે ગમે તેટલી દવા કરો પણ તે ફોકટજ જવાની!



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 38.

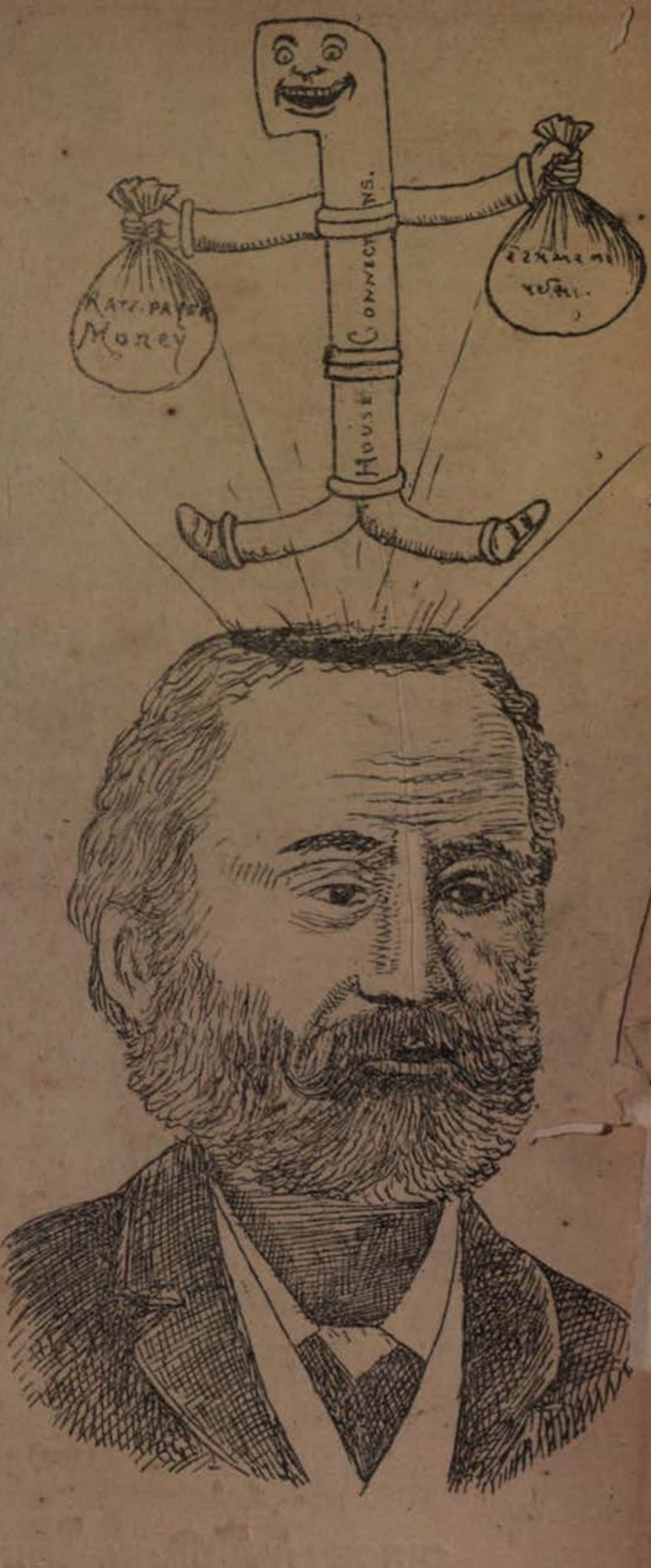
THE MILL-OWNER OF LANCASHIRE.

Bound tightly, and wanting to astound the world by performing feat of unbinding himself.

મી૦ પંચના ફેન્સી પોરટ્રેટ.—નાં૦ ૩૮.

લેનકેશીયરનો મીલ-માલેક.

તેને ટાઈટ તતરબંધ સીકરીને બાંદયો છે, પણ પોતાની મેલે દો છોડી નાખવાની હેરત કરી દેખાડીને આખી દુન્યાને તે અજાયબી ગરક કરવા માંગે છે.



ON THE BRAIN.

DR. THOMAS BLANEY,

the Father of the Bombay Municipal Corporation.

ભેજાંપર અસર.

ડાક્ટર ટામસ બલેની,

મુંબઈની મયુનીસીપલ કારપોરેશનના મોટા બાવા.



CIRCE INVIDIOSA: CIRCE POISONING THE SEA.

(With apologies to Waterhouse.)

Circe, having endeavoured without success to make Glaucus desert Scylla, poisoned the sea where Scylla was wont to bathe, and communicated to her a hideous form.—*See Ovid, "Metamorphoses," book XIV.*

દરયાને ઝેરી બનાવવાનું અદેખી સરસીનું કામ.

ગેલૉકસ... ... ...નેશનલ કાનગ્રેસ. સીલા ... ...સોશીયલ કનફરન્સ. સરસી... ... ...સુધારા વીરૂધનું મં...

સીલા હેવીને પડતી નાખવા માટે ગલૉકસને સમજાવવાની પોતાની કોશીશમાં નીષ્ફળ નીવડ્યાથી, પ્યારની આગથી અદેખી પડેલી સરસીએ જે દરયામાં સીલા ઉતરતી હતી તે દરયાને ઝેરી બનાવી દીધો અને તેમ કરીને તેણીનાં સુંદર રૂપને બીહામણા કદરૂપા રૂપમાં ફેરવી નાખ્યું.—જુવો ઓવીડ, મૅટામૉરફોઝીઝ, ચોપડી ...